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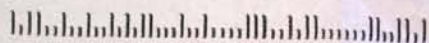
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How Jason Sehorn
and his teammates
put the fun back in
New York football

BY CHRIS SMITH

GIANT STEP

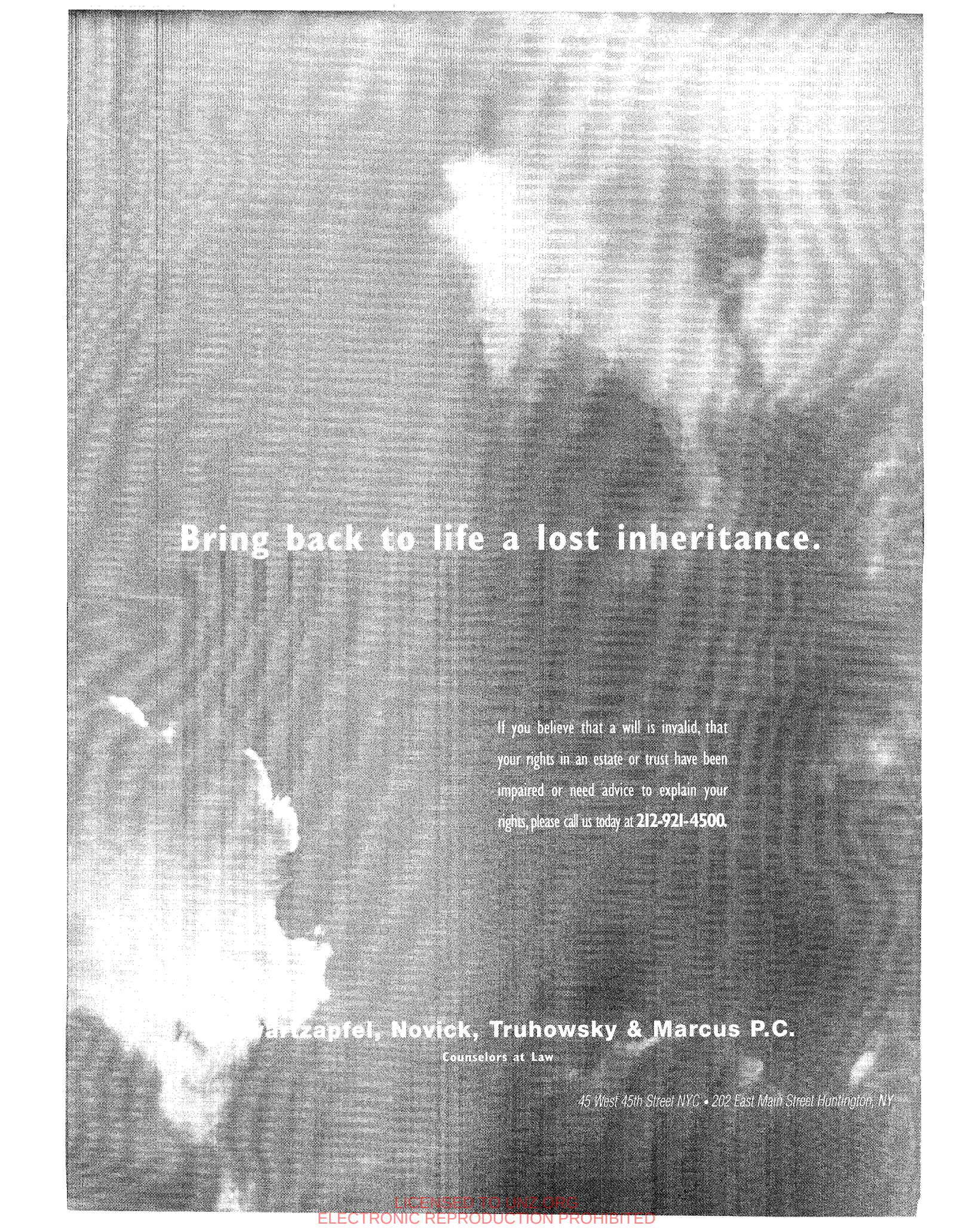
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with his fiancée,
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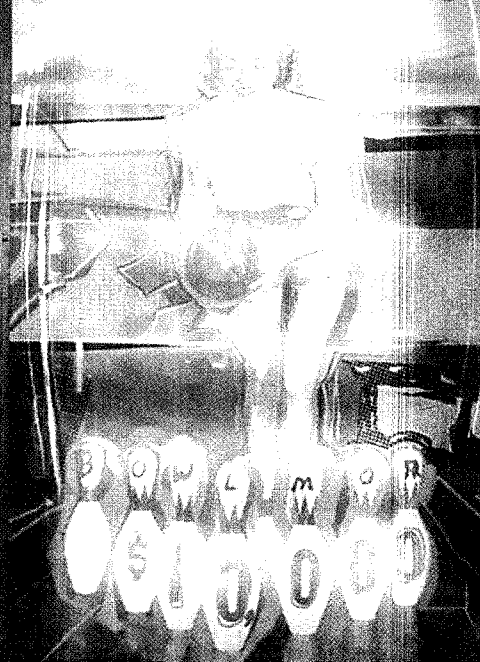
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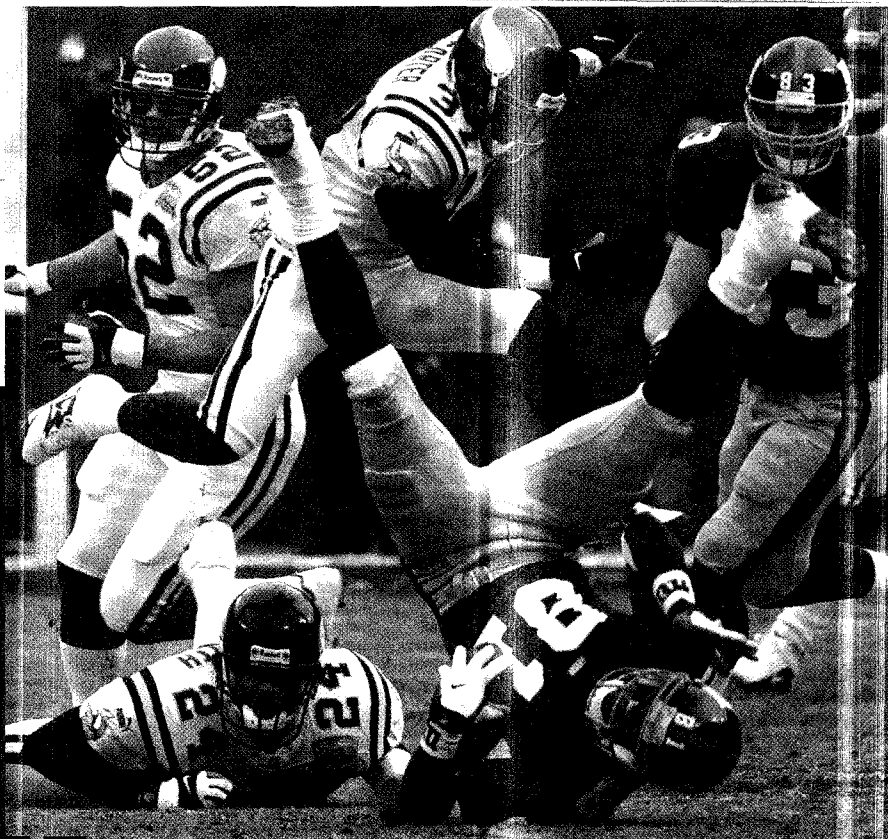
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This is the toughest city in the world to play in.
**But if you win a Super Bowl,
there's no party like New York City.**
—Giants defensive end Michael Strahan, page 22

22 **Giant Steps** By Chris Smith

Success can come in strange packages. Consider: The Giants' quarterback recently shed a drinking problem. Just a few months ago, the head coach was on the verge of being fired. And though the most recognizable player, cornerback Jason Sehorn, has more than a touch of Broadway in him—he proposed to *Law & Order* star Angie Harmon during an appearance on *The Tonight Show*—he blew out his right knee two years ago and broke a leg last season. The making of an unlikely championship.

28 **Pistol Whipped** By Jessica Lustig

After having her apartment burglarized—twice—the author took matters into her own hands in a manner many of her friends thought was crazy: by buying a .45 and learning to shoot. But a funny thing happened on the way to the N.R.A. The story of a love affair with a gun that brought, of all things, inner peace.

34 **L.A. Story** By Rob Tannenbaum

When Clive Davis was eased out of Arista Records last summer, he left behind a staff—not to speak of an industry—that wasn't exactly devoted to making the new guy feel welcome. But don't worry about L.A. Reid, the sleek, personable powerhouse behind the hot R&B label LaFace Records. He's no slouch at handling artists. And he's so good at picking hits that even the man who built the company is collaborating with him.

COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE HOLZ.

Hair by Nathaniel Hawkins/Garren; makeup by Kristofer Buckle/Artists; production by Laura Beckwith; styling by Mimi Fisher/Judy Casey; dress by Alberta Ferretti. Photograph (above) by AP/Wide World Photos.

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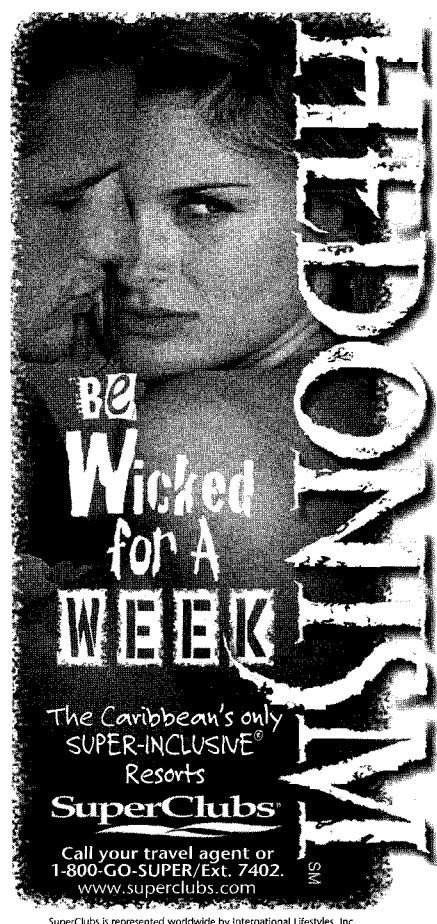
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Letters

A man who goes to a fine restaurant without a jacket doesn't deserve to be seated.

—Betty G. Rose

About Face

I was impressed by the variety of people and professions included in "2001: A Face Odyssey" [January 8]. Flipping through it, I wondered if there would be a picture of a fellow psychotherapist. What I saw was shocking. The psychotherapist, Annatina Miescher, wears a spaghetti-strap tank top and surgical gloves and appears to be holding a sickle. Except for the actors (who appear in street clothes), the rest of the subjects appear dressed as we would expect to see them at work. The police officer is in uniform, as is the harbormaster, the pediatrician, and the MTA clerk. Even Radioman, the "film-set stalker," appears as we would expect to see him while stalking. The one exception is the psychotherapist. Does Ms. Miescher see patients looking like that?

Jay Sandys, MANHATTAN

What is wrong with your editors? Out of 54 portraits, only 13 were women. What city do you live in? Anchorage, Alaska?

Claire Frankel, MANHATTAN

Imagine my surprise to find S. K. Thoth pictured in your photo essay "2001: A Face Odyssey." As a San Franciscan, I thought you should know we're quite territorial about our exports. Having survived the daily deluge of Thoth's furious fiddle, stark harmonies, and panty-hose-clad, high-heel gypsy tap dance at the 24th and Mission BART station every day for several years, I can only ask: "Face of New York—since when?" We're willing

to share our characters, but please don't hijack our high jinks. We called him first.

Robin Ekiss, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Ms. Manners

If I were Georges Brigue, proprietor of Le Périgord, I would not have steered Adam Platt to Siberia; I would have steered him to the front door and directed him to the nearest McDonald's ["Restaurants: Sutton Impact," January 8]. A man who goes to a fine restaurant without a jacket or tie doesn't deserve to be seated at all. He has no self-respect and no respect for other diners. Mr. Platt subsequently returned to Le Périgord, I'm told, dressed properly, but proceeded to drip his dessert all over his tie!

Betty G. Rose, ELIZABETH, N.J.

Southern Fiction

Michael Tomasky's prediction that "Jesse Helms's career of blocking family-planning money for countries where birth rates challenge Spewell's scoring average and keeping funds away from the United Nations will be celebrated by every newspaper in North Carolina when the day comes" is about as stereotypically ignorant as it gets ["The City Politic: Closing the Books," January 1]. Helms is and has always been an embarrassment to about 45 percent of the people in this state. And rest assured, the state's biggest newspapers—the *Charlotte Observer*, the *Raleigh News & Observer*, the *News & Record*, and the *Morning Star* (owned by the *New York Times*, by the way)—are all hopelessly liberal, like myself.

Brad Krantz, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

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Intelligencer

By Beth Landman Keil and Ian Spiegelman



Helen Hunt Demands a Lap Dance

Helen Hunt knows what she wants, and she's not afraid to ask for it. The Oscar-winning actress, whose alleged fling with **Kevin Spacey** just fizzled, was at the new L.A. club Deep when she became mesmerized by one of the evening's exotic male dancers. Her fascination wasn't ephemeral. She phoned the club's owner, **Ivan Kane**, the next day, requesting that he ship the ripped stud to another one of his clubs across town, where she'd be attending *Über*-publicist **Stephen Huvane's** birthday bash later in the week. **Gwyneth Paltrow**, **Julianne Moore**, **Nicole Kidman**, and **Sandra Bullock** all showed for the big event—as did Hunt, who enjoyed a private dance with her hunk in full view of her peers. Good to know she's still mad about something.

NBC's Irritating Paper Cuts

NBC is taking steps to increase profitability, and among the first things to go are the morning papers. An inside source at the network tells us that Peacock staff members are jonesing for the feel of newsprint and the smell of ink since they've been told to cancel newspaper subscriptions and hit the Internet for their current events. The cutback saves only \$50,000 a year, says the source, and the move is more "a spiritual and psychological effort to get the company paperless." Though employees are adjusting, they miss their daily fix. "It takes so long to read the columns of ten newspapers online that we don't have time for the gossip," one employee groans. We also hear the New York *Post* is such a hot commodity that it gets passed around the table at morning meetings. NBC's spokesman denies these reports, telling us that employees "were asked to get their news online when appropriate and to cancel unnecessary and duplicate subscriptions." But ties with

old media haven't been completely severed: Employees still receive hard copies of the *Wall Street Journal*, since the network has an affiliation with the paper. Of course, it's also true that if you want to read the *Journal* online, you have to pay for it.

Safir: The Invisible Man

The invitees at **Rudy Giuliani's** recent state-of-the-city address were an A-list of city pols and sidekicks. But now that the media's fawning coverage is complete, there's one member of the mayor's inner circle who's hot under the collar.

According to a political insider, ex-police commissioner **Howard Safir** is miffed because his name didn't make the New York *Times's* list of front-row attendees, which included past and present aides such as **Cristyne Lategano-Nicholas** and **Bruce Teitelbaum**. To make matters worse, the mayor's "close friend" **Judy Nathan** received an honorable mention for making it to the second row. "There were a lot of people in the front row I didn't mention," says *Times* reporter **Elisabeth Bumiller**, who omitted some names merely to save space. Safir could not be reached for comment.

Actor Upstaged by Own Underwear

Actor **Jared Harris** now understands that the key to sublime theater isn't so much in the performance as in the performer's underwear. The British import tells us he was at his wit's end trying to figure out why a scene in his new show, *More Lies About Jerzy*—which opened this week at the Vineyard Theatre—made preview audiences howl some nights while evoking not a peep on others. After carefully eliminating all other factors, the thespian—who appears onstage nightly in his skivvies—discovered that "what was fucking up the scene was the underwear. Leopard-print underpants are comedy death. I just couldn't land the punch lines when I wore them." Now, after exhaustive undie investigation, Harris has finally zeroed in on the perfect pair: "Purple paisleys work well." You didn't have to tell us.

Vanity Fair's Ultimate Excess

If you can't get to **Carolina Herrera's** living room, the room will come to you—that is, if you're one of the fabulous babes sought for the cover of *Vanity Fair's* annual Hollywood issue. The cover shot **Graydon Carter's** design team concocted features such dishes as **Gwyneth Paltrow**, **Meryl Streep**, **Nicole Kidman**, and **Catherine Deneuve** posing together for **Annie Leibovitz** in Herrera's swank New York sitting room. The dream shoot, however, proved impossible, what with the gals' busy schedules and locations around the globe. Solution? Cash. The glossy reached into its considerable pockets to create a portable mock-up of Herrera's posh parlor that could be disassembled and shipped worldwide, thereby allowing the starlets to pose separately. And we'll bet no one missed small-talking with Gwynnie.



Intelligencer

The *Blair Witch* Lawsuit

Since nothing could be more joyous than a protracted legal battle in the dead of winter, this just in. Manhattan video and TV producer **Ernie Schultz** tells us he intends to sue *Blair Witch* studio Artisan Entertainment for federal copyright infringement. According to Schultz—who's produced workout videos for **Cindy Crawford** and **Richard Simmons**—his production company has been using the Artisan Entertainment name since 1997, about a year before the feature-film folks changed their company name from Live Entertainment. While a spokesman for the larger Artisan declined to comment, Schultz says his attempts at mediating a solution have ended badly: "They basically stared me in the eye and said, 'Look, sue us. It'll take two years, cost you \$150,000, and we might change our name eventually anyway.' It was as if they wanted to goad me into suing them." And so, according to Schultz, the fun will begin shortly. "They accused me of being a pro-

The Toughest Velvet Rope in Town

If you think you're getting into Studio 54 just because your son happens to be throwing the party, think again. Yes, **Noel Ashman's** very own mommy, psychologist **Robin Ashman**, arrived at the revitalized nightspot recently only to be kept in the cold for nearly an hour. Club owner Ashman explains the familial snub thus: "I've had this running joke with the people at the door for years. I always tell them, 'Go by the list no matter what. I don't care if it's my own mother.' " So when Mrs. Ashman actually did show up unannounced with some girlfriends, the duty-bound doorman would not allow her entry until the younger Ashman could be located to personally approve it—45 minutes later. "She was not the most pleased mother," says Ashman. **Shoshanna Lonstein** (pictured), meanwhile, fared better. Upon her arrival, Ashman instructed a hostess to remove **Sean Lennon** and his playpals from a table to make way for the *Seinfeld* ex. But just as the shocked Lennon was being asked to clear out, Ashman rescinded the order, having realized that Sean is the son of John and not a club promoter with the same last name. Note to Noel: The cool Lennon son is still **Julian**.



ducer of industrial films," he fumes. "Tell that to Cindy Crawford." What, you think she listens to us?

Martha Stewart's Blinding Vision

It seems **Martha Stewart** got more than she bargained for when she moved some of her Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia staff from their midtown digs to her prized new space in Chelsea. A company insider tells us that Stewart was originally drawn to the for-

mer Starrett Lehigh building because of its huge, dramatic windows. But a source tells us that employees can't work because the blinding glare prevents them from seeing their computer screens. Shades were purchased to filter the light, but apparently the doyenne of domesticity's choice of blinds was more Kmart than Westport, and the bottom-of-the-line treatments have succeeded only in covering the striking

windows, not alleviating the problem. Stewart's rep told us she knew nothing about the glare and refused to comment further. What's the matter, Martha, can't control the sun?

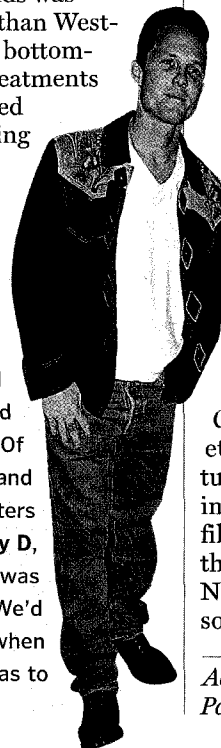
Eating With Ivana

After creating the Ivana Haute Couture line of jewelry and clothes and attempting to build a seaside resort in Croatia, **Ivana Trump** has hatched another business scheme. The blonde, who apparently was a model last century, has teamed up with **Oz Garcia**—a nutritionist who has treated the ever-fluctuating **Robert De Niro** and eternal waif **Winona Ryder**—to create the Oz Garcia Celebrity 5 Day Diet System. The pair just returned from Ivana's estate in Palm Beach, where they filmed an infomercial for the weight-loss program. Now you too can eat like a social X-ray.

Additional reporting by Paige Herman.

Dean Winters: Rollin' With the Homies

Any old celebrity can hang around in his trailer, but only **Oz** star **Dean Winters** can do it with a couple of reefer-taking homeless guys. After an evening filming his upcoming hip-hop flick, *Snipes*, Winters tells us, he returned to his "honey wagon" on the mean streets of Philadelphia only to find a pair of uninvited guests. "These two homeless guys were sitting in my trailer smoking pot and drinking forties," Winters recalls. "They were just like, 'Hope you don't mind.' " Of course, the known party boy didn't bat a lid. "I told them, 'Hey, no problem,' and ended up hanging out with these guys for, like, two hours." *Snipes* also gave Winters the opportunity to chill with rap sensation **Nelly** as well as past master **Schooly D**, his two co-stars. While Winters enjoyed working with the hip-hoppers, there was one problem: "You know these fucking rappers," he says. "They're always late. We'd be having lunch, and I'd say, 'Yo, Schooly, we've got to get back to the set.' But when we'd get back late, everyone would yell at me." Guess the white guy always has to take the rap.



Scene

Teen Beat

Dean Winters, star of HBO's *Oz*, looked confused upon entering the Supper Club. "What is this," the actor wondered, "some kind of girly event?" Well, yes. The lithesome teens scattered about were all on hand for the launch of Pantene's Pro-Voice Music Competition, a contest for sassy young things set on becoming the next Britney Spears. "I can't believe they picked me as a judge," joked **Laurie Anderson**. "Like I know anything." **Betsey Johnson**, meanwhile, was in the house just to catch the evening's more seasoned talent: the slyly caustic **Aimee Mann**. "I've been a fan of Aimee's since way back when!" the spunky designer yelped, elbowing her way to the front of the stage, where she added sotto voce, "She's actually been a quiet customer of mine for some time now."

DAVID AMSDEN

Trust Issues

Tweed-clad, old-guard media types clogged the upstairs lounge at Patroon on January 16 to network, shamelessly pontificate, and pay respects to *The New Yorker* writer **Ken Auletta** and his just-published book, *World War 3.0: Microsoft and Its Enemies*. "I own a lot of stock in Microsoft," said **Mike Wallace** as he squeezed past antitrust attorney **David Boies** and *Time* magazine pooh-bah **Walter Isaacson**. He lowered his voice and added with a grin: "So I hate people like David Boies and Ken [Auletta] for doing things to bring the price down." "Mike said that?" quipped a high-spirited Auletta, stepping away from *The New Yorker*'s **David Remnick**. "Then why the hell's he here? Probably for the free drinks."

D.A.

**Photographs by
Patrick McMullan**

Betsey Johnson and Aimee Mann at the Supper Club.

Paula Devicq and Joseph Lyle Taylor at Guastavino's for the premiere of *100 Centre Street*.

David Boies, John Heilemann, and Katrina Heron at Michael's to launch Heilemann's book *Pride Before the Fall: The Trials of Bill Gates and the End of the Microsoft Era*.

Bart Conner and Nadia Comaneci at Chelsea Piers for the Muscular Dystrophy Association's gala.

Joan Young and Susan Sales-Hill at the Winter Antiques Show's Young Collector's Night at Sales-Hill's home.

Cherry Jones, Brendan Lemon, and Christopher Rice at Jeffrey celebrating the *Out 100*.

Mike Wallace and Ken Auletta at Patroon.

Jannu Goldschmidt and Jim Gaffigan at the Manhattan Center for the Golden Trailer Awards.

Leah Adler and Steven Spielberg at the Museum of Natural History for a party benefiting the Shoah Foundation.

Maybe I was supposed to get Parkinson's.



Maybe the last 20 years were just a warm-up for this moment. After all, my career has given me a certain stature (even for a short guy). And people seem to pay attention when I speak. So listen to this: Of all the brain disorders, Parkinson's is the one that scientists truly believe may be closest to a cure. Yet it remains severely underfunded. In fact, with enough funding, they feel they can crack it within 10 years. And if they can cure

Parkinson's, then similar diseases like Alzheimer's, Huntington's, and ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease) may not be far behind. You can help make that happen. Go to my Web site. Or call to make a donation. You have the power to wipe out this disease. To affect millions of lives. Okay, okay. I'll get off my soapbox now.



Make a donation today. Visit www.michaeljfox.org or call 1-800-708-7644.

GOTHAM

Talking Points

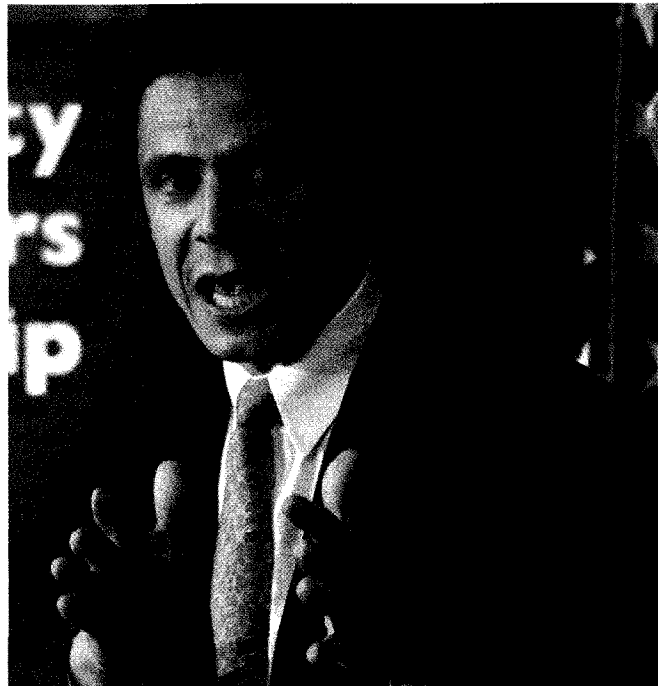
Power Housing

As Andrew Cuomo flirts with a run for his father's old job, the homeless project that started him off aims for Blockbuster business. By Robert Kolker

These are beautiful, contemporary apartments—I sound like an ad!"

says Maria Cuomo Cole, strolling through a new East New York development for 52 formerly homeless families built by HELP, the nonprofit group founded by her brother Andrew. She actually seems more like Jackie Kennedy leading her televised tour of the White House: "The rooms are comfortable, even spacious, really, with data lines for Internet access." Then there are the floors. Cole first saw them seven years ago, when she delivered her third baby at NYU Hospital. "I asked the nurses about it, and they said it was vinyl—but it looked like wood. At first our architects pooh-poohed it, but they've grown to love it."

The fifties had Levittown. Now we have what could be called Cuomo City, a showcase development for 400 low-income and formerly homeless people in the heart of Brooklyn. In 1992, not long before the son of a governor went to work for a president, young Cuomo took a swath of city-owned land on Snediker Avenue in East New York in Brooklyn and built a city-block-size compound of prefab housing for the home-



less. At the time, Snediker Avenue was a war zone, and Cuomo's development seemed like a fortress, complete with security cameras. But the walls protected a grand, grassy courtyard that was prettier and better maintained than most city parks.

Since 1993, the 75th Precinct in East New York has had a 70 percent drop in homicides. And this week, a few days before Denise Rich throws Cuomo a welcome-home fund-raiser, his \$20

million project is sprouting part of a \$25 million addition in a rather more optimistic style: 52 new apartments with decidedly upscale amenities, not to speak of an open entryway. "The tenants certainly don't want to have the stigma of living in a homeless shelter," says Cole, who took over HELP when Cuomo departed.

The expansion was helped along by a friendly federal housing secretary.

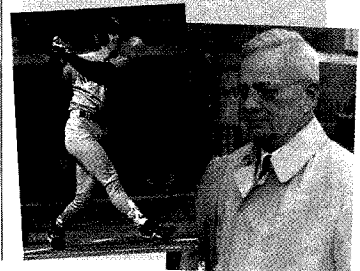
Hard Hats, Anyone?

Last week's earthquake was admittedly mild. But it was a reminder that we have faults, too. A look at the city's geology shows the dangers our landmarks face—the following structures lie more or less exactly atop one of Manhattan's several fault lines: The Empire State Building • Mount Sinai Medical Center • One Police Plaza • Bellevue Hospital • The Met Life Building • Washington Square Arch • Madison Square Garden • The World Trade Center.

Next Up: Aluminum Bats?

Paul O'Neill, the former chairman of Alcoa, is Bush's choice for Treasury secretary. Paul O'Neill, stalwart outfielder, recently signed on for another year with the Yankees. The coincidences don't stop there.

- *Bushie Paul:* Rose to presidency of International Paper in 1985. *Baseball Paul:* Rose to major leagues in 1985.
- *Bushie Paul:* Took home \$2.95 million in salary and bonus in 2000. *Baseball Paul:* Earned \$6.5 million in salary and bonus in 2000.



Talking Points

- *Bushie Paul*: Reproduction autograph to be available on 2001-series U.S. currency.
- *Baseball Paul*: Reproduction autograph currently available on souvenir baseballs.
- *Bushie Paul*: His boss used to own the Texas Rangers.
- *Baseball Paul*: His boss still owns the New York Yankees.
- *Bushie Paul*: Right-winger.
- *Baseball Paul*: Right-fielder.

Titanium Blues

The *Times* revealed recently that part of the Guggenheim Bilbao's shimmering, supposedly indestructible titanium skin is turning—brown! While its architect, Frank Gehry, has attributed the discoloration to pollution's effects on a sealant spilled during construction, the reputation of the hip metal—which, thanks to Gehry, clads everything from SoHo penthouses to the new Apple PowerBook—may be permanently tarnished. So is Edward Baquero, developer of the titanium-plated Loft at 30 Crosby Street, nervous?

"The military uses it," he says. "The last thing that's going to happen is that it'll erode from

just being outside for two years." In any event, "the units are sold."

Big Oil vs. Ashcroft

A few years ago, John Ashcroft was nicknamed the Crisco Kid after he "anointed" himself with the supermarket favorite the night before he was sworn in to the Senate. Ever since he was nominated

Legal

Puffy's Pugilist

I'm not telling all artists never to rap about violence," begins Sean "Puffy" Combs's prosecutor, Matthew Bogdanos, launching into one of the articulate, cutting, but slightly froth-flecked, exhortations to justice he's become known for in Manhattan Supreme Court. A defense lawyer has just argued that using accused gunman Jamal "Shyne" Barrow's violent rap lyrics against him would discourage free expression.

"What I'm telling all artists," Bogdanos continues, "is, 'Don't shoot people! *Don't shoot people!* Don't take a gun into a club with 300 to 500 people and fire, attempting to murder someone. And if you do"—he quiets to a near-whisper—"don't brag about it!"

Bogdanos, 43, a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Reserves and an amateur middleweight boxer who can't remember whether his nose has been broken five or six

times, may be the perfect combination of legal scholar and action figure to prosecute Puff Daddy. That sermon, delivered earlier this month, left Barrow's lawyer, Murray Richman, grouching that "I don't need a prancing, tiptoeing prosecutor." Another left Combs's lawyer, Ben Brafman, quipping that his opponent should climb down from the chandelier.

Facing up to fifteen years in prison on gun possession and bribery in connection with the December 1999 Club New York shooting, Combs doesn't seem to share his lawyer's

amusement. He's seen a lot of Bogdanos since he grilled him in front of grand jurors last year and—especially when the prosecutor is waving the Criminal-Procedure Law book above his head shouting "*It's the law*"—he probably doesn't like what he sees.

"He's a gentleman warrior," says Eddie Hayes, who represented Combs's bodyguard and co-defendant, Anthony "Wolf" Jones, in the first months of the prosecution. Harvey Slovis, a lawyer who resigned from the Combs defense team when Johnnie Cochran signed on, remembers meeting Bogdanos at the Midtown North precinct when he was demanding the prosecutor let his client be arraigned: "Bogdanos was trying to stall, get lineups together, so I basically said, 'You're fucking with him.'" Slovis recalls being quite impressed as Bogdanos put his hands on his hips, stared him down, and answered, "You don't know me."

"My first impression was: tough son-of-a-bitch."

LAURA ITALIANO



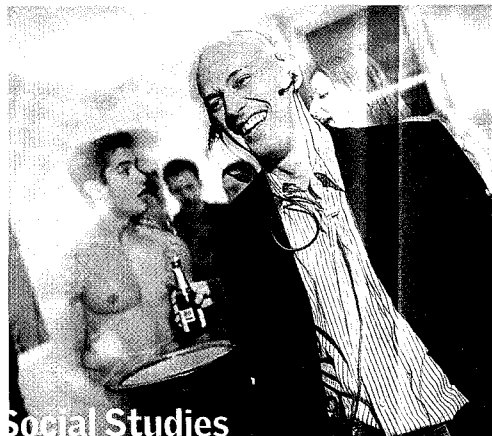
Kolker continued from page 13

The project was paid for by selling a mix of federal and city tax credits, but at HUD, Cuomo took his HELP housing model of on-site social services, including counseling and job training, and bottled it, creating programming funding for HELP and similar groups. "Thank goodness we had Andrew," Cole says. "He was able to earmark thousands of dollars to New York homeless and social-service providers for job training, job placement, and after-care."

With Cuomo openly flirting with a run for governor, 400 people in East New York doesn't seem like major constituency-building. Still, the families making less than \$22,480 a year and paying no more than \$385 a month know who to thank for their laundry room and on-site child-care. And Cuomo City's only getting bigger. The next phase calls for an 8,000-square-foot retail corridor

not unlike a small-town Main Street, with a grocery, a restaurant, and, perhaps, a video store. "I'm reaching out to Blockbuster," Cole says.





Social Studies

Musters's Latest Stand

Call it social synergy: Just as the New York jet set saturates itself on store openings, a shiny crop of boutique hotels has sprouted up, offering over-the-top opening-night soirées to lift the tedium. In the thick of the boom is event planner Mark Musters, whose Musters & Co. has produced evenings for Tommy Hilfiger and the Backstreet Boys. An afternoon with the frenetic maestro as he set the stage for the W Union Square's grand opening January 17: 3:45 P.M. Musters, outfitted in Patrick Cox furry clogs and jeans, orchestrates the installation of the "fire wall," a sequence of candles that fills the lobby's floor-to-ceiling windows. "When's the carpet being laid outside?" he barks into his cell. There're going to be warovski crystals sprinkled on it," he explains, "like a broken necklace." 4 P.M. After inspecting the ballroom, Musters heads to room 304, where three "elevator girls" shimmy into mesh mini-dresses, hard-bodied waiters slip into navy silk pajama bottoms, and go-go dancers in feathered headpieces await their costumes: latex paint. 4:15 P.M. Musters rides the elevator to 1810, the VIP suite. Green roses and white floating candles fill the tub. "It's what we all dream of. Well, not me," he says, hitting the allway again. "I hate baths,

too time-consuming." 4:30 P.M. Back down to 302—the war room—which is cluttered with fog machines, hand saws, and charging walkie-talkies. A topiary takes shape in the bathroom. Next door, a male dancer is having his shorts applied. Musters pokes his head in. "I need to get water for you guys. Does everybody drink water?" He turns to the painter: "He's going to be able to pee, right?" 5 P.M. The D.J.'s arrive, and it's time for Musters's own costume change: Prada shirt and John Bartlett pants. An assistant hands over a pair of

black socks he just ran out and bought. "I always forget these things," Musters sighs. 6:30 P.M. The party has officially begun. Musters adjusts his headset and slams a Jack and Coke. The D.J. isn't happy on the scaffolding. The dancers still need water. "I don't care how you get it," he cries. "It has to happen." 7 P.M. Apple martinis are flowing. Nicky Hilton sets off flashbulbs. Musters hits the dance floor alongside Jay-Z, still listening to the crackling in his headset. He smiles: Cindy Crawford has just arrived. SARAH BERNARD

Art by Numbers

About Face?

In a rare turn, the Upper East Side's C&M Arts is selling about half of the works in "About Faces," a show of photographic and painted portraits by a mix of contemporary stars and hard-to-get modern masters. Usually the gallery exhibits work culled from collectors and museums, with only the odd gem or two to be sold. While only two pieces have been purchased since the show's opening last Thursday (a Warhol and an \$85,000 Joseph Cornell, *Bebe Marie*, 1938, pictured), C&M's co-organizer of the show, gallerist Jeffrey Fraenkel, sold several when he mounted "About Faces" in San Francisco in the fall—including a \$51,000 Hiroshi Sugimoto portrait of Fidel Castro. Of course, one difference between last fall and now is the jittery economy, so sales could show just how skittish the art market has gotten. For those still feeling flush, the twenty works on offer range from a \$2,200 August Sander to a \$1.5 million Paul Klee. JOSH BAER



Talking Points

for attorney general, there's been a widely circulating e-mail campaign to make the greasy label stick: "Say no with Crisco," it says, suggesting that anti-Ashcroft folks mail bottles of Crisco to the Senate Judiciary Committee. A call to the Senate Post Office asking about the potential oily tide received no response. (They're all probably home frying up dinner.)

Your Opinions Are Important to Us

Last week, NYPD commissioner Bernard Kerik announced an effort to adopt consumer-satisfaction surveys. According to the *Times*, survey participants will be culled largely from "arrest reports, summonses and stop-and-frisk forms." The department didn't say what questions will be asked, but we offer a few suggestions:

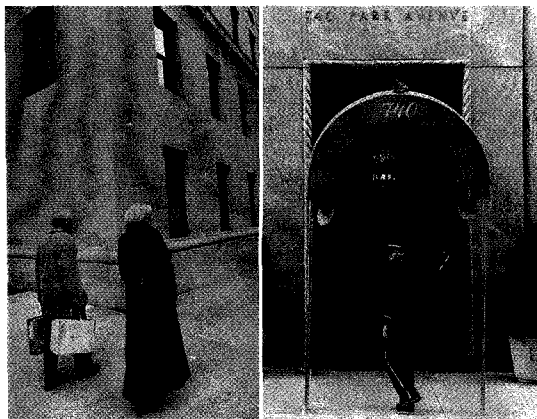
- If you were strip-searched, was the temperature comfortable enough for breast-lifting?
- If you were nearly trampled by a police horse while participating in a demonstration, did the horse appear healthy and well-cared-for?
- If you work in an Asian bordello in Midtown South, did the officers tip?
- If the police leaked your juvenile record, did they, upon further consideration, kind of have a point?





Eastern Standards

Not long ago, prices on Central Park West rivaled those on Park Avenue, but the roster of the top ten 2000 co-op sales is curiously CPW-free.



The year 2000 brought new meaning to the term *high-end*," says Michele Kleier, president of Gumley Haft Kleier, sounding a tad wistful now that it's over. Though many millions were spent on townhouses and condos last year, the true marker of financial and social power in this town has always been acceptance into one of the city's elite co-ops. The top-ten co-op sales in 2000 added up to almost \$200 million. All were on the East Side.

"There's a lack of huge apartments, and Central Park West got waxed by Park Avenue because of it," explains Kirk Henckels, director of Stribling Private Brokerage. "It was the year of the Park Avenue Princesses," adds

Kleier. "If someone's spending \$20 million, they want to walk into a lobby that screams, 'I spent \$20 million!' On the West Side, except for the Beresford, most of the lobbies look like they could be in Brooklyn." (Not that there's anything wrong with that.)

Also, high-end brokers say that the East Side boards have loosened up a bit on letting in the bold-face names who used to find a warmer welcome in the mild West. But talk of CPW's eclipse exasperates Brown Harris Stevens honcho Hall Willkie

("That's the craziest thing I've ever heard").

Here's the scorecard:

10. 1115 Fifth: Fourteen rooms for \$15 million; **9.** 740 Park: Fourteenth floor, \$13 million (then flipped for \$15.5 million); **8.** 810 Fifth: Seventeen rooms in Nelson Rockefeller's former digs for \$16 million; **7.** 998 Fifth: Sixth floor, just over \$16 million; **6.** 820 Fifth: Nancy Richardson gets \$17 million for her place; **5.** 778 Park: Ousted AmEx CEO James Robinson III drops \$17.7 million for seventeen rooms; **4.** 820 Fifth: Tommy Hilfiger flips the fourth floor for \$18 million after paying \$10 million in '99; **3.** 950 Fifth: Blackstone Group's Stephen Schwarzman unloads eleven rooms for \$18.5 million; **2.** 120 East End: Astor place goes for \$18.5 million; **1.** 740 Park (pictured): Schwarzman pays \$37.5 million for the 20,000-square-foot triplex Saul Steinberg paid \$285,000 for in 1971.

CHRISTOPHER TENNANT

Big Deals

Midtown East

250 East 40th Street

4-bed, 4-bath, 2,885-square-foot condo. Ask: \$2.3 million. Sell: \$2 million. Charges and taxes: \$3,304. Eight weeks on market.

The buyers of this pent-house plan on centering the living room on their most prized possession: a ten-foot-tall pipe organ, which they had specially flown in from Germany and installed in front of the fireplace (which they won't be using). "Someone from Holland comes in to maintain it," says Dwelling Quest's Peter Feldman, who brokered the sale. The duplex has a 500-square-foot wraparound terrace, a spiraling oak staircase, and plenty of room to house some 50 other instruments, including a harpsichord and assorted recorders and flutes.

JOY ARMSTRONG

Flatiron

425 Park Avenue South

1-bed, 1 1/2-bath, 1,000-square-foot co-op. Ask: \$625,000. Sell: \$600,000. Maintenance:

\$1,256. Eight weeks on market. Headroom was the key criterion for the young buyer of this loftlike co-op. "He's a tall kid," says Corcoran's Barbara Matter, his broker, so the beamed thirteen-foot ceilings in the 1927 building were enough to persuade the young financier. The seller was an interior designer who'd bought in the "early nineties when the prices were really low," said his broker, Corcoran's Kitty Sorell, who was selling in the building before nearby restaurants and development made the area less of a grim office land.

ELLEN CARPENTER

Taking the Fifth

At last, Adnan!

Has **Adnan Khashoggi** finally sold his pool-equipped duplex in the Olympic Tower? He first put the 18,000-square-foot condo, which he bought in 1976, on the market for \$32 million in 1993. The price dropped steadily, and for the past three years he rented it out. Finally, last February, he found a buyer willing to spend just under \$12 million for it, but the Olympic's board members weren't happy with the guy (who was rumored to be a front for a troubled

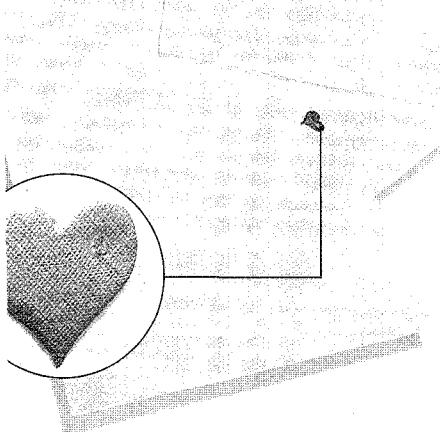
foreign government) and attempted to buy it themselves. The spurned buyer put a lien against the property, which was resolved in court in December with Khashoggi and his Corcoran broker freed up to accept other offers (the asking price was \$14 million). Now that they're in the clear, there's a buyer willing to take the plunge. (Charges are \$15,000 a month.)



A Quill's Best Friend

It's no secret that the art of the letter is dying fast. The days of thick stock paper, gleaming with fountain-pen strokes, are just about over, thanks to e-mail, e-cards, and everything else that's instant and disposable. But the decadent pen, watch, and paper company Montblanc is breathing a little air into the tradition with the very conspicuous Royal Collection of diamond-encrusted note cards (\$39 a card at Montblanc, 834 Madison Avenue; 212-535-6061). "It's a real, full-cut diamond," says Montblanc CEO Karsten Martens. "It is just very small." Small or not, be careful: There's no delete option on a fountain pen.

A.L.



Wedding-Day Blues

While of-the-moment brides are swearing off such wedding conventions as suiting up helpless bridesmaids in matching taffeta, there's still one custom no girl seems to want to forgo: something blue. Current favorites of the pre-nup set include the sexy baby-blue lace French briefs from Eberjey (\$32 at Anthropologie) and Oh My Garter!'s twist on the thigh-high tradition in blue-and-white gingham or blue silk with rhinestones (\$40, to order call 212-744-4428). And designer Michelle Roth has come up with an entirely new way for brides to fit in the hue: kitten-heel slingbacks with cobalt-blue soles (\$595). "Brides are not floating down the aisle anymore," says Roth. "They're treating the aisle like a fashion runway."

SARAH BERNARD

Paint It Black

Remember that "clear" phase? Everyone looked clean-scrubbed, healthy, *glowing*. But now Susie Chapstick has given way to Siouxsie Sioux (pictured): Makeup colors this spring are not about blushing violets, or blushing anything. They aren't even necessarily about *color*. They're black. Black to wear with your New Wave Marc Jacobs-via-Blondie outfits, black to wear if you're going for Calvin's biker chic. There's Blackstar eye shadow from By Terry (\$38) and black Carbon eye shadow (\$12.50), black Lipmix (\$10), and Black Glitter (\$13) from M.A.C to dust yourself with. The blackout is even affecting beauty products, which we're used to seeing in sudsy white or pastels: Origins' Clear Improvement mask (\$17.50) is a dark shade of . . . black. If only Diana Vreeland were here to say it: Black is the new pink.

A.L.



Smart Set



Seth Shapiro

Seth Shapiro, the man behind the American Manufacturing label, has no formal training: He got into designing because he was inspired by a woman he would see walking on lower Broadway when he first moved to town ten years ago. At one point, Shapiro collaborated with Steven Alan on ORFI (the Organization for Returning Fashion Interest), which he left once the label's space was built ("I cried when I saw it," he says). But eventually, it was his choppy designs for that dream woman



that evolved into the strikingly elegant look that landed him a coveted spot beside Elisa Jimenez and Christine Ganeaux in this year's Moët & Chandon Designer Debut, to be held during Fashion Week in the tents at Bryant Park. Shapiro's clothes are lean and draped, with more than a touch of seventies glamour. There are cactans, ruffles, and unexpected color and texture combinations—innovations that Shapiro says are born of necessity. "I can't," he says sheepishly, "always afford enough expensive fabric."

A.L.

Photographs: counterclockwise from top, Michael Kraus (2); Noah Sheldon; Eugene Adebart/LFI.

From AOL to W

The boys at AOL Time Warner now face the unenviable task of taming unruly factions and convincing America that this deal is a real winner. Sound familiar?

AOL AND GEORGE BUSH HAVE LOTS IN COMMON. Regarding the tasks in front of them, they are both inexperienced and they are both, relatively speaking, usurpers. It's a fluke that they are in charge. What's more, with its headquarters deep inside CIA country, AOL has always made the most of its Reagan-Bush connections. Colin Powell, until days ago, was on the AOL board (with \$8 million in options); before him, there was Alexander Haig.

In New York and Hollywood, which are not just liberal towns but Time Warner company towns, a lot of people are thinking about AOL the way they are thinking about the new Bush administration. That it's unbelievable, even ridiculous, that AOL gets to run so complex and vast an enterprise. That these AOLers, after you stop being impressed by the new-media thing (and only the people at Time Warner are still impressed by new media), are golf-playing, humorless bumpkins (even Bob Pittman, who claims his street cred from MTV, has spent most of his career in the real-estate and theme-park businesses), or out-of-town, shoe-shine-and-a-smile hucksters. Then, too, along with the general fear of lost influence and, possibly, lost jobs (which almost everyone at CNN is worried about) and lost perquisites, there is the belief at Time Warner that AOL values are deeply inimical to TW values.

But Time Warner, certainly the greatest Democratic company in the country (note: the Time Inc. of Henry Luce and Whittaker Chambers was once a great Republican company), may be, in this metaphor, not so much a version of the Democratic Party but rather a version of Washington itself. While certainly liberal in its orientation, its principal interest is in the accumulation and operation of power. So if the first impulse at TW is fear, or at least suspicion, of AOL, the larger sense is of a new game and a

general interest in learning how to play it. There is a sense at Time Warner not so much that it has truly been taken over, but rather that the situation is merely in a high and tantalizing degree of flux. That the Republicans are in the White House, or that a new sign is up on 75 Rock, only means that there is an added factor in a more complex power equation.

Let the games begin, in other words.

Here then, at the inaugural moment of the AOL regime, is a set of handicapper's measures and benchmarks with which to gauge the progress and assess the weaknesses, strengths, and challenges of the new administration. Of course—and keep this in mind—my view, since most of my

principally, a technology company—nondisclosure agreements are the norm—rather than a self-analyzing and self-publicizing media company). Whereas those on the TW side (although you should not infer that I regard the TW side as a monolith in any way—it is Yugoslavia to AOL's Albania) are big blabbermouths.

Of the 85,000 people who work for the new AOL Time Warner, most are from the former Time Warner, and they tend to talk about their company and situation and prospects as most of us talk about the nation. That is, they tend to think of themselves less as part of a corporation than as part of a commonweal. This sprawling, haphazard, anarchic nature of the company is, if not like America, then surely like New York (since Time Inc.'s merger with Warner ten years ago, one of the interesting transitions is that it has become a Jewish company, another thing that AOL is most certainly not). Unlike at AOL, which tends to feel it's us versus them (whoever "them" is at any given moment—Microsoft, Netscape, the cable companies), people at Time Warner generally feel that everyone works for Time Warner, or has, or will: What happens to us, happens to us all. TW is the once and future media nation.



friends and colleagues work at Time Warner, is based on rumors, suppositions, articles of faith, character analysis, and historical memory from the TW side.

Indeed, this may be the biggest difference in the two cultures. The AOL side, which remains mostly locked down in correctly named Dulles, is tight-lipped or uninformed or even unaware (it is, prin-

THE LEGITIMACY ISSUE. AT TW, THERE'S A definite sheepishness. Most everyone acknowledges that were the deal done now, it would be flipped around—TWAOL—or, even, not done at all; AOL would be held in the same low regard as all other Internet companies. But by the time this became clear, there wasn't any way to undo the deal without grievous cost and mortal embarrassment. So in the face of everyone's knowing it should not have been done, everyone had to insist that it was for the best anyway. Reality trumped reality. As George Bush said in response to Bill Clinton's recent

taunts: "He can say what he wants to say, but I'll be sworn in as president."

And yet, as much as everyone tries to insist that what's done is done, it never is. The fact that you know that people are doubting you, or, worse, making fun of you, makes you all the more determined to prove yourself. As Dubya will try to Republicanize a Democratic nation, so AOL will try to new-media-ize an old-media company (or distribution-ize a content enterprise, or Dulles-ize Sixth Avenue). Already, Jerry Levin has uttered the word *disintermediation* more times than any human being should be permitted to.

Approval numbers. If the market (whomever and whatever you take that to be) says it's good, then it is good. Good poll numbers will make Bush legitimate; likewise, the perception of AOL Time Warner as the world's most dynamic media company, rather than already some humorous bit of nineties nostalgia, depends upon its share price. AOL-TW is in the high forties now. If it's not at least fifteen points higher in a year (this is the measure I got from a senior Time Warner fellow who seemed pleased by either prospect—money or chaos), then mid-term elections will sweep the AOLers back out of power. An article of faith is that the new company will not have the relative luxury of the several years of doldrums and malaise that Jerry Levin survived after the Time and Warner mergers—that AOL-TW has to look like it's becoming whatever it's supposed to be almost immediately (content company? Pipes company? Telecommunications company? Direct-marketing company?).

Who's in charge? Dubya-the-delegator may not truly be in charge, and neither may the people at the top of the AOL-TW org. chart.

Most everyone would agree that Bob Pittman, three rungs down from the top, is in charge. There have been a series of top-down B-school-type management meetings over the past few months at TW where, very clearly, everyone has been told that Bob Pittman is in charge (with much bristling at TW about the arrogance of the AOLers). Rumors were going around a few weeks ago that Pittman's counterpart and theoretical equal on the TW side, Richard Parsons, was going to join the Bush administration (and additional rumors had it that this offer from the Bush people was being engineered by Bush friends at AOL).

Of course, being in charge when you are not necessarily in charge is a funny way to be in charge. But it is the AOL way. Steve Case has always let other people run the company he is supposed to be running. He has been called Rea-

ganesque before, but that may be because we didn't yet have Dubya to compare him to. A frequent question around Time Warner goes: "What does Steve Case do?" And no one knows, except that, oddly, this seems to confer on him more rather than less power.

But wait—what about Jerry Levin?

He has already engineered what might appear to be a highly advantageous setup. Levin, the CEO, with recession looming, ad markets cratering, dot-coms crashing, has passed on the first, and no doubt most difficult, test of AOL Time Warner to Pittman and his cronies.

Likewise, there are many Democrats who are not at all unhappy that George Bush has a remarkable opportunity to hang himself and, with him, the Republican Party. Everyone at TW who has seen Jerry Levin survive Nick Nicholas, Steve Ross, and Ted Turner would hesitate to

cerns are at least as important as business concerns. In New York, it's the separation of church and state; in Hollywood, it's the indulgence of temperamental stars; in the music industry, it's . . . well, whatever it takes. AOL, on the other hand, likes to think of itself as an anti-content company. Not only does it not take the risks of developing content, it has largely built its fortunes on deals that rough up other companies that produce content (including a lot of instances of roughing up Time Warner). Content people, AOLers believe, are wimps—do-gooders, bleeding hearts, environmentalists. (Actually, AOLers believe everyone outside of AOL is a wimp.)

What's more, the separation of advertising from content is just sophistry in the AOL world, a macho view that AOLers seem to take great pleasure communicating to the pantywaists in New York, Atlanta, and L.A. (the fact that these con-

"One of the main themes of the merger is that it's a way to deal with an organization hopelessly divided, like Washington, by fiefdoms and personal ambition."

say that he will not survive a few others.

Partisanship and divisiveness. One of the main themes of the merger is that it's a way to deal with an organization hopelessly divided, like Washington, by fiefdoms and personal ambition. Everywhere you go within TW, territories and self-interest are clearly marked.

You have the magazines. HBO. The movie studio. The music companies. The cable guys. CNN. And each of these parts of the company is riven by all manner of wars, standoffs, and unstable alliances. These are feudal states divided by strategies, personalities, and long traditions, on top of white-knuckle power plays. Jerry Levin has never been able to run this company (nor, some would say, has he ever tried) as Murdoch runs News Corp., or Eisner Disney, or Redstone Viacom. It's not top-down; it's about competing power structures.

AOL, like George Bush, is promising to change the gridlock culture. Giving Bob Pittman control over a sweeping part of the company is meant to break the equal-power principle. The management theory is that the merger, and the structure of the merger, gives one operating unit—AOL—primacy over a lot of formerly independent operating units.

It's a theory.

Social issues. The root of Time Warner's liberalism is that news and creative con-

tent pantywaists are some of the great internecine fighters, and that, on the West Coast, you even have content sissies who are thugs and criminals, will be part of AOL's post-merger experience).

The theme. You gotta have a larger purpose in the takeover business—a reason for being, beyond more stuff and more power. Both Bush and AOL, having now accomplished their takeovers, are in the difficult position of being caught with backward themes. In Bush's case it's a mishmash of Reagan-era fiscal policies and tax cuts. For AOL, it's a back-to-the-future promise of new media and the Internet in the days of a glorious NASDAQ. Oddly, it is exactly this stuff—opening screens, IMs, chats—that continues to dazzle the people at TW (less, I suspect, than it dazzles people at AOL). Bob Pittman gave a speech at the American Magazine Conference saying that AOL had already sold 500,000 new subscriptions for Time's magazines. This was briefly inspirational (before people started to pick apart the number). And there is still a lot of broadband, and movies-on-demand, and wireless talk at Time Warner. But I'd lay money on the tax cut coming sooner.

THE MEDIA NATION, LIKE THE ACTUAL NATION, gets the leaders it deserves. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

Wonder Boys

After a career full of singles and doubles, the team at Sony Pictures Classics has finally hit its first home run with *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*.

TOM BERNARD AND MICHAEL BARKER, THE co-presidents of Sony Pictures Classics, had a secret weapon in their stealth-marketing campaign for Ang Lee's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. It was a 13-year-old named John Otrakji, whom they paid \$1,000 to create a Web-site for the film. "He's the kid of a friend of our publicist," explains Bernard. "The site is getting 2,000 hits a day! And now he's attacking chat rooms all over the country, driving more traffic to it."

The low-rent site fits in nicely with their overall marketing strategy for *Crouching Tiger*, the film Barker calls "our big one," an art-house *Jurassic Park* that can pull in all demographics: teenagers, women, Asians, hip-hoppers, even testosterone-crazed action freaks.

During the holiday movie season, when only megastars like Tom Hanks, Mel Gibson, and Jim Carrey seem capable of motivating Americans to buy tickets, *Crouching Tiger*, without stars and *with* subtitles, has smashed house records from New York to Los Angeles on its way, the two men hope, to becoming the highest-grossing foreign-language film of all time, surpassing *Life Is Beautiful*'s \$57 million U.S. gross. As of last week, they are even a bit ahead of schedule. *Crouching Tiger*—which has collected ecstatic reviews, a Golden Globe nomination, and serious Oscar intimations—has sold \$32 million in tickets since it opened last month, and it's still only in limited release. (The film will be in 1,500 theaters by mid-February.)

Crouching Tiger's breakout feels like a just reward for this pair—they are practically the only surviving members of the

pre-Miramax indie world. Barker and Bernard came of age, in business terms, back in the eighties, when independent films were cheap but challenging and weren't expected to sell out in the Paramount Park mall. As the original founders of Orion Classics almost two decades ago, they released pictures by everyone from Kurosawa to Malle, and since 1992, with Sony Classics, they've run the gamut from Merchant-Ivory to Neil

work-TV ad for one of their films (including *Crouching Tiger*), yet they have managed to garner 55 Oscar nominations and twelve wins.

They hate test-screening films as a way of second-guessing directors. Bernard calls Joe Farrell, the head of the National Research Group, which conducts test screenings for most of the studios, "criminal, *criminal!* They're stealing money from people."

The pair are also notoriously tight-fisted. While average studio marketing costs have zoomed to about \$25 million, Sony Classics has spent only \$7 million on *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*—and that's their biggest marketing outlay ever. The strapping, mustachioed Bernard is famous for riding to Cannes premieres on a bicycle, wearing his tux. Barker is known for his encyclopedic

knowledge of movies. And he's still a little starstruck: When we met for coffee in L.A., he went to find a waiter and accidentally handed the check to Rob Lowe. "Oh my God, I've had a Hollywood moment," he said when he came back to the table. "He was very nice about it. He said he'd get the waiter."

These are tough times in the indie business. In the past five years, the number of independent films produced has grown 600 percent, but the audience hasn't grown apace. What used to gross \$2 million is now lucky to pull in \$700,000. Foreign films, which still constitute a third of Sony Classics' business, have all but disappeared from the slate of most other small distributors.



Double team: Above, Sony Classics' Michael Barker (left) and Tom Bernard; left, *Crouching Tiger*'s Zhang Ziyi (left) and Michelle Yeoh.



virtually extinct in an era of Gulfstreams and million-dollar Super Bowl TV buys. Bernard, 48, and Barker, 46, both based in New York, still chart out their campaigns city by city, literally theater by theater. They haven't yet purchased a net-

One solution to the brutal competition is to grow out of the art-house circuit. The most successful indie company of the nineties, Miramax, now functions on the same level as a major studio, producing high-budget features with major stars.

Barker and Bernard, despite being under a major studio's umbrella, don't consider themselves in the same business as Miramax (which has had a particularly lackluster winter, with pricey duds like the Matt Damon vehicle *All the Pretty Horses*). "Miramax is always trying to identify itself as an independent," says Barker. "But *Pulp Fiction* was a Tri-Star picture in turnaround. *Shakespeare in Love* was a Universal Picture. We're not in that game. We do what the bigger studios *can't* do effectively because they have their eyes on the bigger pictures."

Nor do they bet on one hit to pay for a string of flops, as Fox Searchlight's *The Full Monty* did. Instead, Barker and Bernard reliably deliver singles and doubles, meticulously squeezing small profits out of each picture. They were ecstatic when *The Tao of Steve*, which cost \$1 million, earned \$4 million, and when *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, which cost \$500,000, earned \$6 million. In their biggest year, 1997, their entire slate grossed \$60 million, less than the average cost of a studio film today. Until *Crouching Tiger, Howards End* was their all-time box-office champ, and it made only \$26 million.

The most unusual thing about Barker and Bernard—particularly in the fiercely petty indie world—is that no one seems to hate them. This may have something to do with the fact that they are surprisingly generous when it comes to profits, and they don't use the usual fuzzy math endemic among studio accountants. At the end of the day, Barker and Bernard actually send profit checks to filmmakers like David Mamet and the Merchant-Ivory team, even on their most modest hits. It's almost unprecedented.

"We don't pay as much, but we promise a piece of the action, and they get it," says Barker. Ismail Merchant, who has made several films with them, says, "For filmmakers, it's a blessing to have people like that."

Despite the spectacular success of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Barker and Bernard haven't broken any of their standard operating procedures during its release. With obvious glee, they detail their resolutely low-budget strategy for getting the word out: slipping advance videos onto the Yankees and Mets planes during the playoffs,

sponsoring karate tournaments, screening the film for prominent hip-hop artists like the Wu-Tang Clan. ("Vibe magazine talked to someone at the screening," Bernard says, "and decided to give us four pages!")

Barker and Bernard are also admired for another attribute rare in the movie business: personal loyalty. The two men ran Orion Classics and Sony Classics with partner Marcie Bloom until one day four years ago, when Bloom suffered a brain aneurysm on the way to lunch. "She began pointing at her head and couldn't speak," recalls Bernard. The three were just about to accept an offer from their former boss, Jonathan Dolgen, to start Paramount Classics, but Bloom, who was now in a coma, could have lost her health insurance.

Barker and Bernard stayed with Sony and it's new boss, John Calley. Bloom, who today is mostly recovered, works several days a week. "She's as involved as she wants to be," Barker says.

Of course, some in the industry wonder if love and attention can make up—at least commercially—for true Hollywood marketing muscle. "The knock on Sony is, when they have a potential crossover hit, they can't do it," says one high-level competitor. "They leave money on the table. That's the price for not risking much." The obvious examples are *Howards End* and *Run, Lola, Run*, which grossed \$10 million. The question lingers: Could another distributor have done better?

But the success of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* should quiet those naysayers. Over Christmas, Barker and director Ang Lee drove around New York, marveling at the long lines for their movie. "People always said we couldn't do a release this big. But we never had a movie that we felt *deserved* a release this big," says Bernard.

Thanks to *Crouching Tiger*, he admits, they might "take more chances with pictures that have more of a commercial shot." But don't expect one crossover success to addle their priorities. These are still guys whose favorite memory is of drinking Jack Daniel's with Kurosawa. "You don't feel it's only about money for them," says Pedro Almodóvar, and Bernard agrees. "We don't want to be zillionaires," he insists. "You could get really rich if you start your own company and emulate what Bob [Shaye of New Line] or Harvey did. But that's not what we want to do. We just want to be in the business of distributing quality movies." ■

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OUT OF THE

THE GIANTS, WITH THEIR UNWANTED QUARTERBACK, AND THEIR UNHAPPY DEFENSE,

BLUE



BY CHRIS SMITH

D THEIR INJURED CORNERBACK, IN THE SUPER BOWL?

WE MUST BE DREAMING.

HE IS RIDING IN THE BACK OF A limo because he is a star. He is a star quarterback in New York City, barely 36 hours removed from one of the greatest passing performances in NFL play-off history, even if he is currently riding across the pot-holed two-lane highways of Bergen County, even if he'd much rather be in a pickup truck. He is riding in a 30-foot white stretch limo because it has been dispatched by the Milk Board to whisk him to one of those signposts of modern American megajock achievement, being photographed for a milk-mustache ad. A beautiful, long-legged brunette steel magnolia of a girlfriend is sitting next to him.

- This is all as it should be. He

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY MARC ASNIN



is also riding in the back of a limo because he couldn't drive himself to the photo shoot even if he wanted to. Kerry Collins, 28, who has just driven the New York Giants into their first Super Bowl in ten years, has no driver's license. He lost it last year, the penalty for a drunk-driving conviction.

Because Collins is smarter, much smarter, than he appears from his lunkish looks, he appreciates the irony in all this. A man who was plastered all over the news for drinking too much is about to appear all over the country drinking milk. The DWI arrest was the last curl in a rapid downward spiral that saw him hit a kind of dirtbag trifecta: Collins was tagged a drunk, a racist, and a quitter. As a football commodity, Collins was radioactive. The Giants gave him a second chance, but what did they have to lose? Kent Graham was their starting quarterback at the time. And the Giants were supposed to be lousy again this season.

Now Collins is on the verge of a world championship. He is the poster boy for the redemptive power of sports and sobriety. His enormous, unblinking eyes, as clear and blue as a glacier-fed stream, stare straight ahead. Crystal bottles in the limo's wet bar jingle as the car crunches through another asphalt

corsi. "I'm convinced that circumstances and how you react are much more the catalyst than 'I've got this plan.'"

Sean Payton, the boy-genius offensive coordinator, spends hundreds of hours each week watching film of opponents, charting tendencies, calculating the best chance for the Giants' offense to score. He's a rational guy, deep into dissecting the vaunted Baltimore Ravens defense, but there's one factor he can't explain about his own team. "Every year, you could talk to the teams that went to the Super Bowl, and they can't put their hand on it, but it's kind of 'it,'" Payton says. "And right now, we have a little bit of that 'it.'"

THE SUNDAY-NIGHT CROWD IN THE SECOND-floor dining room at Smith & Wollensky is far too sophisticated, of course, to stand up, cheer, and thrust high fives as Jason Sehorn strides in. Yet an undeniable electric charge, a happy murmur, courses through the room as Sehorn, the 29-year-old "It" boy of New York sports, makes his way to his regular table. An eddy of congratulations and encouragement follows the beaming Sehorn: *Attaboy . . . beautiful game . . . one more to go!* Danny, Sehorn's favorite waiter, arrives to take the order. He already knows that Sehorn wants the prime rib or the T-bone, whichever is larger tonight. Diners make

bled off to Los Angeles for a last, sad fling with the Rams. "I play a game for a living," Sehorn says. "I'm paid millions to do it. I'm going to marry a great woman. Who's got it better than me?"

Lately it seems like Sehorn unleashes a spectacular physical feat every week. Before shackling the quicksilver Randy Moss this afternoon, Sehorn had recovered two onside kicks in a single game—sprinting 38 yards with one of them for the game-winning touchdown. Then there was Sehorn's all-time-highlight-reel moment, against the Philadelphia Eagles in the Giants' first playoff win. First he dove to his left to break up a pass; then, his back on the ground, he tapped the ball high in the air; then, seemingly all in one motion that combined ballet and volleyball and happened in less time than it takes to read this sentence, he scrambled to his feet, caught the ball, and dashed 32 yards into the end zone. So stunning was Sehorn's feat that the Giants Stadium press box erupted in gasps and applause—a serious violation of sportswriter etiquette.

"Jason is destined to be in the lime-light," Accorsi says. "As Wellington Mara says in such a classic way, dating himself a little bit, 'Jason likes the café society.' He's a remarkable athlete, and he's got that flair for the stage. The bigger the game,

“JASON'S AN INCREDIBLE ATHLETE WITH A FLAIR FOR THE STAG

crater. "Who," Collins asks, a smile slowly creasing his face, "woulda thunk it?"

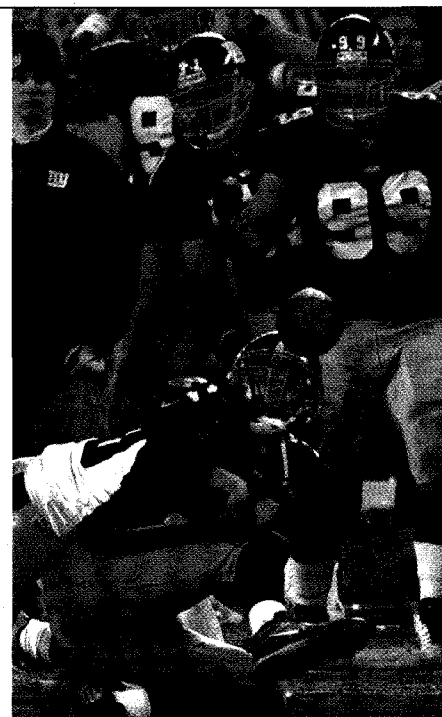
THEY MIGHT BE THE GIANTS, BUT THEY landed in Tampa this week to face the Baltimore Ravens in Super Bowl XXXV as the product of lilliputian expectations. The Washington Redskins, spending millions of Daniel Snyder's direct-marketing dollars, had signed all the flashy names during the off-season—Deion Sanders, Bruce Smith, Jeff George—and Las Vegas gave them the short odds to win the Super Bowl. The Giants? They'd signed a couple of retread defensive backs and ancient offensive linemen. The experts made them 55-1 shots.

Internally, there was more optimism, but no bold wagers on late-January glory. The Giants have seized an opportunity built on a foundation of months of hard work and steady improvement. The NFL's parity formula certainly helped. But luck (no major injuries) and magic are in the mix, too. "This thing—leadership, teams coming together, chemistry—it's a mystical, intangible thing," says Giants general manager Ernie Ac-

corni. "I come here all the time, especially after games," Sehorn says. "Well, especially after wins."

He laughs and looks across at his fiancée, Angie Harmon, the star of *Law & Order*, the best TV show filmed in New York. This week, she'll be shooting an episode based on the murder trial of Rae Carruth, the former Carolina Panthers receiver—whom Sehorn, as a cornerback, has battled on the field. "People write songs about New York," Harmon says. "Living here with Jason in this moment, it's like we're standing next to the cherry on top instead of just kinda being down in the cake mix."

Harmon rests her left hand on the gleaming-white tablecloth, the perfect backdrop for the gargantuan 7½-carat-diamond engagement ring Sehorn surprised her with during a taping of the *Tonight Show* last March. Tonight, Broadway Jason is basking in the love not just of Harmon but of an entire metropolitan region that hasn't had this sexy a football hero since 1977, when Joe Namath hob-



CATCH AS CATCH CAN: Sehorn's circus interception in the Eagles game gilded his legend.

the bigger the play. Jason will do something in the Super Bowl. Just watch."

Part of why Sehorn is in such a joyous mood tonight is that he's still within first-down yardage of pain and disaster. His 1999 season ended with a broken leg. He missed all of the 1998 season with a blown-out knee, an injury that nearly halted his career. And oh, yeah—at about the same time he was entering a protracted rehab, Sehorn's first marriage collapsed after nine months.

"It was a good experience for me, that injury, though I could have done without the six-inch scar," Sehorn says. "I learned a lot about people. I learned how much simple health is taken for granted. I couldn't walk my dog—I said, 'Killer, go out and do your thing,' and opened the door. I learned a lot of patience, and I'm not a patient person. And I've learned about the things in life you can't control, and I love to control everything."

After a game last season, Sehorn's mother was waiting for her son beneath Giants Stadium. She noticed Angie Harmon hanging out with a girlfriend. Sehorn glanced at Harmon on his way to the parking lot and kept walking, preoccupied with his sore leg. His mother stopped, went over to Harmon, and insisted on introducing the pair.

Restoring Sehorn's relationship with

public guarantee that the Giants would gain a playoff berth. The 51-year-old was greeted with tabloid and talk-radio hoots of derision. Seven straight wins and a Super Bowl berth later, space is being cleared between Vince Lombardi and Knute Rockne on the motivational Mount Rushmore for a bust of Fassel.

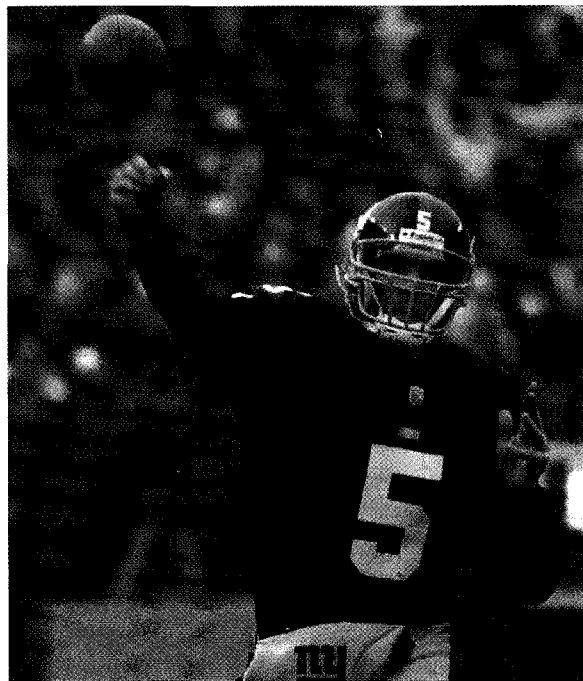
"It freed us to just play football," Sehorn says. "It was brilliant because it put the spotlight on Coach Fassel for two weeks and took it off us. But what people have missed is that at the same time, there was a whole edict from Coach Fassel to the players about talking to the media that was, 'Be concerned with yourself. When they talk to you, talk about yourself. Don't talk about your teammate and what he should be doing, or what he could be doing.'"

Fassel admits he banned newspapers from the locker room as a symbolic way to focus the team on itself and not outside opinion, but he claims his press-

boarded a flight back to New York with his distraught family. He spent five hours in the air alternating between memories of his mom and strategies to reclaim his authority in the locker room.

First, Fassel summoned Strahan to a private meeting at 7 A.M., listened to his

SPIRAL STAIRCASE: Collins's spectacular passing vs. the Vikings crowned his climb back.



THE BIGGER THE GAME, THE BIGGER THE PLAY." 77

his teammates took some similar nudging. He went into seclusion after his 1998 knee injury, and now says it was a mistake. "I realized one thing over the past three years, as difficult as they've been," Sehorn says. "And that is, what's best for Jason Sehorn isn't necessarily what's best for the Giants. When I tore my ACL, I felt what was best for my knee rehab was to go to California, work out, and get myself healthy with the people I know and trust. But that wasn't best for the team. It built no camaraderie. It built no accountability, and there was no togetherness. Coach Fassel has been trying to do something for the good of all of us, bringing us together off the field. He's not trying to be your father. He's not telling you this is what you have to do. He's asking you, 'Let's do this as a team.' And it's worked out. Every move that man's made in the past year has paid off. But the biggest is that we're unified in a way we never were before."

WAY BACK ON NOVEMBER 22, GIANTS HEAD coach Jim Fassel, his job in peril after a loss at home to woeful Detroit, issued a

conference words were largely spontaneous. "I didn't do the guarantee for any specific reason," he says. "That was in my gut. I was angry. I didn't want my team walking around feeling like we're second-class citizens. It was, 'Take a tough stance, and don't be afraid to let the world know what you're thinking.' I was proud of my guys. I felt like we were going to the playoffs, so the hell with it, here we go."

The emotional makeover of the Giants actually began in a far more somber, private moment. In November 1999, Fassel's mother died after a prolonged, painful battle with cancer. Fassel took two days off in midseason to attend her funeral, an absence that in the control-freak, tunnel-vision world of NFL head coaches is about as rare as an expertise in classical violin. While Fassel was grieving in California, Michael Strahan, the Giants' ferocious 29-year-old all-star defensive tackle and one of the team's primary veteran leaders, popped off in the papers about his anger at the team's lack of direction. Fassel learned of this challenge to his manhood just before he

complaints, and then told him there would be only one boss for this team: Fassel. "There's a learning curve to being a head coach that surprised me," Fassel says, standing in the hallway outside the Giants' locker room. "I knew all the X's and O's. But I underestimated the importance of bonding on a team. It's the most difficult thing to achieve."

That same week, Fassel made an important practical change. He had risen in the coaching ranks on his skills as an offensive guru. Fassel is fundamentally a sunny and decent man, and those traits are reflected in his team's lack of paranoia, unusual in pro football. But calling the Giants' plays as offensive coordinator while also playing public-relations spokesman as head coach left Fassel exhausted and cranky. So before last season's game against the Jets, he handed the offensive-coordinator title and headset to Sean Payton.

Fassel's devotion to the quarterbacks and receivers had also worsened the Giants' longstanding locker-room feud between the stellar defense and disappointing offense. The team seemed to be

going in reverse, from 8-8 in 1998 to 7-9 in 1999, and Jessie Armstead, the Giants' best linebacker, exuberant 30-year-old spiritual leader, and a man even more vocal than Strahan, was deeply angry. After seven years in the NFL, he saw his prospects for playing in a Super Bowl fading. Armstead felt Fassel was trying to muzzle him, and he was nearing a decision to demand a trade. "I was very upset," Armstead says. "I was just trying to get to my house and stay in the house for a goodly while. I wasn't coming back down here for the off-season. There's no way I was coming back." Eventually, Armstead reluctantly agreed to a meeting. Coach and player now describe the four-hour session as an amiable clearing of the air, but the outcome was far from certain. "He made a point that in the locker room, I could say what I wanted down there," Armstead says. "We established that between each other, so everything worked out fine."

During the summer, Fassel coaxed all the players to return to New Jersey to work out. At night, he took players and their wives and girlfriends to Broadway shows and on a Circle Line cruise around Manhattan. At summer training camp in Albany, Fassel led 150 Giants players and staff members to a multiplex for a screening of—naturally—*Gladiator*.

"At the time, you thought, *This is*

n't think either one would last the whole season," Accorsi says. "But the two old guys ended up being the stimulant we needed. The first thing Brown did, he went to [guard] Ron Stone and said, 'Why aren't you in the Pro Bowl?' Stone said, 'I don't know.' Lomas said, 'Well, I know—you're twenty pounds overweight! Meet me at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning at the treadmill.' Once we got Lomas Brown and Parker, I knew one thing: The defense wasn't going to push our offense around anymore. It wasn't a matter of 'I'm stronger than you.' It's stature. Respect. That started to meld the team."

Two wins to start the season, over Arizona and Philadelphia, spread the happy vibe. But by mid-November, Fassel was hearing rumblings that he'd be fired if the playoffs eluded the Giants again. He went public with his galvanizing guarantee, and the Giants won their division on the road, squeaking past Washington when kicker Eddie Murray, one of the few low-paid Redskins, missed a 49-yard field goal.

Fassel had made the playoffs, largely on the strength of the Giants' suffocating defense, orchestrated by nimble-minded assistant John Fox. On offense, Fassel had a multipurpose threat in Barber and speedy, reliable wideouts in Ike Hilliard and Amani Toomer. But he knew the Gi-

fluid: The "milk" mustache is actually a gooey cocktail of sour cream, Philadelphia cream cheese, and Häagen-Dazs vanilla. "I'd worn number 12 or 13 before," Collins says. "When I got to the Giants, I picked number 5 for a fresh start."

He needed far more than new digits to make a lasting change in his life. The Carolina Panthers used their first-ever draft pick to choose Collins, a Heisman Trophy finalist out of Penn State in 1995. The expansion team reached the NFC championship game in the franchise's second year of existence, and Collins seemed like a golden-boy leader with a long, bright future. But he was trying to live as large off the field as on. By 1996, teammates were accusing him of having a drinking problem. "Every time I did something wrong, I was drunk," Collins says. "I didn't drink every night. But it was no stopping once I started. How many times have I been in situations when I really could have hurt somebody or hurt myself and gotten in trouble? A lot." Like the time he dangled from the second story of his townhouse in North Carolina, then let go, falling down, down, down—into the pool, though he could just as easily have hit the concrete deck.

Many Panthers were angry at Collins, but the mood shifted to disgust during training camp in 1997. Loaded during a

“WE ENDED UP CARING ABOUT EACH OTHER AS

corny,” says Tiki Barber, the Giants' leading rusher. “But we ended up caring about each other as people, and it makes it easier to play together. The past few years, guys would come to work, do their job, and leave. Now they stay afterward for two hours playing dominoes or video games; they're hanging out with each other.”

But the grumbling would resurface if the offense didn't put up some points. “We had to do something about the offensive line,” Accorsi says. “It wasn't horrible or poor, but it just wasn't good enough. That position is the one on the field you can't scheme your way through. Offensive line is the pure, honest position, and the least glamorous. You either block 'em or you don't. And if you don't block them, you can't pass or run.”

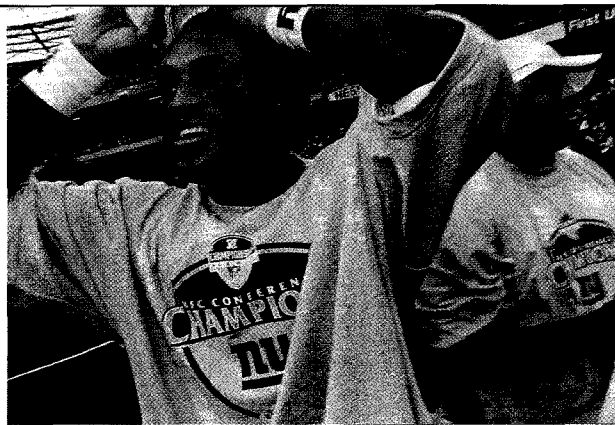
Accorsi's free-agent signings—of grizzled sixteen-year-veteran Lomas Brown, whose speaking voice sounds uncannily like Jackie Wilson's singing voice, and of the deceptively flabby, 312-pound four-time Super Bowl loser Glenn Parker—drew shrugs around the league. “We did-

ants weren't going far without a few big plays from their quarterback.

THE STRETCH LIMO PULLS to the curb of a Radisson hotel somewhere in the faceless Jersey sprawl. Kerry Collins ducks his head and eases out the door, slowly unfolding his six-foot-five-inch frame. “Last April, I went to a Tim McGraw concert in Charlotte,” says Brooke Eisenhower, Collins's girlfriend.

“And when the music starts, this huge guy stands up in front of me—*Oh, great*, I think. But he turns around, apologizes, and introduces himself. I only gave him my first name and where I worked, but the next day he tracked me down.”

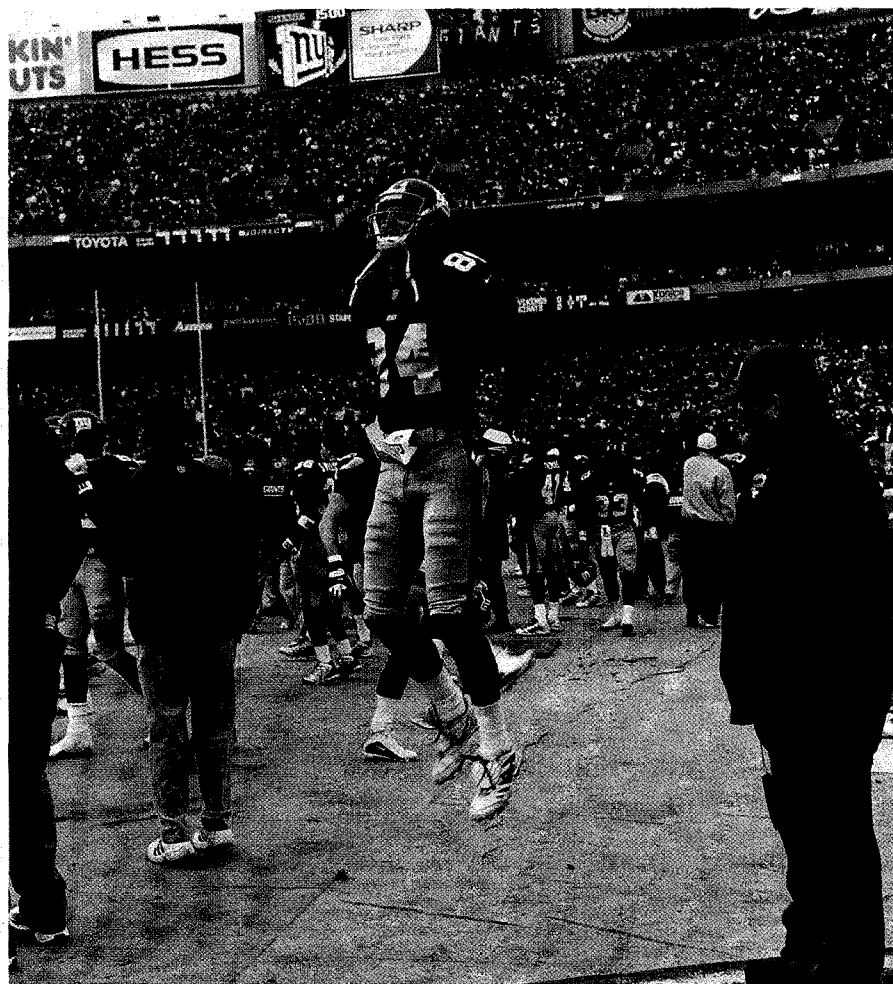
Inside a conference room, Collins changes into his Giants uniform, the regal-blue jersey glistening under the photographer's lights. He's handed a glass of chalky



RECEIVING THE GOOD NEWS: Opposite, Joe Jurevicius leaps on the sideline; above, Toomer celebrates after the game.

party, Collins, awkwardly trying to be down, addressed receiver Muhsin Muhammad as “nigga.” Three days later, Denver Broncos linebacker Bill Romanowski shattered Collins's jaw with a vicious hit during a preseason game. No one from the team came to the hospital to drive Collins home.

Hurting, saddened, and confused, Collins dropped fifteen pounds and all his



part of my everyday life, this whole redemption, resurrection thing," Collins says. "Everybody wants to talk about that now, but I resolved it eons ago."

Back in the limo, Collins is heading to Giants Stadium for meetings about the Baltimore Ravens. Crimmins hands him some reading for the ride. Not a copy of *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, which Collins has been digesting at home, but a printout from the CNN/SI Website. Two years ago, Peter King, *Sports Illustrated's* powerful NFL writer, wrote that signing Collins was "a giant mistake"; on a radio show, King went further, calling Collins "the worst signing in the history of free agency." Now Collins reads the headline on King's Website column from the morning after the Giants' quarterback threw for five touchdowns to demolish the Vikings: ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS FINDS SUCCESS ON A GRAND STAGE. Collins rolls his eyes.

"There's a part of me that wants to say, 'Ha ha. You were wrong. I told you so.' On the other hand, I don't even think it's worth acknowledging. The media and the press, it's a necessity to deal with, but I have problems with the nature of their job. One of the best things I've done throughout this whole process is to accept the media for what it is, and realize if I want to play football in the NFL, that's part of the deal. So there's two

EOPE," SAYS BARBER. "THAT MAKES IT EASIER TO PLAY TOGETHER."

”

confidence. Four games into the 1998 season, he met with head coach Dom Capers and volunteered to be benched. Collins says he didn't intend to bail out on the team, just catch his breath. The Panthers dropped him completely six days later. The last-place Saints acquired Collins, but he was still miserable. Then came the drunk-driving arrest.

"Kerry's not the kind of guy to share much, to pick up the phone and tell you his concerns," says his friend and marketing agent Jamey Crimmins. "He'd buried things for a long time."

One morning over breakfast when Collins was fourteen years old and a burgeoning high-school football star in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, his parents launched into a nasty argument. Kerry had recently broken his ankle in practice, and his father, Patrick, wanted to transfer him to a superior football high school 30 miles away. His mother, Roseanne, refused to go. The family fractured, with Kerry and his dad moving to an apartment while his older brother and mother stayed behind. His parents divorced, but

Kerry, at his new high school, became one of the nation's most sought-after recruits.

"I've realized lately," Collins says, "that the message was that me making it as a football player was worth breaking up the family. Kerry the quarterback mattered more than Kerry the person."

After his arrest, Collins checked into the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, for an eight-week stay. "The public story was that Kerry went in to get his drinking problem fixed," Crimmins says. "That's bullshit. He went in to get his insides fixed. He didn't know who he was."

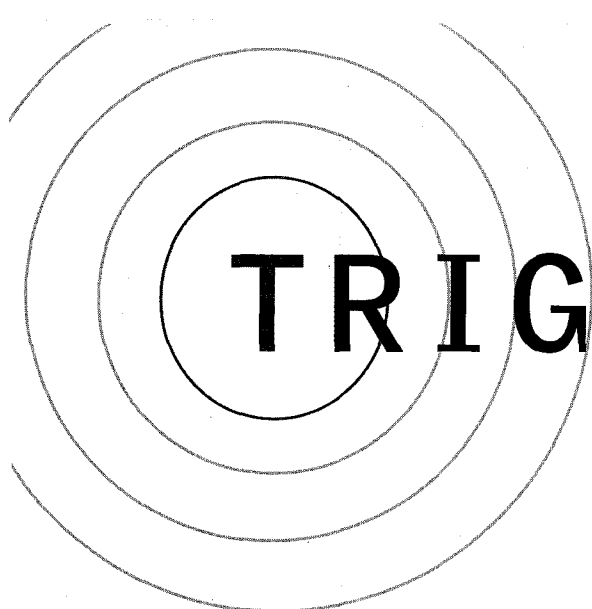
Most of the NFL had written off Collins. Then Ernie Accorsi called Collins's agent, Leigh Steinberg. "I'm close to a lot of Penn State people," says the Giants' general manager. "And I trusted the Penn State people. They told me, 'This is a good kid who went off the track.' And I've always believed you could always get a good kid back."

Collins's recent rebirth on the football field has provoked new interest in his melodramatic story, but he's grown weary of the subject. "It's not as big a

things: Don't give 'em anything to write about, and don't care what they write."

On Sunday, if he plays well and the Giants win, he will have to put up with even more newly fawning praise. "Wins, losses—it really doesn't have anything to do with who you are as a person," Collins says. "I had to learn that lesson. Whatever happens on the field doesn't have anything to do with who you are as a person." Don't get him wrong—Collins wants to beat Baltimore, but mostly for the people, like Mara, Accorsi, and Fassel, who've given him this second chance.

And in the back of Collins's mind, there's another special day on the horizon. It seems minor compared with the other hurdles he's cleared: After several years of not speaking to his parents, he's on good terms with both of them again. But on February 1, four days after the Super Bowl, Kerry Collins is eligible to get a new driver's license. Soon, maybe, he'll be a whole person, a regular guy who can get behind the wheel and head off into the woods to do some hunting. ■



TRIGGER HAPPY

Fear and anger made her buy the gun—but the last thing a young New York editor expected was for her new .45-caliber automatic to bring her true happiness. A politically incorrect love story. By Jessica Lustig

The lobby of the Flatiron-district office building, where three desk-jockey dudes stand waiting for the elevator, is all polished brass and marble. • “Excuse me,” I say, brushing past them on my way to the stairwell, where staccato shots reverberate with Jiffy-Pop exuberance. • “You going downstairs?” one asks eagerly. “To the gun club?” • “Mmm-hmm,” I murmur. • “*My kind of woman!*” he hoots.

Well, not exactly. I didn’t grow up with guns, and like anyone raised in the comfortable, liberal, well-educated suburbs of the East Coast, I knew what to think: Only rednecks and thugs owned them (and my cop uncle, who came strapped to Passover). My mother wouldn’t buy toy guns for me, but my dad made me a *faux* pistol with a piece of thick bamboo and a plywood handle so I could play cowgirl. If I had seen a real bullet lying in a yard or in the street, I would have run in the other direction—it might *go off* if you touched it. But at the same time, I dreamed of being Annie Oakley, emptying the wallets of unsuspecting fools in trick-shooting competitions. I read and reread the passage in *This Boy’s*

Life where Tobias Wolff’s mother coolly wins a riflery tournament from her sputtering, sulking husband. But even these idle fantasies felt profoundly *uncool*—the kind of thing it seemed wisest to keep to myself.

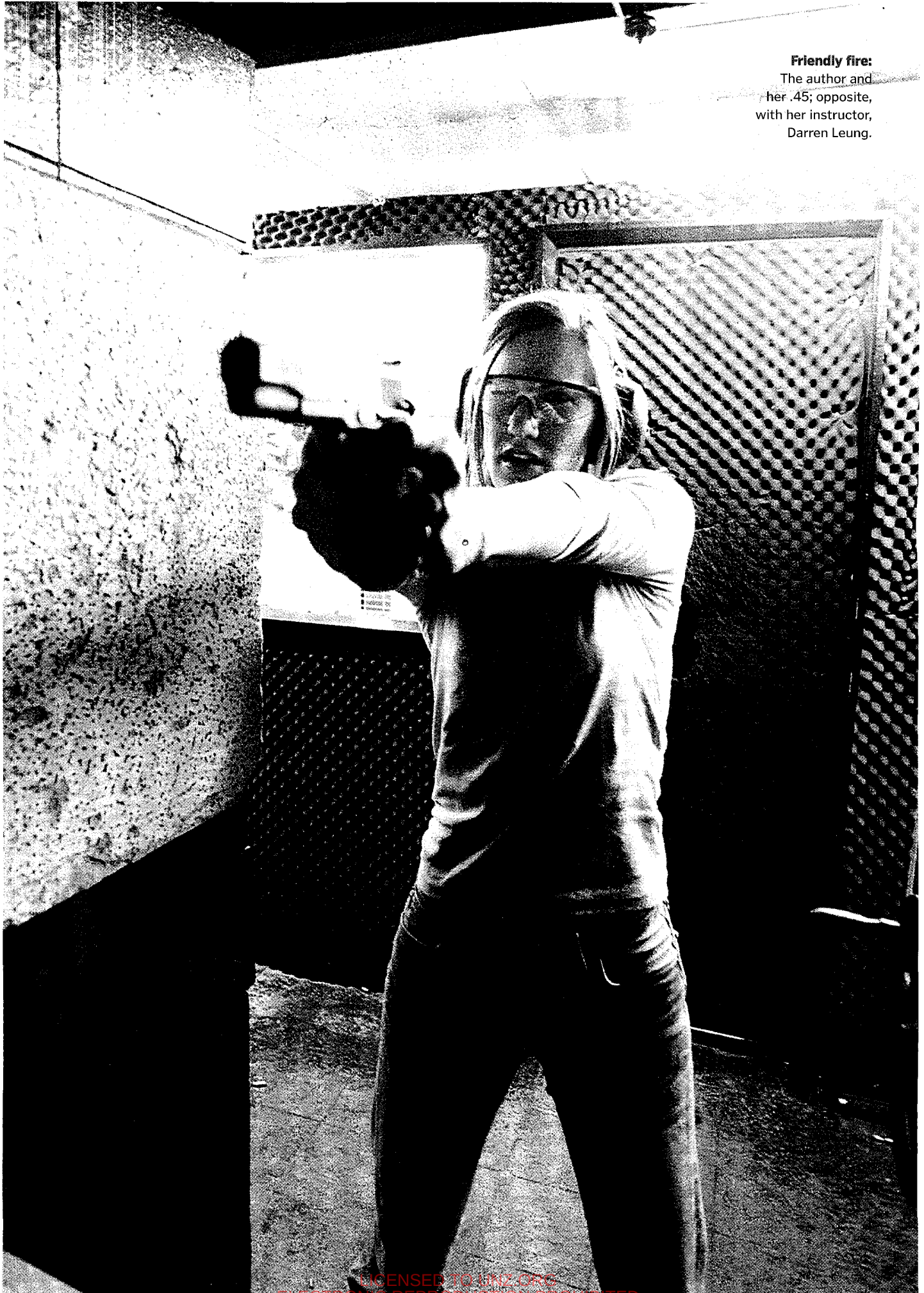
Then, five years ago, I was burglarized, my apartment door crowbarred open while I was at the gym and the boyfriend I lived with at the time was out of town. “They’re gonna come back,” friends told me, “to get the rest of your stuff.” The door couldn’t be closed properly, and that night I slept with a kitchen knife next to me, feeling sure it wouldn’t be enough if someone wanted to hurt me. The next year, when I lived alone in another apartment, I was stalked by a stranger who followed me and sent creepy poems and tapes to my house. I slept with that same kitchen knife in a drawer by my bed—what if he found his way to my fire escape?—but again I felt sure it wouldn’t be enough if he got in. Two summers ago, my apartment was burglarized again. What if I had been home? “This is why I want to get a gun,” I told the sergeant who came to investigate. *Could I shoot someone who was trying to hurt me?* I asked myself. *Hell, yeah, I could!* “You don’t want a gun,” the officer told me. “Yes, I do,” I insisted. “If someone is coming in my window, do I want to, like, perform some judo kicks?” “Hit ‘im with a frying pan,” the sergeant suggested. I gaped at him. “The whole *point*,” I said, “is that I don’t want to get that close!”



PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN SCHLES

Friendly fire:

The author and
her .45; opposite,
with her instructor,
Darren Leung.



THAT'S HOW I FIND MYSELF RIDING the subway down to the Brooklyn Bridge-City Hall stop and walking through a brick municipal moonscape to 1 Police Plaza. I feel like I'm impersonating someone—Clarice Starling, La Femme Nikita, or, more mundanely, a Republican—as I breeze through the security checkpoint and am directed to the handgun-licensing division, Room 110A. “Last time I came in,” says a young Latino dude from Brooklyn who is waiting alongside me, “Sylvester Stallone was here!”

New York City has some of the most stringent handgun regulations in the country, and the license application is intentionally byzantine. I pay nearly \$300 to the Police Department and New York State for the privilege of filing a stack of papers, revealing mishaps as minor as a ten-year-old speeding ticket, and getting fingerprinted. But at least the process is democratic, and there is some small comfort in knowing who else has gone through it. Handgun licenses are a matter of public record: Andrew Cuomo got one, and so have Robert De Niro, Raoul Felder, Abner Louima, Howard Stern, and Chazz Palminteri.

It takes several months for applications to clear—supposedly because it takes that long for fingerprints to be checked on the city, state, and federal

tidy business, with more than 1,000 members. It costs me \$400 to join for two years. When I arrive for my first lesson on a Friday evening, a few men are sitting around smoking cigars and cleaning guns at a table under fluorescent lights in a rec-room-like setting. I have put myself in the hands of West Side vice-president Darren Leung, a stocky 35-year-old hard-ass from the Chinatown projects. I instantly like Darren. He's a geek about guns. He likes to speak of himself and his crew as “gunfighters,” even though none of them has ever been in a gunfight. “We're like dinosaurs,” he says. “The last of a dying breed.”

Darren looks at me intently from behind his wire-rimmed glasses, and he does not patronize me. I was worried I'd get the “little lady” treatment and end up with a dainty Derringer decorated with scrimshawed ivory for my purse. But Darren, who speaks in my grandfather's Coney Island cadences—“the bunch of yous,” “he don't wanna”—doesn't smirk when I tell him that the closest I've ever come to a firearm is an amusement-park shooting gallery. He lays two guns before me, saying, “This is a revolver, and this is a pistol.” I didn't even know the difference.

Behind a span of bulletproof glass lies “the line,” fourteen stalls facing a wall of red mats 50 feet away. Each stall is

asks fearfully when I tell her on the phone about my lesson. “Um, of, I guess, a . . . person.”) I ask if first-timers ever come in and can't even hit the target, if they start firing wildly off to the sides. “That's what I was prepared for when you came in tonight,” Darren says. “But in a pie of shooters where men are 60 percent and women are 40 percent”—perhaps optimistically overestimating the proportion of female firearms enthusiasts—“all of the women will be better shooters.” Why? “Because they don't come in assuming they know everything, like guys do.”

This could, of course, simply be a bit of polite encouragement. Darren takes pains to make sure patrons feel the requisite respect in this high-stakes environment. Everyone is addressed as “Sir” and referred to as “this gentleman.” The civility extends to Darren's friends and cousins, who like to hang out at the range and who kiss one another goodbye and call each other “bro.”

We move on to a 9-mm. Glock, which immediately summons a snippet of sound-effect-laced rap from an old Ice Cube record: “*It was plain and simple / The 9-mm. went [bang] to the temple / [Bang] [bang] [bang] was the sound . . .*” The serviceable, no-frills, black plastic Glock is the gun of choice for many cops and many criminals. It looks like a toy to me. The trigger feels extremely light. “I'll

“I FIGURE I AM PROBABLY THE ONLY PERSON IN NEW YORK GOING FROM THE OFFICE

levels. You cannot touch a handgun in New York City before you have a license, and then, once you get your license, *it expires if you don't buy a gun within 30 days*. What if you don't want to buy a gun but want to take lessons? Too bad. New York City essentially forces every license-holder to buy a gun, and you must keep that gun in your house. There is no requirement that you take any instruction to learn how to operate the gun.

If you *do* want to learn how to shoot, however, you must join a range. Most gun owners in New York have target licenses, which require you to belong to a range and keep your gun unloaded and locked at home when you're not transporting it to the range. (Premises licenses let you keep a gun loaded in your house for self-defense. Only carry licenses let you pack heat on the street; these are very difficult to get and mostly go to owners of high-risk businesses, like jewelers.)

Since West Side Rifle & Pistol Range is currently the only range open in Manhattan—its sole competitor, Downtown Rifle & Pistol Club, closed last year—it does a

equipped with a metal rig on which you clip your paper target—a classic bull's-eye or a more provocative photo-realist illustration, like one of an armed villain who's taken a little girl hostage—and then crank it out like a shirt on a laundry line.

Darren hands me a Smith & Wesson revolver. I drop the bullets into the cylinder's six chambers, breathing light and fast and feeling almost faint, though perhaps that's simply the muffling effect of my ear protectors. Darren's instructions sound as if they're being burbled underwater. I stand with my feet apart and my arms extended, the gun braced in my left hand—since I'm a lefty—which is cradled in my right. The first shot makes the barrel buck like a pony with a cartoon *blam!* that seems to suck the oxygen out of the room. It's accompanied by a corona of flame and, in the aftermath of the explosion, a thin wisp of smoke.

I fire at the silhouette targets, with Darren barking orders over my shoulder to shoot for the heart and then the head. (“What *kind* of silhouette?” my mother

be back in a minute,” Darren suddenly says, and he leaves me alone at the line. *With the gun.* I'm both nervous and curious—how could he trust me? What if I were like that guy he told me about who committed suicide at Downtown a few Christmases ago? “Because right from the start,” Darren explains impassively when he returns, “you showed extreme responsibility.” *Whew.* I'm glad one of us can tell.

I shoot for nearly four hours, my arms confettied with black streaks and ricocheted bits from the stall's cork walls. Hot brass casings bounce back against my eye protectors and my chest. There's a ventilation system, but if you fire 150 to 200 rounds you'll still be breathing in a nice little cloud of cordite and smoke. I read the bullet box's warning about lead and ask Darren if I'm going to get lead poisoning. “If you taste something sweet in the back of your throat, you've got lead,” he says helpfully. I taste something stale, not sweet. My cousin's husband, a gun enthusiast, says he won't shoot at all in indoor ranges. Here in the city, of

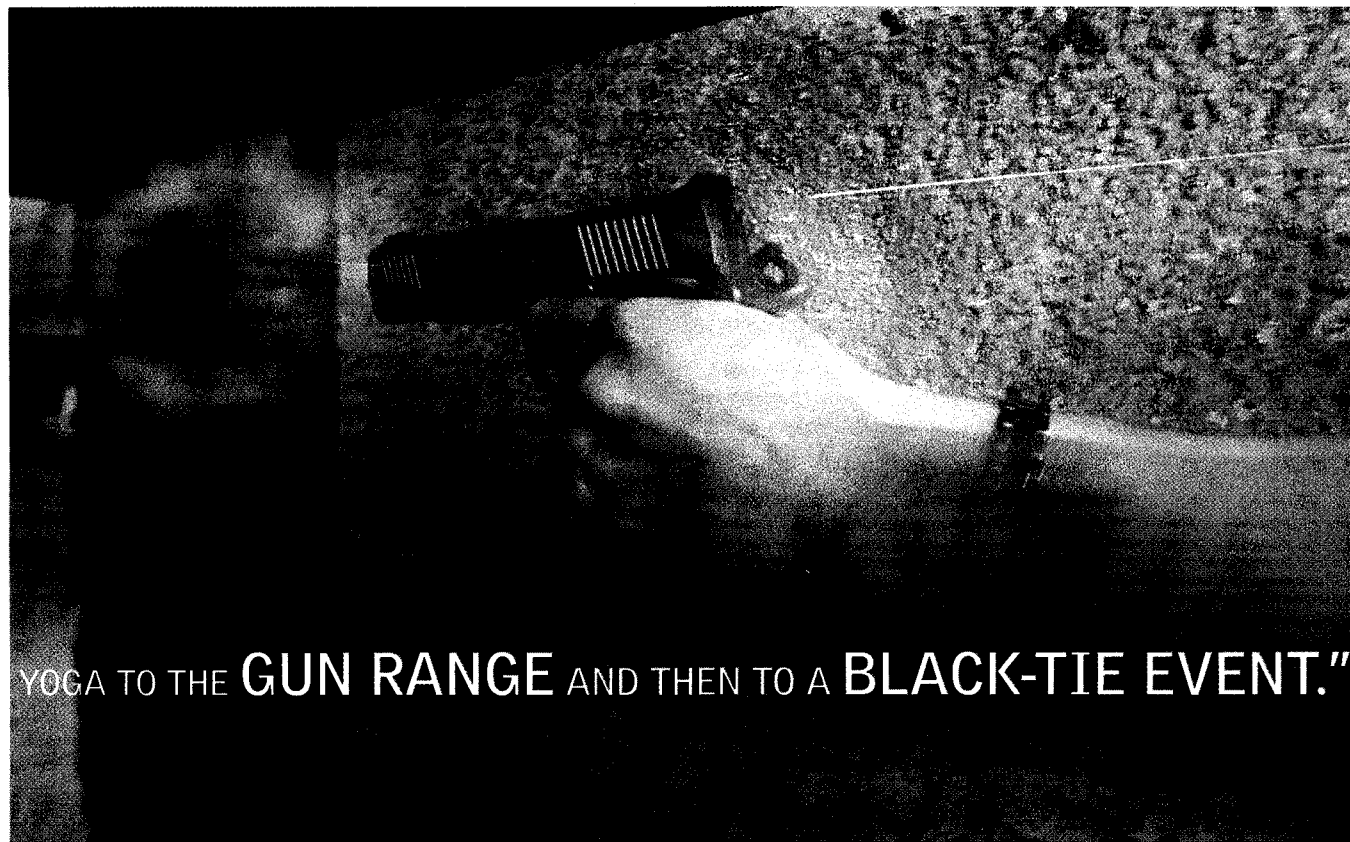
course, we can't just set up some pumpkins and tin cans out back.

I FIGURE I AM PROBABLY THE ONLY PERSON in New York going, the following Friday, from the office to yoga to the gun range and then to a black-tie event. I can't help thinking, in the yoga studio, of my fellow students' recoiling in horror were they to discover my destination. But there are some surprising similarities. Breathing is very impor-

loaded," I whimper. That's when I learn that you never assume a gun is not loaded. You never look down the barrel to see what's in there. You never fumble for your ear protectors with a gun in your hand, even with your finger off the trigger. Darren's instruction is so methodical, so step-by-step, so matter-of-fact, that it almost seems we're operating something as simple as a power drill or a hair dryer. It is easy to forget that we're handling deadly weapons.

I've been pumping iron. "Nope," my brother cuts in, "pumpin' lead!"

Darren rigs up a piece of string, held straight with a weight at the bottom, and tells me to shoot it. I dust it a few times—we examine it for the telltale gray smudges—and then fray it once or twice, but I can't sever it, even at only twenty feet. Darren hands me the string and tells me he wants me to lie in bed that night and think about it. Instead, I can't restrain myself from dragging the string



YOGA TO THE **GUN RANGE** AND THEN TO A **BLACK-TIE EVENT."**

tant in both yoga and shooting—you breathe in before you raise the gun, and hold your breath as you fire—and in both you want to be completely "in the moment." But while in yoga I often find myself thinking on two tracks even as the teacher exhorts us to empty our minds, at the range, I'm discovering, my concentration is so intense and so *physical* that it's impossible to think of anything else. It's weirdly, perversely, *more* relaxing than yoga. "I can believe that," Darren says.

I'm standing at the line talking with Darren with my ear protectors slung around my neck—no one else is shooting—when he tells me to put them back on because someone else has just walked up to one of the stalls. I reach up to fumble with them, holding the Glock—unloaded, my finger off the trigger—in my left hand. Suddenly Darren is cuffing my ear protector, hollering, "You're gonna shoot yourself in the head!" "But it's un-

At this second lesson, I meet Dan, a mild, soft-spoken 41-year-old banker whose pressed shirts and shined shoes distinguish him from the other range regulars in their sweatshirts and Timberlands. He stands behind me and observes while Darren teaches me "point shooting"—one hand in a fist over your heart, the idea being that your fist would take the bullet if . . .

"It's a sport," Dan tells me, attempting to explain his fascination with firearms. "It's the ability to control something that's extremely powerful, and that's part of the allure." Raising a gun, bracing it in your hands, and firing it for a couple of hours a week also does impressive things to your muscles. After a couple months of shooting with my left hand and then my right ("in case your good hand gets disabled," Darren says philosophically), when I throw my arms around my dad on a visit to my parents' house, he asks if

out of my bag at dinner and making cocktail conversation about it.

DAN THE BANKER SAYS HE THINKS guns are "beautiful pieces of machinery," and I'm starting to see what he means, especially now that I'm getting a taste of what Darren calls "elite" guns—those made for target shooting rather than for service. I was shooting at that string with an elegant 9-mm. Sig Sauer P-210, a competition pistol from the seventies, all blued steel and walnut stocks. The other gun I'm drawn to is a matte stainless-steel Kimber .45 with black grips and sights and clean, spare lines. It looks like a camera, and the mechanisms are not dissimilar: You're loading, advancing the magazine, shooting.

I want the Sig Sauer but bitterly protest the unfairness of its \$2,100 price tag—it's like that horrified gasp when

you find a pair of shoes that were *made* for you but there's no way you can afford them. There are, of course, hundreds of different guns I could buy. I browse through *Gun Digest*; I scour the Internet sites where people buy and sell guns just like any other collectible ("new in box," etc.); I awkwardly visit John Jovino, the narrow, cluttered gun shop on Centre Market Place, behind the old Police Building, where I stare at 30 or so pistols in the glass cases. At the range, even though I know the romance is doomed, I can't keep my hands off the Sig. But with time running out, I settle on the Kimber. Darren, who's also a licensed New York City firearms dealer, can order it for me directly from a dealer in Kentucky. It costs about \$700.

Once my new Kimber arrives and I sign the bill of sale, I have 72 hours to return to the License Division at 1 Police Plaza to have the gun inspected and entered on my license. When my name is called, I am ushered into a closet where a large woman officer instructs me to unlock the hard black plastic case and the

"I'm gonna tell you one more thing," Darren says. "You're steady as shit." He has me hold out my hand so I can see—not a tremor. "You've got potential," he allows, and this hint of a compliment is enough to send me into fantasies about winning sharpshooting competitions. I feel like this is something I was born to do, and can't help remembering my mother's account of how, at my birth, she druggedly called me "Jessie James" over and over—a prophecy! That night, when I'm undressing at home, I hear a metallic rattling as I take off my shirt, and discover a couple of brass shells in my chest pocket.

DARREN LIKES TO REPORT TO ME WHAT OTHER people say about my being at the range. "Who's the supermodel?" a potbellied regular asks him—in this environment, pretty much *any* female gets to enjoy supermodel status. But Darren, for his part, likes to tease me for being unladylike. "You have the most unattractive nails for a woman," he says, even though it's cramming bullets into the spring-

WHEN I ASK MY BANKER FRIEND DAN IF HE thinks about guns in terms of protection, he says, "In practicality, where we live? Not at all." Darren, on the other hand, matter-of-factly discusses how to disarm assailants: "Ten shots up and down—that'll take care of 'im." But pointing a gun at someone and firing is becoming a lot harder for me to imagine now that I've seen the sobering evidence of what a round of fire does to a target. Before I knew anything about guns, they rarely figured in my dreams. Now, in a nightmare, a threatening figure will menacingly snap together a shotgun and I, in the dream, hopelessly understand how much danger I'm in. In other dreams, I'm hiding from armed thugs and reassuring myself that it's much harder to hit a moving person than you'd think, but then I remember, with dread, about scopes and laser sights. Or I'll try to scare off a creep with my own Kimber, and he'll say, "Go on, *shoot* me!" And I'll hesitate—*now what?*—and then do it. Somehow these nocturnal anxieties surface at the range, where I

"THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS CRY AT THE RANGE, BUT HERE IT COMES ANYWAY. I TURN

trigger lock, now required on all handguns sold in New York. She records the serial number etched on the side. Then it's mine. That night, at home, I take it out of its case to look it over and, inevitably, pose with it in front of my mirror, feeling very James Bond Girl. Then I lock my gun back up. Where do I hide it? None of your business.

I THINK WISTFULLY OF THE 9-MM. SIG, which felt so much smaller and more controlled than my heavier .45, as I pick up the gauntlet in my duel with the string. When I lift the Kimber, the gun wavers around before my eyes while I pull the trigger for what seems like a full minute—it feels like I'm trying to squeeze a heavy rubber ball out of a garden hose—before I'm startled again by the explosion going off in my hands. But somehow, as I get more fatigued, I seem to grow calmer and surer, and from 25 feet I finally do it, cleanly severing the string. I turn to Darren with a great big stupid sloppy grin. "I'm only gonna say this once," he tells me, trying to hold back his own smile and preserve his tough-guy demeanor. "I'm very proud of you."

Then he has me aim at wooden coffee stirrers from Starbucks. I clip those at 30 and then at 35 feet. This must be one of those zones athletes always talk about.

loaded magazine that makes them all snagged and sooty. When he spies my running shoes tied to my backpack, he suggests that I don't need a gun—I can just stun any aggressors by confronting them with my sweaty sneakers.

All this is by way of making sure I'm comfortable in the boys'-club atmosphere of the range, and after he's done joking, he gets serious, eyeing me sideways. "Some people think women shouldn't fraternize with guys." "Yeah, well," I say, "I can definitely hang with guys." And here, finally, at the end of the week, are people who aren't going to ask whether I saw this or that on "Page Six" or in the *Times'* business section. Instead, I get to say gearhead things like "racking the slide" and "cocking the hammer" and then play games of skill—shoot the bull's-eye, shoot the string, shoot the coffee stirrer—before sitting down with five very polite and very funny Chinese guys to drink beer and play some kind of weird blackjack in which I lose \$30 while giving Darren romantic advice. He wants to know what I think of this phone call, that quote, this fight, that gift. He broods; he reenacts conversations. It turns out that love is the one thing this hard-core guy is soft on. Of course, he has his own unique way of showing it. Darren's idea of a romantic present for his girlfriend? Matching bulletproof vests.

thought I felt perfectly safe, and I start flinching and closing my eyes.

THIS IS THE NIGHT DARREN MAKES me cry. He is hazing me as usual. My shots are off, and he's insulting me, and I'm taking it, as I do, but biting my lips and wishing he'd tell me what I should do different. "Darren," I say, my voice muffled by the ear protectors. "Why am I shooting so badly?" "Because you're thickheaded," he says, and somehow, though I know that what I really am is thin-skinned, and the *last* thing I want to do is cry at the range, here it comes anyway. I turn away from him, facing down the line, brushing away tears. Darren suddenly realizes why I'm not shooting: "Wait, wait, *wait* a minute!" I put the gun down. "I *want* you to be hard on me," I say, pawing at my eyes. "That's fine, I can take it. But *don't tell me I'm stupid—I know* I'm not. Just tell me what I should do." He is horrified: "I didn't say you were stupid!" That's what thickheaded *means*, I say, so he goes to the office and gets a dictionary and settles the matter in my favor. "Now I'm gonna lie in bed tonight," he says, shaking his head, "thinking I shouldn't have said that."

Darren coaches me out of the flinching with a Browning "Hi-Power" 9-mm.

"Pull the trigger *slowly*," he instructs, "and let yourself be surprised when the gun goes off." Anticipating the shot, in other words, is what's making me flinch. He makes me go back to one-handed shooting till I can hardly lift the gun. "My arms are tired," I whine. "Don't be a wimp!" he growls. "Darren," I say through my teeth, biting my tongue, one eye closed, sighting. "You're the only person who's ever thought I was a wimp."

What I *will* cop to, as far as guns are concerned, is being an elitist. Darren tries to explain the appeal of combat pistols: They can be banged around, get full of dirt, and shipped all stacked up in crates, and they will still fire. Your high-strung, high-end guns, on the other hand, are more finicky. If they get dirty, they'll start jamming. But I hate shooting combat pistols. They

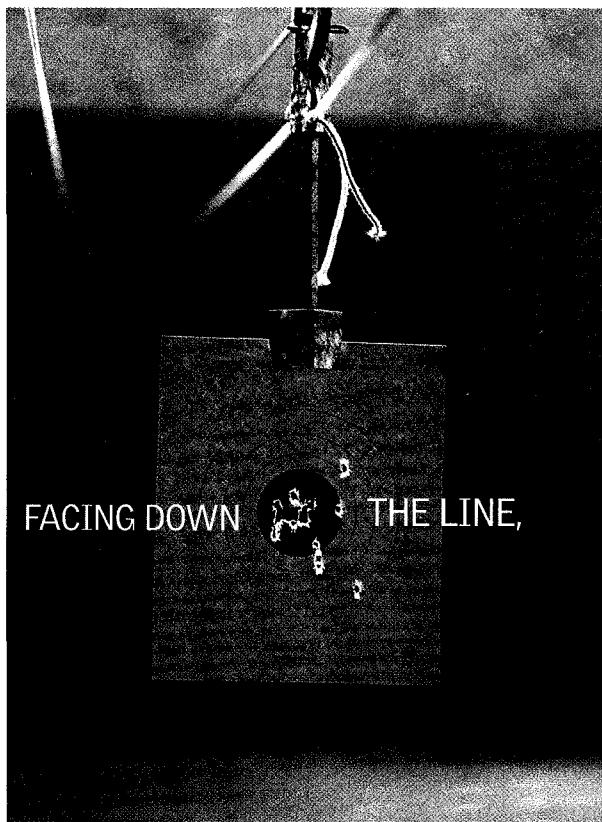
time I've just achieved that sought-after Zen balance, holding my breath and squaring my sights. Tonight I don't care about anything except the target, and midway through my second box of bullets I know I'm *on*. I can't see any holes in the paper at 50 feet—that means they're somewhere in that black bull's-eye, and if I group enough of them tightly together, I'll see the telltale light shining through. Each shot sounds like an ax

finding the key and unlocking it, there's that cumbersome trigger lock clamped onto the gun, which needs to be unlocked with another key. And if you make your way through that, too? Well, I don't have any bullets—I decided not to ever have any at home, which obviously also means I can never use my gun in self-defense. So you'd better have brought your own.

I started this whole thing not knowing where it would end: Would I be hiding out in my apartment, scared and strapped, looking out between the blinds? Would I join the NRA? "Will you only go out with gun nuts?" a fashion-editor friend asked. But none of that turned out to be true. Instead, I've been admitted to what feels like a secret society, with its own language and code of honor. I like walking to the line with my eye protectors pushed up in my hair like Jackie O. sunglasses, my ear protectors slung around my neck like a D.J.'s huge headphones, my pistol swinging from my fingers, a box of American Eagle bullets and a sheaf of black bull's-

AWAY FROM HIM,

FACING DOWN THE LINE,



USHING AWAY TEARS."

jump around in my hands—I can feel the springs bouncing inside—and I can't even put all my shots on the paper. I can tell Darren thinks I'm a sissy for preferring the competition models, and even more damning is that it's not just about the way they feel. It's about the way they *look*.

I show him a lavish new book, *The World of Beretta*, filled with photos of guns laid out on velvet, like jewelry. We pause at the Model 98FS stainless-steel target pistol engraved with scrolls, leaves, and arabesques and fitted with walnut stocks. "Like a woman with too much makeup," Darren judges, but I'm infatuated, staring at the gun's smooth, molten curves. "Guns are *utilitarian*," Darren reminds me disapprovingly.

My delirium over the decorated Berettas is dispelled one wintry Friday when I arrive at the range gritting my teeth after a frustrating day at work. "I *really* feel like firing a gun," I announce to Darren. Tonight, his point of view makes sense. I don't want to stand around giddily tracing whorls and whirls on my gun; I just want to fire the thing. I don't care that there's another guy two stalls down pounding away with what sounds like a sawed-off shotgun, *ka-boom-ing* every

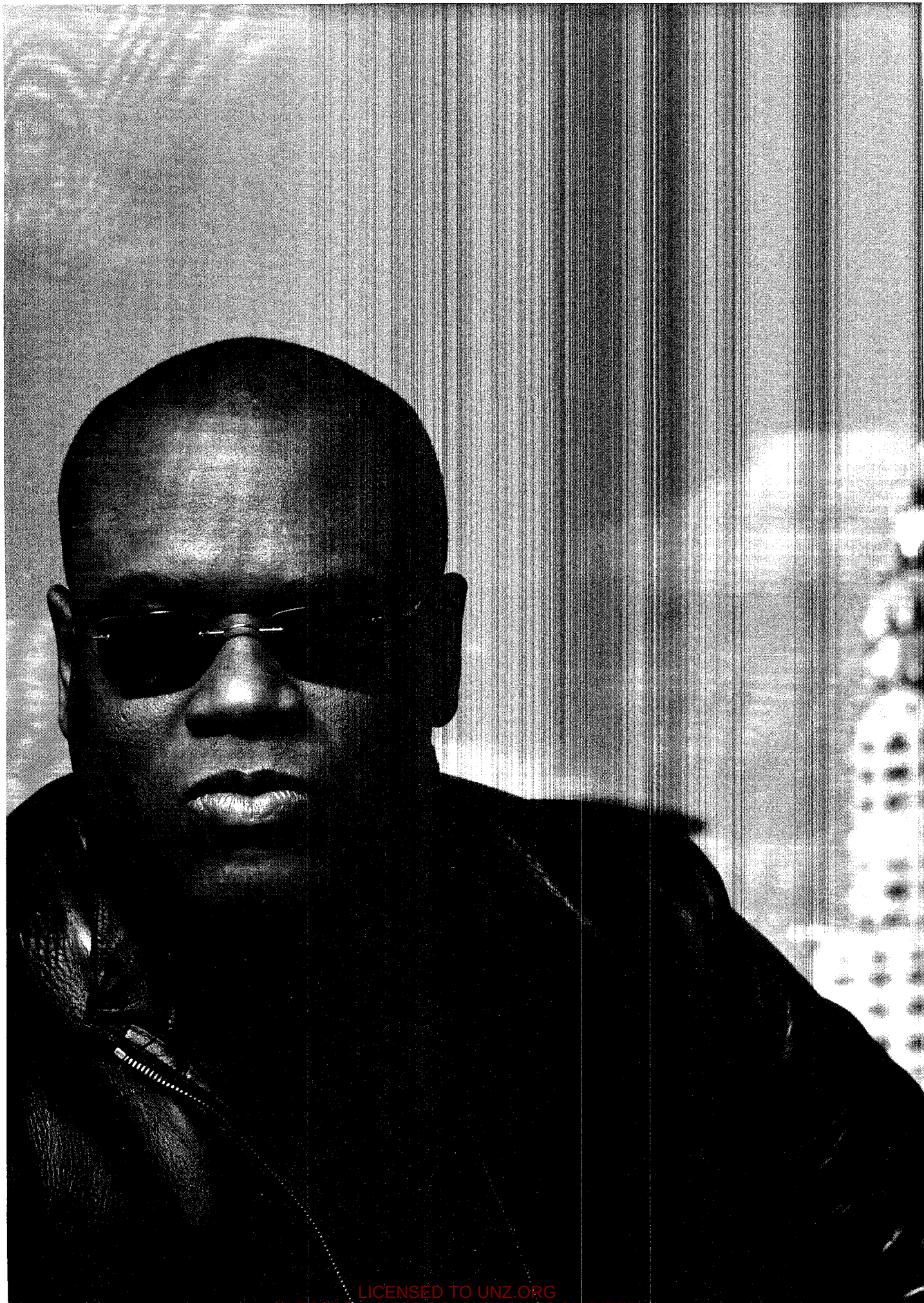
striking wood, a clean rush of wind that I feel in my chest and that rocks me back on my heels. I sink six out of the magazine's seven shots in the bull's-eye, whispering to myself, "Come on, baby, *yeah*."

When I first started shooting, I hesitated to tell people about it. My friends have all sorts of personal proclivities: They do or don't eat meat. Do or don't smoke. Do or don't drink, smoke pot, snort cocaine, live with drag queens, hire hustlers, sleep around. There aren't a whole lot of taboos anymore. But in the post-Columbine age, I suspected, revealing any interest in guns would be beyond the pale. However, for every time someone moaned, "But, Jess, you *know* the statistics"—those famous though possibly apocryphal statistics about how often guns are used against their owners—someone else asked to come to the range with me. And for the record, I'm not worried about my gun being used against me. It's hidden in a locked box, and even if you were bent on

eye targets in my other hand. I like being the girl who gets to hang out in the boys' club.

WHEN I SPLIT A BUSINESS CARD EDGEWISE at 45 feet, Darren says, "That is pretty damn amazing, even *I* have to say." We can make money, I tell him, we can be a hustling team, I'll be the dumb blonde who's never shot before: "I *think* I might be able to hit that . . ." "I'm starting to see dollar signs," Darren agrees. Then I move on to chop down coffee stirrers at 50 feet, all the way back against the shot-up mats. "I'm breeding women warriors," Darren crows from the other end of the line, where he's coaching a female executive from a prominent jewelry house.

Suddenly a hot shell bounces back and flicks against my neck with a searing sting. I wince, touching my hand to the tender spot, but figure what the fuck, I'm proud of these little scrapes and bruises. But after I shoot another clip, my neck is still stinging, and I start to wonder if I've got a burn. I show it to Darren. "Hon, I'm not gonna lie to you," he says. "That's gonna blister up." Then he regales me with war stories about the time he got a hot shell stuck in the corner of his eye. "Welcome," he says, with a sigh of contentment, "to the world of gunfighting." ■



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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L.A. COMES TO NEW YORK

When L.A. Reid replaced Clive Davis as head of Arista Records, the industry reeled, artists threatened to walk, and staffers snubbed him. Half a year in, he's kept the key stars and pumped up new ones. And even "Mr. Davis" is working with him. By Rob Tannenbaum

A few weeks into his new job as president and CEO of Arista Records, L.A. Reid got mad. He was meeting with his two top executives to discuss the uncharacteristically meager sales of Whitney Houston's *The Greatest Hits*, a glitzy retrospective of Arista's franchise singer released seven weeks before he took office. In what one of the executives calls an "out-of-body experience," Reid rose angrily from behind his desk and tossed over a chair. • "I realized that this thing was headed nowhere, and we were going to spend a fucking fortune," Reid explains, his exasperation still fresh. The marketing plan for Houston, he continues, was poor: The record was released in mid-May, instead of later in the year when most superstar records appear, and key decisions about singles and videos were mishandled. "This whole project was just botched up, from the very beginning. *This* is what I walk into." Reid, a sleek, personable 44-year-old, brakes himself. "Let me collect myself here." • Last year, in the juiciest boardroom intrigue the music business has seen in years, Clive Davis was deposed from the presidency of Arista, the label he founded 25 years earlier, by Strauss Zelnick, president and CEO of BMG, and Michael Dornemann, the company's chairman. In his place, they installed Reid, who took over July 1. Soon after, BMG went back into business with Davis, outbidding other labels by offering him a fund of more than \$150 million to start a new label, J Records. Then, just as the situation seemed to settle down, Zelnick and Dornemann left BMG, reportedly ousted by their boss, Bertelsmann chairman Thomas Middelhoff, for their handling of several matters, including their treatment of Davis. • Reid brought to the job a sterling record as a songwriter, producer, and head of

R&B powerhouse LaFace Records. But that didn't make it easy to replace Davis, the 67-year-old industry veteran who revived the career of Carlos Santana and guided the label to spectacular sales. "They hated me," Reid says. "The first two weeks, I heard people say 'Clive didn't do it that way.'" He started keeping a list and eventually fired about 30 employees whose loyalties he said he doubted.

From the time Davis's replacement was first rumored more than a year ago, he and Reid have issued press-release respect and praise for each other without hinting at the resentment between their camps. Reid still takes care to speak graciously of Davis—whom he refers to as "Mr. Davis" and "the master" over the course of several conversations. But he is also alternately amused, annoyed, and angry over the criticism and rancor that greeted his appointment.

"The press loves Clive," Reid muses. "I'd read stories about myself coming to Arista, and there'd be a picture of Clive. I never saw a picture of me." He still recalls a story that dismissively labeled him a "rap executive." Then there was the gossip columnist who reported that Reid was spending afternoons shopping at Gucci while Davis was busy signing acts to his new label, including the boy band O-Town.

"I went to Orlando four months ago to see this band Clive signed. I thought it was bullshit then, I think it's bullshit now. I wouldn't have signed it," Reid says heatedly.

The story, he adds, "was racist." He pauses. "I don't play the race card. I'm not that guy. I have an amazing life." Reid is only the second African-American to run a major label (the other is Sylvia Rhone at Elektra), and he doubts that the columnist has reported on the shopping habits of white executives like Jimmy Iovine or Tommy Mottola.

Anyway, Reid adds with a smile, he doesn't shop at Gucci. "I have all my clothes made."

WHEN REID'S PROMOTION WAS announced, some reporters speculated that BMG bosses had "groomed" him for the Arista presidency by sending him to Harvard to get an M.B.A. in 1998. "I groomed myself," Reid counters. "I've wanted to run a major record company for many, many years."

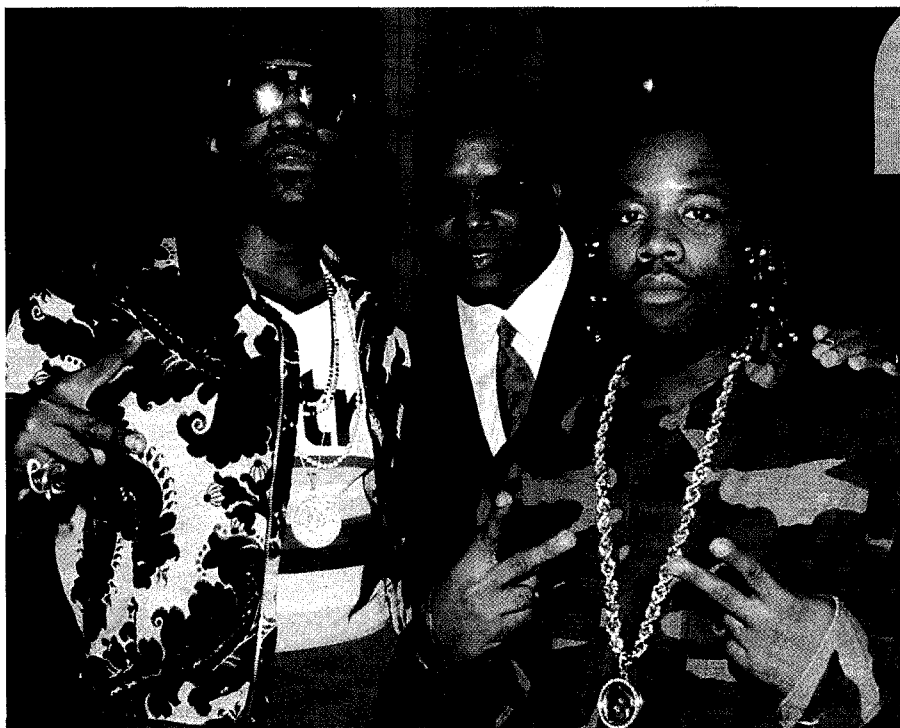
Indeed, with his largesse, his zeal, and his fearless string of quarrels with close friends, Reid has been a mogul-in-training for years. Along with Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds, he produced some of the biggest pop and R&B hits of the eighties

(Whitney Houston's "I'm Your Baby Tonight," Bobby Brown's "Don't Be Cruel") and manufactured state-of-the-art pop stars with sleek music and distinct images based on class (Toni Braxton), sass (TLC), and ass (Usher). Unlike many of his peers, who know more about marketing than about music, Reid understands music thoroughly and gained renown for his prescience in spotting stars and choosing hits—a valuable forte shared by Clive Davis, who brought

love and attention," he says. "He has a wonderful rapport with artists," agrees singer Toni Braxton. "He can hear a song and go, 'Ahh, you've got to do that one.'"

"He really loves music," says Combs, whose Bad Boy label is distributed by Arista. Reid is also godfather to Combs's son, Justin. "He understands music. He was an artist, so he understands the artist's point of view."

"That's not to say he's soft," Combs adds. "I mean, he's gonna say no, he's



LaFace into Arista.

As the label grew, Reid, who grew up borderline poor in Cincinnati, also earned a reputation for high style. Arnold Stiefel, who managed Toni Braxton, recalls that Reid traveled with "a valet who arrived ahead of him and brought two suits for every day, which were arranged in color-coordinated order in his hotel suite. I always felt underdressed and inappropriately casual when I met with him. He's like a prince."

Reid spread his 40th birthday party, a legendary 1996 bacchanal in Atlanta, over three days. To get in, he says with a lewd chuckle, "you had to either be on the guest list or be really fine."

"That was one of the illest parties of all time," marvels Sean "Puffy" Combs, a close friend. "So much to eat, so much to drink, so many beautiful women—it was like walking into heaven."

Running a label requires a gift for hand-holding, scolding, and other baby-sitting skills, which Reid has in abundance. "I take care of artists. I give them

gonna fight if he has to fight, he's gonna scream if he has to scream."

ON HIS WAY TO RUNNING A MAJOR LABEL, Reid has clashed with many of the important people in his life, including Babyface; his first wife, Pebbles; and Toni Braxton (who once sued him), as well as Davis, who gave Reid the biggest opportunity of his career.

After more than a decade of running LaFace, Reid was eager to sell the label to Arista so he and Babyface could cash out, and he'd be free to run a larger label. At LaFace, he and Babyface signed the artists, produced their music, and made the videos, while Arista distributed, marketed, promoted, and sold the records—and made most of the money.

Davis wouldn't endorse Arista's purchase of LaFace because, says a source close to the situation, he was worried about the label's balance sheet, which included large advances to acts like TLC, Toni Braxton, and Usher, and wanted to wait until those payments were re-



He has a wonderful rapport with artists," says Toni Braxton.

"He can hear a song and go, 'Ahh, you've got to do that one.'"



Hit man: Clockwise from top, L.A. Reid with then wife Pebbles at 1994 Grammy party; Reid with Joy Enriquez, Puff Daddy, Jennifer Lopez, and Santana; Reid with OutKast at Moomba.

would become chairman for life. But Davis wasn't interested in the new title. As president of Arista, he had an arrangement with its parent company known as "phantom equity," because Bertelsmann, based in Germany, is a privately held corporation. In the fiscal year 1999, Arista declared revenues of more than \$500 million in the U.S., a company record. Davis, says a source, earned between \$15 million and \$20 million in the final year of his five-year contract as well as a onetime payout "considerably in excess of \$100 million," based on a percentage of the company's earnings.

Davis says he wanted to maintain "sig-

nificant equity" in whatever position he took, and the offer of chairman did not include any. When Zelnick and Dornemann proposed the new job over dinner at Lutèce in November 1999, Davis got up and left. At this point, says the source close to Reid, L.A. was worried about taking any job in which he would report to Davis: "L.A. was afraid Clive would cut his balls off."

The night of the Lutèce debacle, Reid got a phone call at home asking him to run Arista. As part of the deal, BMG, which already owned half of LaFace, bought the remaining half for a reported \$100 million.

couped. This "pissed off Reid," says a source; other Arista and BMG executives had taken huge paydays, and Reid wanted to be rewarded for years of loyalty to BMG, including, he says, introducing Davis to Combs. Reid also thought Davis was claiming undue credit for the success of LaFace acts. "At this point," says the source close to Reid, "L.A. realized that Clive was for himself, and L.A. needed to be for himself." So Reid went around Davis and proposed a sale directly to top BMG executives.

Davis's contract was set to expire on July 1, 2000, and Zelnick reportedly wanted Reid to join Arista as CEO and president and report to Davis, who

R EID THOUGHT HE WAS A RICH MAN until he moved to New York. While living temporarily in the Four Seasons Hotel, he began to look for a three-bedroom apartment on the Upper East Side. "My God!" he exclaims, eyes wide with horror. "Anything with real square-footage, 3,000 square feet or something like that, it's millions and millions of dollars! I just can't stomach it."

He also had to contend with relentless predictions that Arista's top acts would desert the label for Davis's new venture. Carlos Santana said he would follow Davis "wherever he goes," while Aretha Franklin regally declared, "If Clive leaves, I leave."

"I think all of those stories were planted by Mr. Davis's camp," says Reid.

In fact, no superstar act has left Arista. "There was no way" BMG would countenance big acts leaving Arista for J, says a source, because of simple economics. BMG gave Davis 50 percent equity in J, which means the corporation makes more money per CD with Arista acts than with acts on J.

Instead, Zelnick brokered a deal that allowed Davis to take five burgeoning acts, including Next, Deborah Cox, and LFO, a boy band whose album had sold more than a million copies. Reid says he didn't want to keep any of the five, though his general manager argued to retain LFO: "He said, 'Are you crazy? Have you seen LFO's sales?'" Reid shrugs dismissively. "I didn't love them, so I didn't fight."

Beneath the public congeniality, Reid and Davis disagree on significant events. Most significantly, Reid says he brought Puff Daddy to Arista. "I don't know why he claims that," counters Davis, who says the meeting was set up by Puffy's business manager, Bert Padell.

Puffy, whose deal with Arista made him a lucrative asset for BMG, confirms Reid's version: "L.A. had a meeting with me about bringing me to LaFace, and after I spoke to him, he was like, 'This is bigger than some production deal. I need you to sit and meet with Clive.' And he brought me to Clive. It was gracious of him, and also smart."

Reid says he and Davis have taken Christmas vacations together, though Davis says their two families were merely on St. Barts at the same time. When the offer came to replace Davis, Reid says, "my only concern was whether or not Clive would think I had betrayed him in any way." When asked if Reid did betray him, Davis offers an exoneration: "No. I really have no problem with L.A. Reid whatsoever. I will root for him. I will root for Arista. I will do everything I can to help him."

He means that literally: Davis and Reid are collaborating to pick songs for the singer Monica's second album, and Davis will continue to help with Santana and Houston albums. To Reid and Davis, the conflicts between them, which might destroy some relationships, are less significant than the opportunity to make a few more hits.

WHEN ANTONIO REID WAS 9, BEFORE HE'D earned the nickname L.A., he became fascinated with his uncle Albert's drum kit. The third of four children, Reid saved \$3 from tips he earned working in a barbershop, bought a pair of drum-

sticks, and banged on the floor to James Brown 45s. Brown often recorded at a Cincinnati studio, and Reid "would stand outside and hope to meet someone. Just the sense of being around the music got me excited."

His mother, Emma, was a seamstress, and his father was gone. Reid never asked about his father, who didn't keep in touch. "I think I've become a bit of an overachiever as a result of it to be quite honest," he says. "The way it affected me was, 'I'm gonna prove that I can be somebody, that I should be respected. And he should've been smarter.'"

His mother remarried when Antonio was about 6, but Reid doesn't offer his stepfather's name: "He ain't important enough." Sensing that Antonio was prematurely responsible, she gave him more latitude than her other kids, and by the start of his teenage years, he was playing in bands; significantly, he played in both funk and rock groups. One day, he wore a T-shirt with the Los Angeles Dodgers logo and was anointed with his enduring nickname, even though he'd never been on an airplane, never mind visited L.A.

Reid and his band moved to Indianapolis, where, checking out the local competition one night, he spotted Kenneth "Babyface" Edmonds, a shy, left-handed guitarist whose group let him sing only one song a night. Impressed and typically aggressive, Reid invited Edmonds to join his group, the Deele, which had a few minor R&B hits.

Lots of local stars deploy their talents on no grander goal than free drinks and freer girls, but Reid bonded with Edmonds over their seriousness of purpose. "Neither of us were big party guys," says Reid. "While the other guys in the band would go out and have fun, he and I would sit at home and write songs." Rather than the fleeting glamour of being a musician, Reid wanted ownership and equity, with their greater rewards and permanence.

In 1990, Reid's wife, Pebbles, located his father, who was living in Florida, and brought him to their house in Atlanta to meet his son for the first, and only, time. Had his father followed Reid's career? Did he know his son was successful? "I don't know how much he knew," Reid says thoughtfully. Then he suddenly laughs. "When he came to my home, he realized I was successful."

After several years of making hits, L.A. and Babyface "fell out," says Edmonds. He wanted to focus on writing and producing, and Reid wanted to run a record company. "It drove us in two

separate directions." "I became a *noodge*," admits Reid, who pushed Babyface to write with new LaFace singers. "What do you want me to work with Damian Dame for when I can work with Madonna?" It was kind of a tug-of-war. "It's rumored that the split turned bitter, with long silences between the two. 'I never thought it got bad,' says Reid, who insists he doesn't take conflict personally. 'Maybe it did.'"

LaFace had other problems, most notably the bankruptcies of its two biggest acts, TLC and Toni Braxton. Both Reid and Edmonds shift responsibility to Arista, whose contracts the artists signed. "We weren't in the position of power," says Edmonds.

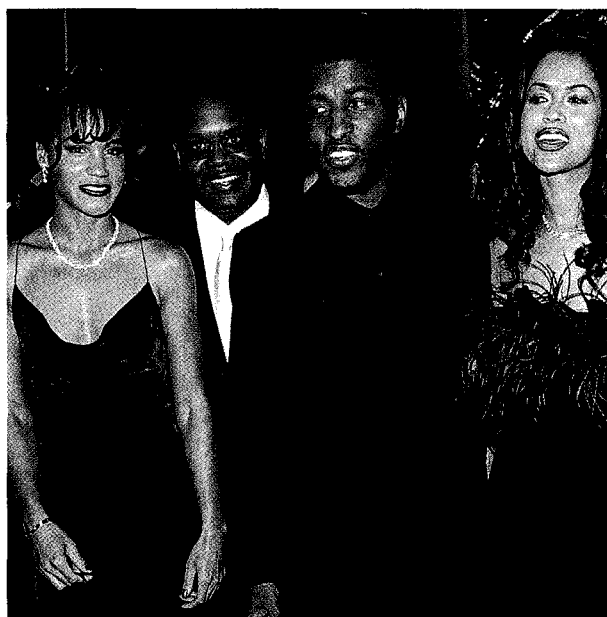
TLC was the more troubling case, because the trio was managed by Reid's first wife, Pebbles. The group had the standard low royalty rate new artists start with, and its contract with Pebbles' company, Pebbitone, gave her a substantial share of profits, too. "TLC wanted Pebbitone out of their lives," says Reid, "and the only way they could get out was to file bankruptcy." In turn, Pebbitone sued LaFace—by then, Reid and Pebbles, who have two children, had separated, and Reid calls the dispute "one of the breaking points in my marriage." In the music business, lawsuits are often just negotiations by other means, and once TLC settled with Pebbitone, it signed another contract with LaFace.

Soon after, Toni Braxton filed for bankruptcy in the midst of a contract renegotiation. It looked bad for LaFace, because Braxton had sold more than 16 million records. When Braxton went on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* to discuss the bankruptcy, a source adds, Oprah called LaFace "and said, 'Toni's on my show today; she intends to make you guys look really bad. But I think it's bullshit, so watch the show.'" Indeed, Winfrey scolded Braxton for excessive spending, saying, "I didn't know Gucci *made* silverware."

Braxton withdrew the bankruptcy claim when she got a new deal with Arista. She and Reid had been "so close, almost like relatives," she says, but during the dispute, they communicated only through lawyers. "For a long period of

time, I was angry," Braxton adds. But now she coos lovingly about Reid; after all, she says, laughing, LaFace and Arista "gave me a really nice pay raise."

ON A NOVEMBER NIGHT, L.A. REID IS hosting a raucous private party upstairs at Moomba to celebrate a new release by the brilliant Atlanta hip-hop duo OutKast, whose album had debuted at No. 2 on the charts. Reid arrives late, wearing sunglasses and a flashy four-button suit, and offers brief, proud praise of OutKast, predicting to the assembled staff and friends that album sales will top 6 million. Across the room, OutKast rapper Big Boi, outfitted in a camouflage jumpsuit, orders another



Behind the music: From left, with Erica Holton and Babyface and Tracey Edmonds in 1997; with Toni Braxton in 1995.

Hennesy and raves about the wisdom and opportunities Reid has given OutKast since the duo auditioned in Reid's office eight years earlier: "It's like working with your uncle."

Reid merits credit for guiding OutKast's commercial and critical success, and the party marks one of the high points of his first six months at Arista. During that time, the label has also had success with two new singers, Pink, whom Reid signed, and Dido. Reid has also signed exclusive deals with producers including Kevin "She'kspere" Briggs and Janet Jackson's production team of Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis and has also moved to mend Arista's weakness in rock.

This fall, he won a costly bidding war for Edema, a tough outfit led by the younger brother of Korn singer Jonathan

Davis, though one competing A&R honcho says Arista overpaid for a mediocre band. Reid flew to Los Angeles to meet Edema and sell it on Arista: "I told them, 'Look, I haven't had success in your genre of music. But I won't lose. If you want to be on a team with a winner, you should be on a team with me. Because I just won't fucking quit.'"

There are signs 2001 might be a tougher year. Puffy Combs's Bad Boy label has stumbled, and there is no new album coming soon from Santana or Whitney Houston, who was nearly arrested last year with half an ounce of marijuana in a Hawaii airport and is persistently rumored to have a drug addiction. "Are you okay?" Reid asked Houston tactfully when he assumed the presidency of Arista. "Is there anything I can do to help you?" "Yes, I'm okay," she replied. "Just make sure my record's a hit."

"I see what people write and what people say about Whitney," Reid observes.

my hand, and it pissed me off." The leak, he says, "cost a couple of people jobs. We'll never have that problem again." While Reid was struggling through an admittedly "tough" few weeks, J Records' first release, the debut single by O-Town—the boy band L.A. Reid disdained—was the top-selling single in the country in its first week in stores.

There's also a chance Reid hasn't seen the last of BMG's corporate intrigue. Though Zelnick turned BMG from a disaster into a success, he also "made one massive blunder after another," says a BMG source, including clashing with Davis, and, most notably, feuding with Jive Records CEO Clive Calder, described by the manager of one platinum act as "a bomb-thrower." Last year, when 'N Sync resolved to leave the BMG-owned RCA for the BMG-distributed Jive, home to the Backstreet Boys and Britney Spears, Zelnick retaliated by suing 'N Sync, Jive, and—most provocatively—Calder him-

says, "Right now, I doubt Arista will do \$250 million this year." ("It'll be much higher than that," counters Reid, who contends that Arista wouldn't have grossed that much this year under Davis either.) Add the revenues lost when 'N Sync jumped to Jive; the \$150 million the company may lay out for J Records, which may not turn a profit for several years; approximately \$100 million to buy LaFace; and the severance packages for Zelnick (reportedly \$20 million to \$50 million) and Dornemann, and BMG's bottom line is stained with red.

WHITNEY HOUSTON RETURNS Reid's call, and he snaps into action, dispatching an assistant to retrieve a tape: "Right now, hurry up!" But when Reid picks up, his tone nearly melts the receiver. "Whitney!" He listens and chuckles warmly. "I am, honey. You know I am."

After a few minutes of talk about family, Reid explains that he's found an unreleased song he and Babyface produced for Houston ten years ago. He turns up the speakers in his office and plays it to her over the phone, bouncing in his chair. "Isn't that hot?" he asks excitedly.

A month before he took over Arista, Reid threw one more lavish party, his three-day wedding to schoolteacher Erica Holton in Capri, Italy. Guests arrived to find wine, bowls of iced cherries, and scented candles in their rooms—"like Hollywood stars did back in the day," says Combs. The couple are expecting a child in April. (In addition to Ashley, 17, and Aaron, 10, his kids with ex-wife Pebbles, Reid has a son, Antonio Jr., 22, from an earlier relationship.) Guests—including Usher, Mariah Carey, Veronica Webb, and Zelnick and Dornemann—were required to wear white linen.

Though Reid has a lionish string of fights with close friends, he also evidently knows how to make peace afterward: Clive Davis didn't attend the wedding, though he sent a gift, flowers, and a card. And one of the two best men was Babyface, who is also currently working on his first album for Arista, to be released in the spring.

The singer has been consulting closely with Reid, who he says is "always pushing" artists to record stronger material, to load albums with extra hit singles. Babyface, who's usually known for his gentle demeanor, is prepared to return the pressure. "If the label isn't doing everything it should, then I gotta call him and say, 'Hey, you suck,'" he chuckles. "But he doesn't want to hear me call and say that to him."

L.A. brought me to Clive," says Sean "Puffy" Combs. "It was gracious of him and also smart."



"But then I look in her eyes, and I don't see it. She's the same girl I've always known."

Among his challenges, Reid has to adapt to new relationships with old friends. Combs, for one, bristles when it's suggested that Reid is now his boss: "Get the fuck outta here. I'm my own boss. He's my partner."

Reid has already shown he can navigate management obstacles. In November, a staff member leaked a new song by Usher to radio without the consent of Reid, who says, "I think people were trying to force

self. "How do you sue your partner?" scoffs a BMG source, who estimates the company could lose as much as \$100 million because of 'N Sync's defection. If Jive exercises its contractual right to end the distribution deal on six months' notice, it could lose even more.

BMG moved to settle the chaos by naming a new president of BMG Entertainment: Rudi Gassner, a BMG chieftain who only months earlier pocketed a \$7 million severance payment from the company, says a source, when he quit because of disagreements with Zelnick. Over the Christmas holiday, a week before he began the job, Gassner, a former professional soccer player, died of a heart attack while jogging. A successor, Rolf Schmidt-Holtz, was named the day after Gassner's funeral in Greenwich, Connecticut. If BMG concludes a simmering merger with EMI—the two combined would create the world's largest music company—Reid could have a fourth boss within his first year.

Reid hasn't taken the quick-fix route of signing boy bands: "I don't believe in chasing trends," he says loftily. To his credit, he would rather build credible career artists. But sales at Arista are down from last year's record high: One executive tracking the label's numbers

Best Bets

RIMA SUQI

Poetic Wax Lafco's NAC wax bowls and vases are handmade in Milan and available in orange or lemon with gold inside, or white or lilac with silver inside. "I like to use them with a votive candle inside, so the light reflects off the sparkly paint," says Lafco creative director Jennifer Welte. "Or fill them with water and float candles." Welte assured us that there's no danger of the vessels' melting (small bowl, \$22; medium bowl, \$45; vase, \$75).

► **LAFCO NEW YORK**
200 Hudson Street/212-925-0001



Fashion Picks They've dressed First Ladies and glitterati galore; now the house of St. John wants to dress up your hors d'oeuvres. The Cosmopolitan Martini Pick Set, eight shiny spears, each topped off with a lipstick, a pair of sunglasses, or a hat, is an elegant substitute for humble toothpicks. It comes in a petite "purse" decorated with Austrian crystals (\$85).

► **ST. JOHN**
665 Fifth Avenue, at 53rd Street/212-755-5252

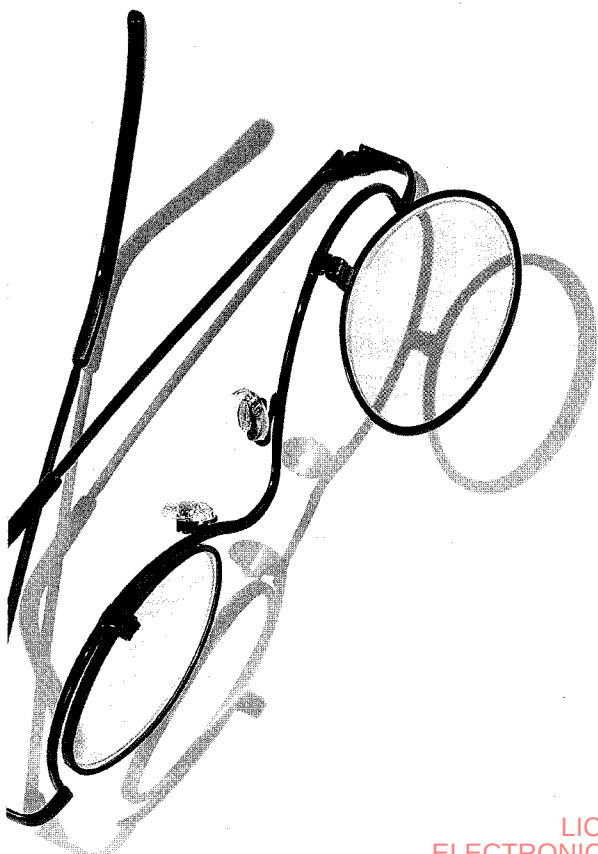


Gem Dandy Resortwear just isn't complete without jewels—preferably big, bold sparklers to match the colorful prints of the season. These “Chandelier” drop earrings by Kara Varian Baker do the job perfectly. Made of faceted semi-precious stones like amethyst, shown here, and tourmaline, rose quartz, morganite, and aquamarine, with accents of yellow or white gold, the earrings absolutely shimmer in the sunlight (\$500–\$1,500).

► **KARA VARIAN BAKER**
215 Mulberry Street/212-431-5727

Mint Conditioning Blisslabs Mammoth Minty Scrub Soap will do for your bath what the Altoid did for your breath. We're not kidding. The peppermint smell practically burns through the wrapper, and it becomes even more powerful with use. The extra-large bar does double duty—one side is studded for exfoliation, the other is silky-smooth—and packs the peppermint punch (\$15).

► **BLISS SPAS**
568 Broadway, near Prince Street/212-219-8970
19 East 57th Street/212-219-8970



The Eyes Have It When a woman leaves the salon and takes her brows into her own hands, the results are often tragic. Eliza Petrescu, the so-called Queen of the Arch, who reigns over an entire floor dedicated to eyebrow shaping at the Avon Centre, has seen it happen many times. That's why she invented Eliza's Eyeglasses. Available in three magnifications, the glasses have lenses that flip down, so users can actually see with one eye what they're tweezing, or applying, on the other (\$32).

► **AVON CENTRE SALON & SPA**
Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, near 57th Street/212-755-2866

Child Things

Baby needs a new pair of shoes? Try one of our favorite kids' clothing stores.

EVERY MOTHER IN MY 1-year-old's play group has a different approach to dressing her kid. One dresses her son in a new outfit every day (train conductor, Polo prepster, cowboy). One frets that she dresses her son in colors that are too "girly" (she doesn't, but people keep stopping her on the street to admire her "daughter," and that can get to a mom). Another does dress her daughter in bright, colorful girly attire, the exact opposite of her own wardrobe. And me, I'm accused of dressing my daughter like a boy.

However you dress your tyke, you'll find what you're looking for at the children's stores below. Enjoy them while you can. After all, during the layette-toddler stage, it's all about us: The kids have yet to build their own fashion sense, and once they do, the fun is over.

Space Kiddets

46 East 21st Street; 212-420-9878.

Cynthia Radocz has run this boutique for twenty years, but it has remained so hip and fun you'd think it had just opened. Check out the *faux-fur* jackets for girls, sleeveless beaded dresses (\$130), sparkly shoes, and all the most covetable brands—Petit Bateau, Lili Gaufrette, Charlie Rocket, and IKKS. The sales help are quick to offer their assistance, and you'll need it because there's so much eye candy here that it's easy to forget what you came to shop for.

Calypso Enfant Calypso Bébé

280 and 284 Mulberry Street; 212-965-8910.

This small downtown boutique makes shopping a breeze. It carries Bu and the Duck sweaters and pants, Patrizia Nov-

elli coats and sweaters, wooden Montgomery Schoolhouse toys made in Vermont (\$10-\$25), and Malina coveralls in silk and cashmere in a divine brown (\$95), but the real find is the hand-crocheted booties (\$35) and hats



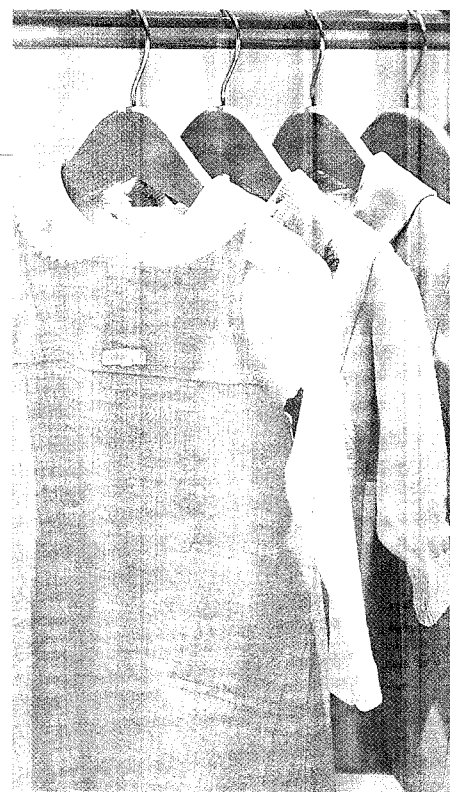
(\$35-\$55) in wonderful bright colors made by the store manager, Ana Torres. For summer she crochets sandals, sun hats, and bathing suits, all one-of-a-kind; they make wonderful gifts if you can resist keeping them for your own child.

Zitomer

969 Madison Avenue, near 76th Street; 212-737-2037.

You know it as a pharmacy, but on the second floor it has a comprehensive chil-

dren's clothing section. The store's been around for 45 years and used to be housed in the nearby Carlyle Hotel, but there's nothing old-fashioned about it. A real mix of traditional and hip, the shop knows its market. Start in the layette department, which carries everything from Carter's to designers like Versace and Nicole Miller. Check out the delicious Boule de lait cashmere cardigans in a variety of colors (\$140), or the Joan Calabrese flower-girl outfits (\$380)—they also make stellar party dresses.



Bu and the Duck

106 Franklin Street; 212-431-9226.

Susan Lane's clothing is designed by her and unlike anything you'll find anywhere else. Scattered throughout in little nooks and crannies are outfits, sweaters, dolls, furniture, and separates. We loved the silky cotton leggings (\$26-\$32) and the side-button shirts (\$32-\$36); the patch-pocket pants (think Ali Baba) in silky rayon (\$60), cotton, or flannel are so adorable, you're going to want them in every color for your boy or girl. Look for the handmade Raggedy Ann/Andy dolls (\$200) made exclusively for the store. The dolls serve as a great gift, and they are not so raggedy—you could learn a thing or two from their fashion sense.

Ibiza New York

42 University Place; 212-533-4614.

Pass through the adult section, go up a step, and enter this quiet children's boutique where Uma Thurman, Meryl

the layette department is small, but for toddler basics like boys' Izod-type shirts (two for \$29.50), you can't go wrong. In the girls' department, florals are big (blue denim jacket with little flowers, \$58).

Lester's

1522 Second Avenue, at 79th Street; 212-734-9292.

This place is not at all what you'd expect to find across the street from Talbots Kids. True, it has a "cruisewear" section, but otherwise it feels much more downtown than uptown. The Tangled tees that sparkle LITTLE DIVA (\$17.90) and the red leather pants complete with white stitching (\$129.50) draw hip moms who don't want to spend Scoop prices for their mini-me.

Small Change

964 Lexington Avenue, near 70th Street; 212-772-6455.

You may find yourself wishing you dressed as well as these kids. A small store, with loyal customers, Small Change offers

beautiful European brands for uptown tastes. There is no layette department, but the shop outfits newborns up to size 14 and its coat selection is awesome—highlights include an Italian Magli wool girl's coat for a toddler (\$220) and an adorable raincoat with a Dalmatian print on the inside by Wippettes (\$38-\$64), which you will see my daughter in this spring.

Kidstown

10 East 14th Street; 212-243-1301.

It's that place that pours out onto 14th street with the \$1 sunglasses for kids and bins full of jellies, the store you've avoided for fear of never escaping. Well, it's actually worth a visit, *sans enfant*, to

shop for supplies and some basics. (The layette department is upstairs and the boys' department is downstairs and there's no elevator.) It's a discount store, so you'll have to do some rummaging, but Fuji jeans (\$9.99), tights (\$.99-\$1.99), pj's, Carter's onesies, and bottles at rock-bottom prices are worth the effort.

La Petite Etoile

746 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street; 212-744-0975.

This small Upper East Side shop is as quiet, calm, and subtle as the clothes, which include layettes and outfits from one month to size 14. Sleeveless silk dress sets, fully lined with hand-embroidered piping

for your sophisticated girl at a mere \$294, are perfect for evening affairs. It also has Sonia Rykiel, Cacharel, and European labels, like Pomme d'amour boys' cotton and alpaca sweaters (\$89).

Julian & Sara

103 Mercer Street; 212-226-1989.

A tiny space in SoHo with fun European clothes that stocks well for both girls and boys, which can't be said of everyone. As the saleswoman notes, "You're not allowed to dress boys in America, but Europeans do." In the window is a fake-mink coat for girls (\$355); it looks real. Two great discoveries: boys' pj's by Arthur that look and feel just like Dad's, complete with piping—except that they're adorably decorated with penguins and polar bears; and Jean Bourget's linen outfits, a white dress for girls (\$54) and boys' matching pants and shirt (\$96)—sweet, subtle, and yet hip.

Mommy Chic

235 Mulberry Street; 646-613-1825.

This is the owners' first retail store, but they've been designing and selling to maternity and baby stores for four years. The maternity clothes are all designed in-house (and there's hardly anything *maternal* about them—they're hip, colorful, and sexy), but about half of the children's collection is by Molli. Try five-ply-cashmere stroller blankets (\$550) and, for the matching chic mother and daughter, two-ply-cashmere tieback dresses for girls (\$125) and Mom (\$190). For spring, don't miss the fantastic tennis-sweater dresses (\$65) for girls and tennis-sweater vests for boys (\$59), and, yes, there's a matching dress for Mom.

Oilily

870 Madison Avenue, near 71st Street; 212-628-0100.

These Dutch designs are unique and recognizable—bright, playful, patterned clothing meant to be mixed and matched. There's a girl's pink poncho raincoat with a bug motif (\$43) and a matching umbrella on a strap (\$44), and crazy-patterned tights (\$40-\$50) and socks (\$16). The riot of colors and patterns make these truly "play" clothes.

Lilliput

265 Lafayette Street; 212-965-9201.

This store needed more space, so the owners built an extension across the street, at 240 Lafayette. Both shops are packed with clothes for newborns and toddlers up to size 18. We liked a pair of first booties by Bobux (\$25-\$35), red sequined girls' shoes (think Dorothy—there's no place like home; \$50-\$60), and sea-themed ottomans (\$170). (Continued on page 59)



Marriage Trade

Clockwise from left, Calypso Bébé, Mommy Chic, and Bu and the Duck.

Streep, and Susan Sarandon shop for their kids. European brands for boys and girls, ranging from practical but fun Zutano leggings (\$10) to a Kenzo girl's coat (\$116), are the stock in trade. But don't miss the Pamela & Co. tutus (\$38), wands (\$16), and wings (\$20).

Talbots Kids & Babies

1523 Second Avenue, at 79th Street; 212-570-1630.

Not quite as dry as you remember: The preppy style is still their signature, and the

Mountain Time

Boarder zone: Hunter Mountain and Windham are so close you can frolic on the slopes all day and be home in time for (a non-frozen) dinner.

IF SKIING TO THE GROCERY store on New Year's weekend whetted your appetite for winter sports, it's not too late to check out the inexpensive snowboarding trips available from local sports stores. Both Hunter and Windham mountains mold new features into the snow each time it's groomed, so boarders have tubes, walls, hips, and spines to ride in and over. Qualified instructors will show you how, and on each trip, beginners can take free group lessons if they don't mind being restricted to the bunny runs. Boarders return the same evening, with a new extreme-sport attitude that'll keep the side-walk-bound in their place.

Trips to Hunter Mountain, the nearest winter-sports mecca, fill up quickly, so reserve at least a week in advance. **Paragon's** bus—it shows movies onboard—leaves from the store at 6:30 A.M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A \$55 ticket covers transportation, breakfast, and lift pass. **Princeton Ski Shops** offers the same package for \$54.95; buses leave the store at 6 A.M. every Saturday and Sunday (reservations need to be made in person). Snowboard rental is an extra \$20 on both trips. **Scandinavian Ski & Sport** allows you to put together the most flexible combinations of lift passes and lessons at different skill levels, but requires cash in advance. Trips leave the store at 7 A.M., and return twelve hours later. Off-peak prices on Wednesdays range from \$53 for transportation and lift ticket to \$70 for a beginner's lift pass, snowboard rental, and a lesson. Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays are \$5 more.

Windham Mountain isn't as packed as Hunter, and has weekly children's classes that draw a family crowd. Gentle rides



Snow wonder: On the slope at Hunter Mountain.

on the lower slopes are geared to first-timers; rippers can ride the black-diamond runs at the top. Paragon will drive you out on Sundays; the \$60 fee covers the same package as its Hunter trip. If you can get to the Grand Hyatt on 42nd Street by 5:50 A.M., reserve two days in advance with **Island Tours**, and you can go for \$50 on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays; \$62 on Sundays and holidays; or \$65 on Saturdays, including lift tickets and movies on the bus, but no refreshments. You can still go even if snow isn't in the forecast; snow machines whip up a winter wonderland on the slopes all season long.

Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway, at 18th St. (212-255-8036, ext. 271); **Princeton Ski Shops**, 21 E. 22nd St. (212-

228-4400); **Scandinavian Ski & Sport Shop**, 40 W. 57th St. (212-757-8524); **Island Tours** (call 631-360-0369 or 718-343-4444 for details).

Picks of the Week

Miss Pym is taking 25 to 75 percent off specially made dresses for girls up to age 12. Spring dresses start at \$85. 1025 Fifth Ave., suite 9GN (212-879-9530); by appointment only; M.C., V.; 1/24-1/26.

Potala is taking 50 to 70 percent off all Tibetan rugs, with proceeds going toward schools, clinics, and other Tibetan government services. Prices start at \$100. 9 E. 36th St. (212-447-5203); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sun. 10-7; 1/25-2/1.

Nice House has marked down new and vintage furniture and home accessories. Table lamps are 20 percent off; vintage furniture and all glassware are 20 to 30 percent off. 117 Perry St. (212-675-7509); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Fri., 11-7; Sat. 12-7; Sun. 12-6; 1/22-1/28.

Liz Lange Maternity is reducing prices on tops, pants, and formal dresses from all seasons by 75 percent. 1020 Lexington Ave., near 72nd St., second floor (212-879-2191); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-5. 1/22-3/1.

The Stork Club is taking 50 percent off clothes for 0-to-6-year-olds and 20 percent off toys and furnishings. 142 Sullivan St. (212-505-1927); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11-7, Sun. 12-6. 1/24-2/14. ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

City

A Weekly Guide to Culture and Upcoming Events

Edited by Christopher Bonanos



Movies

Sugar and Spice

Opens January 26

This one's got something for every 18-to-35er: Cheerleader (audience: teenage girls bringing boyfriends) who's short of money and unwilling to ask for handout (empowered Lifetime viewers) gets her squad to rob bank (action-movie-goers), all in matching skimpy outfits (*Maxim* readers).



Mena Suvari and James Marsden star. (See page 54.)

Dance

New York City Ballet *Organon*

Eliot Feld makes an appearance uptown to take over a big stage, and adds a huge sound—Bach's suites—for the organ—to match. At the State Theater starting January 23. (See page 81.)

Restaurants

Chinese New Year

At Dim Sum GoGo

The Year of the Snake starts January 24, and no doubt your Chinatown restaurant of choice does a smashing New Year's dinner.

But our palate leans toward the brand-new Dim Sum GoGo, where, for four days of celebration, eight courses for ten diners will be \$365. Options include lobster and Peking-style chicken. (But no snake.) Reservations required. (5 East Broadway; 212-732-0797.)

Nightlife

Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore

At Tonic

Rock-and-roll is going through a rough period on the charts, but New York seems to bring out the best in inventive guitar-crunching. (Maybe it's the cacophony of daily life here.)

Gordon and Moore—no longer youthful, but still mighty sonic—take tiny Tonic's stage along with D.J. Olive, who can help bring in a crowd too young to remember grunge. (See listing, page 80.)

Books

The Biographer's Tale

By A. S. Byatt; Knopf; \$24

The Booker Prize winner (for *Possession*) is on her sixteenth book—a novel send-up of lit-crit life, the story of an academic so taken with an obscure scholar's three-volume life story that he's compelled to write the biographer's biography. Guess she took a few notes when she was a lecturer at Cambridge. In bookstores this week.



Theater

Annie Get Your Gun

Starring Reba Mcintyre

The sunny country star is an inspired choice for the role of Annie Oakley, previously played by Cheryl Ladd and Bernadette Peters. (Besides, she can probably bring her own costumes.) No word on whether she'll replace Peters in taxicabs as well. (Starts January 26.)

Sports

Super Bowl XXXV

January 28; CBS; 6 P.M.

We won't dare make a prediction. But look: The Yankees and Mets went to the Series last fall. The Devils won the Cup. We all know New York is the world's greatest sports town. Destiny? You make the connections. (And then keep going, to the Knicks' first year without Patrick . . . a four-sport sweep?) Go Blue.



Best of the Week

Rough Cut

Guy Ritchie's *Snatch*, about a diamond heist, is all flashy, gone-in-a-wink style and no substance; Cate Blanchett's performance is the real gift in *The Gift*.

Snatch IS NOT, STRICTLY SPEAKING, a sequel to writer-director Guy Ritchie's debut film, *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*, but it sure feels like one. It has a similar gridlock of overlapped story lines and the same prankish, eruptive violence. Ritchie began in music videos, and he brings a barreling energy to the whirligig; each sequence seems choreographed for maximum charge. And yet nothing slows a picture down more than nonstop relentlessness. A lot of the exhilaration in this film is indistinguishable from exhaustion. Ritchie's problem isn't a lack of ideas; it's a lack of discrimination. After a while, the various convoluted subplots begin to run into each other and it doesn't much matter whose head is being bashed in, or who's on the wrong end of a meat cleaver. Ritchie is so carried away by his facility that he loses sight of why we should bother looking at this spectacle in the first place. This may be one of the hazardous offshoots of the music-video-trained generation of moviemakers; they confuse a diet of eye candy with a full meal.

The title refers to a flawless, golf-ball-size, 86-carat diamond that has been snatched in a jewelry heist in the Orthodox Jewish diamond district in Antwerp. One of the thieves, Franky Four Fingers (the omnipresent Benicio Del Toro), brings the diamond to London, where it sets off a chase between rival gangsters and jewelers with names like Doug the Head (Mike Reid) and Brick Top (Alan Ford) and Bullet Tooth Tony (Vinnie Jones). There are also characters with monikers like Mad Fist Willy and Jack the All Seeing Eye; the whole thing is a bit like Damon Runyon with elephantiasis.

Franky has been acting as a courier for the New York mobster Avi (Dennis Farina), who hightails it to London to recover his booty and ends up ensnared in the freestyle mayhem. Added to the mix is an Irish gypsy bare-knuckles boxer, Mickey

O'Neil (Brad Pitt), who doesn't cotton to rigged matches and has an accent so slurrily impenetrable that virtually no one in the film ever understands him. It's a funny running joke that, against all odds, gets funnier. The pleasure and relief we experience with this gag is also due, no doubt, to the fact that we're seeing Pitt playing a boxer in a movie that isn't *Fight Club*.

There's an almost collegiate conviviality to the madcap carryings-on, as if we were watching a grungy, East End variation on fraternity hazings, with blood and guts slopped in. Occasionally, Ritchie actually comes up with a character you might want to spend more than five minutes with at a stretch (but five minutes is usually about all you get). Doug the Head, for example, pretends to be Jewish because it's good for his diamond business; Boris the Blade (Rade Sherbedgia), an ex-KGB operative, keeps rising from the near-dead, Rasputin-style. An entire film could have been built around either one of them. There's no reason why mul-

Snatch

Written and directed by Guy Ritchie; starring Benicio Del Toro and Brad Pitt.

The Gift

Directed by Sam Raimi; written by Billy Bob Thornton and Tom Epperson; starring Cate Blanchett, Giovanni Ribisi, Hilary Swank, and Keanu Reeves.

Scottsboro: An American Tragedy

Documentary co-directed by Barak Goodman and Daniel Anker.

See Movies listings for details.

ticharacter caper movies have to be so scattershot. (The protagonists in this film are generally less evocative than their names.) Was Ritchie afraid that we might actually want to hang with one of these guys for a while?

British movies have long held the reputation, deservedly, for being visually unadventurous. Obviously, there are major exceptions—Hitchcock, Carol Reed, John Boorman, among others—but mostly England's contribution to cinema has been less evolutionary than elocutionary; those actors sure know how to enunciate. Perhaps as a reaction to the longstanding stodginess, and goosed by music videos, younger British directors seem intent on making sure that all camera angles are cockeyed and no shot lasts longer than a wink. *Trainspotting* was the big pioneer in this ADD School of Filmmaking, and Guy Ritchie's two films represent further explorations in the field. The problem with all this don't-blink-or-you'll-miss-it dramaturgy is that ultimately everything is sacrificed for effect. When you're dealing, as Ritchie is, with explosions of real violence and viciousness, the hyperslick technique can't accommodate the real

Rock band: Diamond heisters Brad Pitt and Jason Flemyng (second and third from left) have tea with their pals in crime, in *Snatch*.



pain that comes with the territory, or ought to. What we're left with is a cackling amorality—not a philosophy of life, just a posture.

IN **The Gift**, CATE BLANCHETT'S ANNIE Wilson is a seer in Georgia bayou country who gives readings to troubled locals that come across more like social-work sessions. A friendless, deranged auto mechanic (Giovanni Ribisi) and a battered woman (Hilary Swank), outfitted in the latest Wal-Mart fashions, are a few of her neediest cases. Director Sam Raimi, coming off the baseball sapfest *For Love of the Game*, has ditched most of his sensitive-man duds, and parts of *The Gift* hark back to his own gifts for gothic gnarliness: There's an impressive amount of thunder and lightning and twisted oaks and decayed corpses. But little of this stuff is fresh, and Raimi, working from a script by Billy Bob Thornton and Tom Epperson, still retains trace elements of sap; he frames the story as a redemptive fable with an ah-sweet-mystery-of-life undertow.

The tone doesn't match Blanchett's edgily ambiguous performance. Annie is living in more than one world, and her features seem blurred by the stretch; recently widowed, with three sons to raise, she's both rooted and dissipated. There are other strong performances as well. Ribisi is intensely watchable, and Swank gives a delicately modulated performance without a trace of condescension toward her character; as the husband who terrorizes her, Keanu Reeves, bringing his voice down an octave and bellowing, is surprisingly scary—the dude from hell. Were it not for these performances, *The Gift* would be fairly negligible. It's a movie about the unseen in which, for the most part, what you see is what you get.

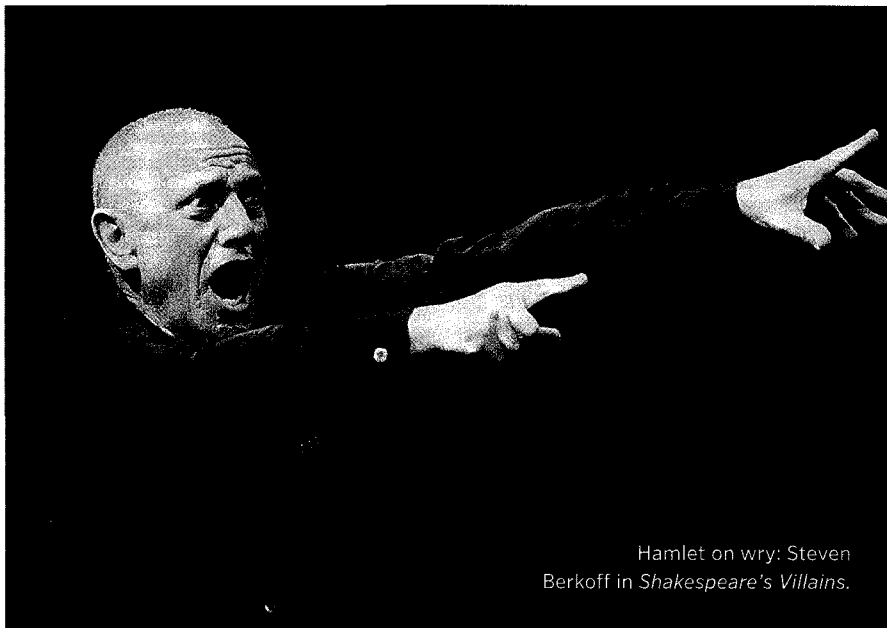
In brief: THE SCOTTSBORO CASE, IN WHICH nine young black men were falsely accused of raping two white women in Alabama in 1931, went through four trials and set the stage for the civil-rights activism that erupted in the South decades later. **Scottsboro: An American Tragedy** (the Screening Room), co-directed by Barak Goodman and Daniel Anker, is the first full-scale documentary about the history of those years, and it lays out lucidly the involvement of the Communist Party in the young men's defense and the ways in which the trials, against the backdrop of the Depression, replayed the murderous quarrels of the Civil War all over again. ■

cue

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Uneven Steven

In his new solo turn, Steven Berkoff handles 'Shakespeare's Villains' in a too-villainous fashion. 'The Wax' is, well, drippy.



Hamlet on wry: Steven Berkoff in *Shakespeare's Villains*.

THE ENGLISH ACTOR-DIRECTOR Steven Berkoff is presenting a solo turn, **Shakespeare's Villains: A Masterclass in Evil**. It is a curious grab bag centering on self-revealing soliloquies by the Bard's bad-dies, but also containing ruminations and recriminations about plays, actors, directors, audiences, and such remoter villains as "Hitler, Saddam Hussein, and the critic of the *Sunday Telegraph*." Even the central villains here are not quite the expected lot: yes, Iago, Richard III, Macbeth; but also Hamlet and Bill Clinton.

There are in these uninterrupted hundred minutes valuable insights, humorous anecdotes, pertinent and impertinent asides. Berkoff the thinker, like Berkoff the performer, is a quaint mixture: imposing and impish, incisive and silly. Under his funny but crude exaggeration lurks a kernel of shrewd common sense.

At the most inconsequential level, there are droll impersonations of Olivier, Giel-

gud, Al Pacino, and certain black actors doing Shakespeare. On a somewhat higher level, there are observations on British versus American actors, London versus New York audiences. The ribbing of various types of scholars and critics is both funny and useful. Even better things are touched upon, though the relationship between sex and violence in Shakespeare could use further elucidation. Finally,

there is the performing of those great speeches or, as Berkoff calls them, arias. These are done with all kinds of rubatos, rallentandos, underlining, and overacting.

Still, those of us who, shuddering at some of his previous outings, think of "Berkoff" as Cockney rhyming slang have another one coming: Crassness

Shakespeare's Villains: A Masterclass in Evil

By Steven Berkoff.

Directed by Steven Berkoff at the Public Theater.

See Theater listings for details.

The White Devil

By John Webster.

Directed by Gale Edwards at BAM.

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in the service of a good cause may not be such a bad thing after all.

IF PROOF WERE NEEDED OF THE UNIMPORTANCE of genre, revenge tragedy would serve. It spawned both Thomas Kyd's ridiculous *Spanish Tragedy* and Shakespeare's sublime *Hamlet*. Somewhere in between falls *The White Devil* (1612), which, along with *The Duchess of Malfi*, keeps John Webster on our stages. BAM has seen fit to import the Sidney Theatre Company's production of the former, as adapted and directed by Gale Edwards, one of the hotshots of today's theater.

Miss Edwards's two previous offerings seen here were a lamentable *Jesus Christ Superstar* and a pitiful Schiller *Don Carlos*. Two such diverse disasters—one modern, one classical—are almost sufficient to establish one's standing as a major innovative director; this absurd rendering of *The White Devil* should clinch that reputation.

To be sure, this tragedy does not quite merit the sacrosanct status, and advance reports claimed for the production some respect for the text. Hope, however, was promptly dispelled upon sight, high up on the curtainless stage, of a spotlighted huge photo-portrait of a sullen black-leather-jacketed and skinheaded rock-star type, soon to be revealed as Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, the male hero of the tragedy.

Later on, that ten-foot-tall portrait was to be the one that Brachiano's spurned wife, Isabella, regularly kissed on the lips, which, still later, smeared with poison, were to cause her instant demise, accompanied by a strangled scream and a grand paroxysm. Poisons normally don't act quite so hammily, and, where so large an area had to be envenomed, it might have revealed a smudge, foiling the lethal intent. Later yet, Isabella's faithless husband and de facto murderer meets his doom by donning a poisoned helmet, but by that time I had long since fled BAM with a strangled scream.

Webster could not write a coherent play, and was further limited, as Ian Jack argued in the March 1949 issue of *Scrutiny*, by offering "only the virtue of Hell: the courage of despair. . . . If we take evil away from Webster's world, nothing is left." Yet he could write wonderful passages, such as this one a biographer of Oscar Wilde used to evoke the hold on him of Lord Alfred Douglas: "Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice, / With music and with fatal yokes of flowers / To my eternal ruin."

As Scene One began, all was clear: Miss Edwards's concept of a banished no-

bleman was someone lying stark naked in the gutter. Now, it's true that Webster describes Lodovico as "decayed," which could be the result of spending long hours naked among refuse, but since there is nothing of that in the text, I conclude that this is the director's idea of adaptation. Bad as that is, her by-the-numbers direction was no better. Shortly later, Camillo, the heroine's elderly and ineffectual husband, was enacted by a young beanpole of a bumpkin. And so on.

Against stark, barely minimal scenery, in elegant, no-particular-period costumes, the cast carried on with more determination than distinction. Both the heroine, Vittoria (Angie Miliken), and Isabella (Jeanette Cronin) were at least pleasant to look upon, and Michael Siberry (Duke of Florence) has a fine, booming voice, which should not, however, exempt him from acting. Jeremy Sims's Flamineo, the evil manipulator, seemed to have wandered in from a clown show, and John Gaden's Cardinal Monticelso conveyed a pedantic schoolmaster, more likely to find fault with Vittoria's spelling than with her morals.

Most fascinating to me was that the dreadful music was the work of two composers, presumably so that each could put the blame on the other.

OF GREATEST INTEREST ABOUT KATHLEEN Tolan's "new comedy" (words the program waggishly prints upside down) is its title, *The Wax*. It derives from the fact that the heroine, on a weekend stay with her husband in a seaside hotel, is awaiting from the very outset a woman depilator to administer a bikini wax. By arriving on time, the depilatrix could have spared us the whole wretched play.

Anyhow, the title. Why is a nine-character comedy, full of all kinds of relationships—marital, extramarital, heterosexual, homosexual, incipient lesbian—entitled *The Wax*? Even if the Russian virago administering it holds forth about Chekhov and Pushkin. For that matter, why does a would-be bedroom farce also try to utter philosophic profundities?

Perhaps it is that the relationships we see remain unconsummated, whereas the waxing is consummated in full view, with little shrieks of agony from the waxee. The cast includes four of my least favorite performers, as well as the worthy Frank Wood and the not uninteresting Karen Young, who, under Brian Kulick's uncertain direction, wane rather than wax. ■

All Fired Up

The spare look of this new production of *Doktor Faust* doesn't match Busoni's eclectic romanticism, but the musicianship does.

BEFORE HE DIED IN 1995, FAR too young at age 48, Christopher Keene used his muscle as general director of the City Opera to introduce New York to at least a dozen key twentieth-century works that we should have seen years ago. One of the most important was Ferruccio Busoni's *Doktor Faust*, admired since its world premiere in 1925 for its lofty spiritual aspirations and musical richness. The City Opera's 1992 staging was a noble effort, but it is not surprisingly outclassed in nearly every respect by the Metropolitan's current new production, imported from the Salzburg Festival, starring Thomas Hampson in the title role and utilizing Philipp Jarnach's completion of the final scene. *Doktor Faust* is a tough challenge, for audiences as much as for any company bold enough to produce it, but the rewards are great.

When he wrote his text, Busoni consciously distanced himself from Goethe's epic drama about the legendary scholar-magician, and instead worked from medieval sources and puppet plays written closer to the time of the factual Dr. Johannes Faust, who practiced in the early sixteenth century. His treatment is also far removed from other more frequently encountered operas based on the subject—whoever expects the pretty tunes of Gounod's *Faust*, the elaborate spectacle of Boito's *Mefistofele*, or the fevered Romanticism of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* will be disappointed.

Busoni was determined to portray Faust as the ultimate questing hero, a man who seeks salvation not through God or the devil but through a belief in the superhuman will of a thinking, creative individual. Live fully in the present, the composer tells us, but the mind and spirit must always be focused on the future.

Busoni unquestionably saw himself as Faust. His opera is in the grand line of German *Künstleroper*, a semi-autobiographical genre—Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Mahler*, and Pfitzner's *Palestrina* are famous examples—in which the librettist-composer portrays the artist in conflict with himself and society. Few composers were more Faustian than Busoni, a complex and paradoxical figure who combined the cultural backgrounds and temperaments of a German mother and an Italian father—one of his more splendid fantasies was a stag-

Doktor Faust

Metropolitan Opera
co-production, with the
Salzburg Festival, of the
opera by Ferruccio Busoni.
Staged by Peter Mussbach,
designed by Erich Wonder,
conducted by Philippe
Auguin, starring Thomas
Hampson, Robert Brubaker,
Katarina Dalayman, David
Kuebler, Peter Rose, and
Mark Oswald.
See In Concert listings
for details.

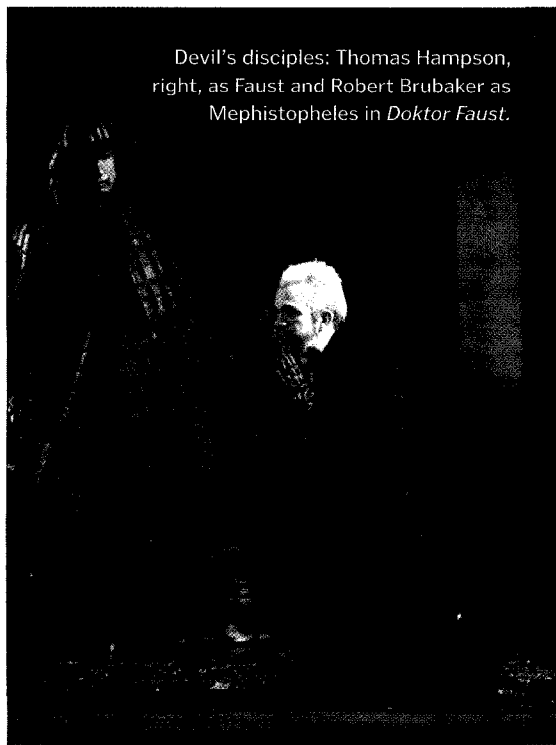
ing of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Enrico Caruso as the Evangelist. An influential pedagogue who welcomed dozens of students into his Berlin studio (my own teacher, Otto Luening, was a pupil), Busoni wrestled with the problems of creative musical aesthetics all his life, although he is still more remembered as a pianist of phenomenal virtuosity than as a composer.

He labored on *Doktor Faust* from 1914 to his death, in 1924, and in every measure one can almost hear him singing the very words he gave to his Faust: "Give me Genius—give me its pain, too, that I may be

happy like no other." The score also faithfully reflects Busoni's idealistic musical credo: "A composer, a creator, brings to a single opera all that moves him, all that swims before his eyes, all that is within his power to achieve; he becomes a musical Dante and his work a *Divine Comedy*." Bach was a major influence, and like so many of that composer's scores, *Doktor Faust* is an amazing compendium constructed from nearly two dozen preexisting satellite works—songs, piano music, orchestral pieces—and fashioned into a dazzling mosaic. The musical variety is immense, ranging from magisterial choral polyphony with a medieval flavor to passages of Mahlerian pathos, from neoclassic set pieces to free-form romantic effusions such as the Duchess of Parma's gorgeous aria, all surrounded by the special luminosity of Busoni's orchestra.

Even though the libretto is intentionally episodic, Faust's progress toward enlightenment is seamless and the action contains many wonderful theatrical moments. One of the most spectacular comes early on when Faust conjures up the servants of Lucifer as six tongues of flame, finally selecting Mephistopheles to serve him because that spirit, (continued on page 84)

Devil's disciples: Thomas Hampson, right, as Faust and Robert Brubaker as Mephistopheles in *Doktor Faust*.



English Beat

Todd English's high-wattage career began in Boston, and now he makes his first foray into Manhattan with Olives at the W Hotel. Be warned: His food is a whole lot richer than chowder.

FOR FOOD ARISTOCRATS OF THE old school, the Gotham edition of chef Todd English's **Olives** restaurant presents all sorts of aesthetic challenges. First of all, there is the décor, a David Rockwell fantasia of curvy alien-pod light fixtures, moss-colored curtains, and goofy topiaries, wedged in a corner of the lobby of the newly opened W Hotel, on Union Square. On party nights, the lobby turns into an ersatz nightclub, so to get to your table you have to negotiate past bouncer goons with wires running into their ears. The ladies' room is a Sherpa's trek away, past the front desk, up a curving flight of stairs. The dining room is a little small for the open kitchen (the art of which English perfected at the original Olives, in the Boston suburb of Charlestown), causing smoky cooking smells to billow over the crowd. My food-aristocrat friend, Ms. Boston, suffered these little indignities with stoic cheer until the end of her quite delicious meal, when a plate of tiny after-dessert *petits-fours* made with litchi sorbet tipped her over the edge. "Litchi sorbet," she whispered. "That would never happen back in Boston."

But then, Todd English ceased being a Boston chef long ago. Since opening the first Olives in 1989, he's parlayed his "interpretive" style of Mediterranean cuisine into something approaching an international brand. He has three glossy cookbooks to his credit, Olives franchises in glamour spots like Aspen and Las Vegas, plus a string of smaller bistros called Figs. He's partners with the golfer Greg Norman (in North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina), and a consultant to the Long John Silver's seafood chain. His assault on New York has been meticulously planned (the wine list alone took a year to concoct), and he brings to town a reputation for inventive, over-the-top cooking. Along with crafting an artful roster of flat-



Olive branch: The David Rockwell-designed room at Olives.

breads and pastas, English specializes in cupolas of foie gras, pagodas of hanger steak, and pillboxes of tuna tartare with crunchy shrimps buried at the base. When I asked Ms. Boston what Todd English *couldn't* do, she adopted the peevish tone of a Boston Red Sox fan discussing Babe Ruth after he became a Yankee. "Anything light," she said.

Mindful of this warning, I began my explorations over lunch, with a modest helping of lobster-and-black-truffle chowder. The dish looked almost chaste, served in a covered porcelain bowl, but when you took the lid off, the air filled with the rich, woody smell of truffles. The cream was leavened with a delicate seafood reduction,

were worth the price of the whole meal. My favorite was a small square of beef tartare decked with a quail egg and shavings of black truffle and served with giant toast points on a bed of olive-oil mashed potatoes. My friend the octopus nut gave two thumbs up to the grilled squid and octopus covered in a vinaigrette mingled with chickpeas, garlic, and bits of char from the grill. Ms. Boston seemed satisfied with her light artichoke salad (perched atop a crackly risotto cake) and spoke approvingly of the seared Nantucket Bay scallops, whose sweet, almost fruity taste was offset by smoky bits of bacon and

Todd English's Olives NY

Union Square W Hotel, 201 Park Avenue South (212-353-8345). Breakfast, lunch, and dinner, Mon.-Fri. 7 A.M.-11 P.M., Sat.-Sun. 10 A.M.-11 P.M. Appetizers, \$10.25 to \$16; entrées, \$23 to \$30. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.

balls of crisp semolina gnocchi. Every one of chef English's five "hand-crafted" pastas was good (try the tortelli of butternut squash, with a dusting of crumbled amaretto cookies), and duck-liver freaks will go bonkers over his feathery, baby-food-like foie gras flan.

Many of these dishes share a kind of elemental richness, which seems to work better in small doses. On some of the more elaborate dinner entrées, you can sense the chef furrowing his brow, grasping for combinations that will make a big splash. My filet of Dover sole was carpet-bombed with foie gras, and a perfectly good cut of Chilean sea bass arrived muffled in a weirdly elephantine crust of portobello mushrooms. The maple-and-soy-lacquered salmon tasted overlacquered to me, and didn't mesh with an accompanying mass of white-bean stew. A few of the big meat dishes, like the rack of venison and a slow-braised veal osso buco, seemed strangely subdued, although the rack of lamb, when I ordered it a second time, was perfectly charred. Among seafood dishes, my favorite was the wood-grilled sunshine bass (served with the tail on, amid a ring of lardons and morsels of lobster), while the traditionalists at my table vouched for the simple herb-and-garlic-roasted chicken, which was bathed in an extravagant poultry jus.

There's a copious, first-class wine list to complement all this grub, although my glass of Greg Norman Cabernet Sauvignon-Merlot mix cost \$12, which is exactly one dollar less than the price of an entire bottle at your local Costco. The desserts were cheaper than that, but not by much. If your main course hasn't put you in a food coma, try the peppermint bombe, a disc of creamy chocolate with a lucent, minty sauce inside. Light eaters will enjoy the cone of passion-fruit flan, but my personal favorite was the oven-roasted pineapple, a quirky, horizontal construction of pineapple slivers, lime sorbet, and coconut cake, sprinkled with frizzled bits of kaffir lime. It's on the lunch menu, too, so you don't have to battle the frantic nighttime hordes to get a taste of it. Which isn't such a bad thing, in the end. The menu is simpler and less showy at lunch. You can sit at the bar after a bowl of the lobster chowder and watch the sun pour in from the open sky over Union Square. Squint your eyes a little if you're an old Todd English fan, and you might even feel like you're back in Boston. ■

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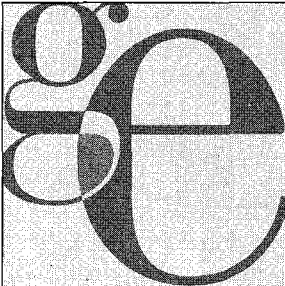


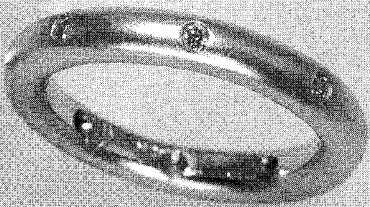
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This Week's Releases

Faithless

Liv Ullmann directs this melodrama, written by Ingmar Bergman, about a filmmaker named Bergman who's writing a film script about infidelity—with the aid of a mysterious woman (Lena Endre), who may or may not be the film's star. (2 hrs. 22 min.; NR) • Opens 1/26.

The Legend of Rita

Bibiana Beglau stars in the title role as a former criminal now posing as a socialist factory worker to avoid the East German secret police. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) • Opens 1/24.

R2PC: Road to Park City

A pseudo-documentary following the exploits of a neophyte film director. (1 hr. 23 mins; NR) • Opens 1/23.

Sugar and Spice

Marley Shelton, Mena Suvari, and Marla Sokoloff star in this black comedy about a high-school cheerleader who becomes pregnant and plans a heist to ensure her baby's financial future. Directed by Francine McDougall. (1 hr. 57 mins; PG-13) • Opens 1/26.

New Films

All the Pretty Horses

Billy Bob Thornton directed this lackadaisical adaptation of the Cormac McCarthy novel, starring Matt Damon as the young Texan who rides into Mexico with his best buddy (Henry Thomas). (Rainer; 1/8/01) (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) • Loews State; Clearview's Cobble Hill.

★ Almost Famous

Cameron Crowe's engaging coming-of-age movie is about a 15-year-old rock journalist, played by Patrick Fugit, who hooks up with a touring, Led Zepelin-ish band in order to write a cover story about them for *Rolling Stone*. (Rainer; 9/18/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • The Screening Room; UA Gemini.

The Amati Girls

Mercedes Ruehl stars in this weepie about four adult sisters and their widowed mother who learn about the powerful bond of family. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) • Quad Cinema; AMC Empire 25 Theatres.

Antitrust

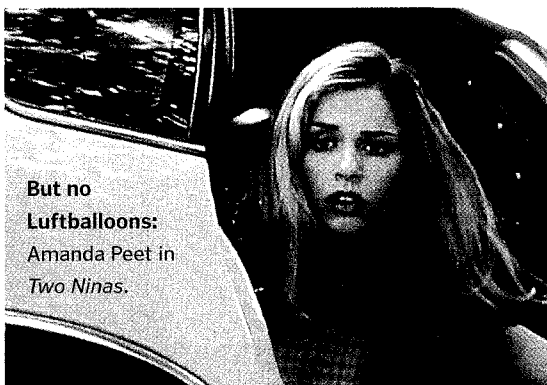
Ryan Phillippe and Tim Robbins star in this paranoid fantasy about a college grad who gets sucked into the sinister workings of a multi-billion-dollar computer company. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) • Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Before Night Falls

Javier Bardem gives an astonishing performance as the gay Cuban literary exile Reinaldo Arenas, who in 1990 died in New York from AIDS. Julien Schnabel directs. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (2 hrs. 13 mins; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.

★ Best in Show

A marvelous comedy about dog-show entrants and their prize pets. Christopher Guest, who also stars as the owner of a bloodhound named Hubert, was the director and co-writer (with cast member Eugene



But no
Luftballons:
Amanda Peet in
Two Ninas.

Two Ninas

A dissatisfied Manhattanite (Ron Livingston) is about to move to Maine when he suddenly falls in love with two women, both named Nina (Cara Buono and Amanda Peet). (1 hr. 28 mins; NR) • Opens 1/26.

The Wedding Planner

The ubiquitous Jennifer Lopez stars as an up-scale San Franciscan wedding planner who's trying to balance her career and a romance with a swarthy do-gooder (Matthew McConaughey). (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • Opens 1/26.

Levy), and the film is right up there with his mockumentary *Waiting for Guffman*. (Rainer; 10/2/00) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Billy Elliot

A striking miner's son furtively studies ballet and eventually wins over his hard-nosed dad. Julie Walters's fierce performance gets lost in the suds. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.

★ Cast Away

Tom Hanks plays a FedEx systems engineer stranded on a remote island in the South Pacific. The filmmakers are trying for an anthem in praise of the human spirit, and the starkness of the situation is too powerfully drawn to sustain the uplift. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2

hrs. 17 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hy-Lan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YW-CA Cine-Club.

★ Charlie's Angels

Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, and Lucy Liu play the new generation of Angels in this daffy, spirited movie. (Rainer; 11/7/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) •

CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Chocolat

Juliette Binoche plays the owner of a chocolate shop whose dainties and comfits bewitch a small town. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

★ Chunhyang

Korean director Im Kwon Taek's style is a mixture of traditional and avant-garde. The narrative of this film is ritualistic, but the filmmaking has a friskiness to it. (Rainer; 1/08) (2 hrs.; NR) • Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

★ Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

This Ang Lee movie is a ravishing martial-arts romance with sequences as magical as anything in the movies. Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh star as great warriors and friends with a deep, unspoken ardor for each other. In Mandarin, with English subtitles. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; UA Gemini; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Opening

Where's Lando?

A **Billy Dee Williams** retrospective is indeed a reason to celebrate, although we're disappointed that the Screening Room isn't highlighting any of those majestic Colt .45 advertisements in which Mr. Williams slurringly assures us "It works every time." Nevertheless, we still get *Mahogany*, which stars Williams (pictured at right with James Earl Jones) as a possessive boyfriend trying to destroy the career of his fashionista girlfriend (Diana Ross), who's also being stalked by a creepy photographer (Anthony Perkins). What's more, in *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings*, he plays a top Negro League pitcher, traveling from town to town, humiliating any white baseball team that stands in his way. No *Star Wars* antics here, however: Billy Dee remains capeless in all six featured films. Begins January 26 at the Screening Room.



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Spice Girls

"I'm not a big fan of gross-out humor," says **Francine McDougall**, the Australian director of *Sugar and Spice*, the latest in a long line of off-color teen comedies. "You know: *American Pie*, *Road Trip*—all that boy-oriented humor. Those films do incredibly well at the box office, but there's got to be a teen audience out there that's a little more sophisticated. Right?" In *Sugar and Spice*, a popular high-school cheerleader (Marley Shelton, pictured) is impregnated by the star quarterback of the football team (James Marsden), and, deciding to keep the baby, she and her friends rob a bank in order to finance her child's future. "What really appealed to me about the script is that these girls all come from so-called 'good families.' It's a very girl-power kind of picture." Does she think the film will succeed financially in the same way as, say, *American Pie*? "Well, the script straddles this line between conventional, base humor and a much darker, almost sardonic, sensibility. It will be interesting to see how that ultimately works out. I don't want to think I'm being high-brow, but I wonder if some of this might go over a teen audience's head?" *Sugar and Spice* opens January 26. D.D.K.

The Decalogue

Krzysztof Kieslowski's ten-part mini-series, each episode cheekily based on one of the Ten Commandments. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) • BAM Rose Cinemas.

Double Take

Orlando Jones stars as a banker framed for laundering money who unwittingly exchanges passports with a man who's an actual criminal (Eddie Griffin). (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Sutton; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas

Jim Carrey is the live-action embodiment of Dr. Seuss's classic Christmas grump. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Dude, Where's My Car?

Ashton Kutcher and Seann William Scott co-star in this raunchy road film à la *Road Trip*. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

Dungeons & Dragons

A film based on the role-playing game, starring an embarrassed Jeremy Irons. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • Loews State.

The Emperor's New Groove

Eartha Kitt, Sting, and David Spade lend their voices to this animated fable about an ancient diva with delightfully witchy powers. (1 hr. 12 mins.; G) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Bay Plaza;

Ground Rules

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote current releases that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. Reviews are followed by the names of theaters where the film is playing.



Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Erin Brockovich

Julia Roberts plays a twice-divorced mother of three who spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres.

The Family Man

Nicolas Cage stars as an investment banker who has the chance to see how life would've been different if he'd married his college sweetheart (Téa Leoni). (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Loews 19th St. East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; North Shore Towers; UA Astoria; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Finding Forrester

You've hunted good will, but have you found Forrester? Another tale from director Gus Van Sant about a kindly mentor (Sean Connery) who helps a troubled though brilliant student (Rob Brown) get his life together. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; UA Gemini;

Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Gift

See Rainer, page 46. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ A Hard Day's Night

Although the Beatles look impossibly young, this film is far too much fun to wax nostalgic over. (Rainer; 12/11/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) • Film Forum.

★ The House of Mirth

In Terence Davies's adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel set in 1905 New York, Gillian Anderson is Lily Bart, the socialite undone by the society she wants to become a part of. (Rainer; 1/2) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR)

• Paris Theatre; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

La Bûche

Three Parisian sisters try and fail at balancing the annual pressures of the holiday season with the more savory pressures of sex. Emmanuelle Béart, Sabine Azéma, and Charlotte Gainsbourg star. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

Maléna

Giuseppe Tornatore directs this tragicomedy about a chic, mysterious woman (Monica Bellucci) and the man obsessed with her (Giuseppe Sulfaro). (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3.

★ Meet the Parents

Lots of dumb jokes and misfires, but the rapport between Ben Stiller, playing a prospective son-in-law, and Robert De Niro, as the martinet father of his girlfriend, is rich. (Rainer; 10/9/00) (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Men of Honor

Cuba Gooding Jr. stars as Carl Brashear, the real-life Navy diver who became the first African-American to break the color line; Robert De Niro is the commander who tries to wreck Carl's ambitions. The film doesn't make for an enlivening portrayal of heroism. (Rainer; 11/28/00) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; R) • CO Worldwide Cinemas.

Miss Congeniality

A tomboy FBI agent (Sandra Bullock) must learn how to be glamorous in order to go undercover as a beauty-pageant contestant. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; AMC Empire 25 Theatres;

Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ O Brother, Where Art Thou?

This Coen brothers movie actually takes place in their usual rarefied and icy-hot postmodern Nowheresville. George Clooney, John Turturro and Tim Blake Nelson star as escaped convicts; the shagginess of the performances is appealing. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) • UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

102 Dalmatians

Glenn Close reprises her role as the Dalmatian-hungry Cruella De Vil in this follow-up to the 1992 film. Also stars Gerard Depardieu. (1 hr. 41 mins.; G) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Atrium.

Panic

William H. Macy stars as a professional hit man who wants to go legit; Donald Sutherland plays his terrifying father who won't let him quit the family business. Co-stars Neve Campbell and Tracey Ullman; Henry Bromell directs. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • CC Angelika Film Center.

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Persona

Ingmar Bergman's surrealistic 1966 classic stars Bibi Andersson as a young nurse assigned to look after an all but mute patient (Liv Ullmann). Nurse becomes obsessed with patient; things get opaque. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

The Personals

An eye doctor (Rene Liu) places a classified ad in an attempt to find a boyfriend; a cavalcade of eccentric though lovable characters answers. Directed by Chen Kuo-fu. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

★ The Pledge

Sean Penn directed this movie starring Jack Nicholson as a retired Nevada homicide detective who thinks a killer of young girls is still roaming free. Nicholson's performance is closer to the impulsive, soulful work he did years ago in *The Border*. (Rainer; 1/15/00) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA MovieWorld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Proof of Life

Russell Crowe is a kidnap and ransom negotiator, and Meg Ryan is the wife of an engineer (David Morse) abducted in a South American country. The chemistry between these two stars is nil. (Rainer; 12/25/00) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

★ Quills

Geoffrey Rush plays the Marquis de Sade, imprisoned in the Charenton asylum for the insane, and he's a degenerate fop who smuggles scurrilous screeds out into the world with the help of a chambermaid (a radiant Kate Winslet). (Rainer; 11/27/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Requiem for a Dream

Darren Aronofsky's controversial adaptation of the Hubert Selby Jr. novel, which tells four parallel stories, all dealing with addiction. Starring Ellen Burstyn, Jared Leto, and Jennifer Connelly. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) • Quad Cinema.

Rugrats in Paris: The Movie

Those shrill animated children from the popular TV show bleat their way onto the big screen. (1 hr. 18 mins.; G) • Loews State; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Centre Sunnyside; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; North Shore Towers; Atrium.

Save the Last Dance

An aspirational, interracial teen romance drama starring Julia Stiles. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Scottsboro: An American Tragedy

See Rainer, page 46. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • The Screening Room.

★ Shadow of the Vampire

Willem Dafoe triumphs as actor-vampire Max Schreck in this uneven but sometimes chilling and witty film. John Malkovich co-stars as Murnau, and he's convincingly Teutonic. (Rainer; 1/8/01) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • UA Union Square; Loews 84th Street.

The 6th Day

In the not-too-distant future, anything can be cloned—even Arnold Schwarzenegger, who plays a pilot faced with his double, the work of a nefarious DNA specialist. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) • Loews State.

Snatch

See Rainer, page 46. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ State & Main

David Mamet's movie about a Hollywood movie crew invading a New England village has its share of syncopated nastiness and sharp satire, although the overall effect is mild for Mamet. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

★ Terrorists in Retirement

This documentary about mostly Jewish immigrant Resistance fighters has some startling interview material that bolsters the film's notion that the French Communists betrayed these fighters to the Nazis for being insufficiently French. (Rainer; 1/15/00) (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • Film Forum.

★ Thirteen Days

A docudrama-style depiction of how the Kennedy White House dealt with the Cuban Missile Crisis. Kenny O'Donnell, an adviser to Jack and Bobby, is the White House aide who provides the focal point for most of the scenes. Played by Kevin Costner, he has a Boston accent that could use coaching. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; CC Crown Gotham;

Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ A Time for Drunken Horses

Iranian filmmaker Bahman Ghobadi has a wonderful feeling for children's faces; he sees in them not merely an innocence but a preternatural maturity as well. His movie is about the hardships of a band of brothers and sisters in the remote, mountainous regions of Kurdish Iran. (Rainer; 11/6/00) (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village.

★ Traffic

Steven Soderbergh directed this uneven mélange—a movie about drug trafficking, set in locales as disparate as Tijuana and Cincinnati's affluent Boyle Heights. Much of it is smartly observed, and the cast is impressive, including Michael Douglas, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Benicio Del Toro, and Don Cheadle. (Rainer; 1/2/01) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★ Unbreakable

Bruce Willis plays a security guard who alone survives a massive train wreck. Why? Samuel Jackson is a comic-book-art collector named Elijah—as in the prophet. (Rainer; 11/27/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza.

Vertical Limit

Chris O'Donnell stars as a climber who must rescue his sister atop the peaks of K2, one of the world's highest and most treacherous mountains. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; CC Village East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

WADD: The Life & Times of John C. Holmes

Cass Paley's documentary examines the lurid life of the legendary porn star with the 13½-inch appendage. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • The Screening Room.

Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000

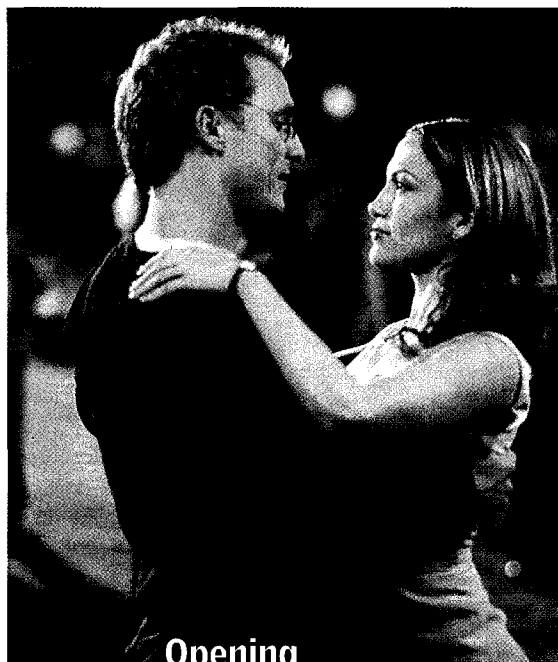
In this one, the vampire pays a visit to America to combat his nemesis (Christopher Plummer). (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • Battery Park City Cinema; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.

What Women Want

A male-chauvinist pig (Mel Gibson) sees the error of his ways after a bump on the head gives him the ability to read women's minds. Co-stars a snoozy Helen Hunt. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • Battery Park City Cinema; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Magic Johnson Harlem USA; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.

★ Wonder Boys

A superb comedy, starring Michael Douglas as a college creative-writing professor whose wife has



Opening

Reception Lines

Have you recently awakened screaming from a dream in which billions of Jennifer Lopezes congested Manhattan's city streets, the subway system, and even your apartment? The nightmares are only going to get worse after **The Wedding Planner**, in which the impossibly ubiquitous sometimes-chanteuse, sometimes-thespian from the Bronx stars as a high-class San Francisco nuptials expert who's learning a few things about love *herself*—especially since a ruddy, adorable, and kind-hearted pediatrician (Matthew McConaughey) saved her from that near-fatal collision with a Dumpster. But can she balance love and career? We're thinking she'll manage. Begins January 26.

Premiere

Lovely Rita, Anti-Capitalist Radical

Although the lead character in Volker Schlöndorff's *The Legend of Rita* spends long, listless days in a factory, the comparison to Lars von Trier's *Dancer in the Dark* ends there: She never once belts out a chirpy musical number, nor is she persecuted for being some sort of freakish woman-child. Instead, the titular Rita (Bibiana Beglau, pictured) is a self-professed "anti-capitalist revolutionary" who lives in West Germany under a false name and identity to avoid the wrath of the East German secret police. The Cold War drama, arguably Schlöndorff's best work since *The Tin Drum*, hopscoches back and forth between the radical seventies and the late eighties, just as the Berlin Wall is about to fall. Begins January 24 at Film Forum.

walked out on him, about the long weekend in which his life unravels and ties itself up again. Tobey Maguire co-stars as the student who acts as a surrogate son/comrade-in-arms. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • AMC Empire 25 Theatres.

Yi Yi

Edward Yang's complicated tale examines the relationship between a mother and son, and the nature of family in general. (2 hrs. 53 mins.; NR) • Cinema Village; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

★ You Can Count On Me

Mark Ruffalo and Laura Linney star as reunited brother and sister, and they get all the feints and parries between siblings just right. Matthew Broderick, in a sweetly cracked performance, is the boss she has an affair with. (Rainer; 10/23/00) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • CC Village East; AMC Empire 25 Theatres; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Battery Park City Cinema

102 North End Avenue (212-945-3418) • Cast Away; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Finding Forrester; The Gift; Miss Congeniality; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

CC Angelika Film Center

18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Before Night Falls; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Maléna; Panic.

CC Village East

189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • Billy Elliot; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Quills; Vertical Limit; You Can Count On Me.

Cinema Village

22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • La Bûche; The Personals; A Time for Drunken Horses; Yi Yi.

Clearview's Waverly

323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-777-FILM#603) • Antitrust; State & Main.

Film Forum

209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • A Hard Day's Night; Persona; Terrorists in Retirement. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village

66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Quad Cinema

34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • The Amati Girls; Chunhyang; Requiem for a Dream; Sunshine.



UA Union Square

13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Gift; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; The Pledge; Shadow of the Vampire; Snatch; State & Main.

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas

160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Cast Away; Double Take; State & Main; Thirteen Days.

Clearview's Chelsea

260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Antitrust; Before Night Falls; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Snatch; State & Main; Traffic.

Clearview's Chelsea West

333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Cast Away; The Pledge.

Loews 19th St. East

890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre

570 Second Ave. (212-505-6397#558) • Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; What Women Want.

42nd-60th Streets

AMC Empire 25 Theatres

234 W. 42nd St. at 8th Ave. (212-398-3939) • The Amati Girls; Antitrust; Cast Away; Chocolat; Double Take; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; Erin Brockovich; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; 102 Dalmatians; Proof of Life; Quills; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Unbreakable; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; Wonder Boys; You Can Count On Me.

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3

1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Before Night Falls; Chocolat; Maléna.

CC Crown Gotham

969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) • Thirteen Days.

CC Eastside Playhouse

919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) • Billy Elliot.

CC Sutton

205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Double Take; O Brother, Where Art Thou?.

Clearview's 59th Street East

239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • You Can Count On Me.

Clearview's Ziegfeld

141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Cast Away.

CO Worldwide Cinemas

340 W. 50th St. (212-505-CINE#610) • Best in Show; Charlie's Angels; Little Nicky; Meet the Parents; Men of Honor; Remember the Titans.

Loews 42nd Street E Walk

42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • The Family Man; The Gift; O Brother, Where Art Thou?;

The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Traffic; Vertical Limit; What Women Want.

Loews Astor Plaza

44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon.

Loews Coronet

993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (212-505-CINE#608) • Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance.

Loews State

1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • All the Pretty Horses; Chicken Run; Dungeons & Dragons; Gladiator; Rugrats in Paris; The Movie; Sing-a-long Sound of

Music; The 6th Day.

Paris Theatre

4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • The House of Mirth.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East

210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Cast Away; Chocolat; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove.

Clearview's Beekman

1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-777-FILM#606) • The Gift.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.

400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Family Man; Quills; Snatch; State & Main.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.

125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Family Man; Thirteen Days.

Loews 72nd St. East

1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • Traffic.

Loews New York Twin

1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (212-50-LOEWS#698) • What Women Want.

Loews Orpheum 7

1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Antitrust; The Emperor's New Groove; The Gift; Miss Congeniality; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Traffic; What Women Want.

UA East

1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100)

• State & Main.

UA Gemini

1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670)

• Almost Famous; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Finding Forrester.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway

1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • You Can Count On Me.

Clearview's Metro Cinema

2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (212-777-FILM#609) • The Family Man; The Gift.

Clearview's Olympia

2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (212-777-FILM#613) • Cast Away; Traffic.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas

30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts.

(212-757-2280) • Before Night Falls; Chunhyang; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Quills; State & Main.

Loews 84th Street

2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701)

• Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Shadow of the Vampire.

Magic Johnson Harlem USA

300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; What Women Want.

New Coliseum

701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) • Cast Away; Double Take; Save the Last Dance; Traffic.

Nova

3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) • Double Take; Save the Last Dance; Traffic.

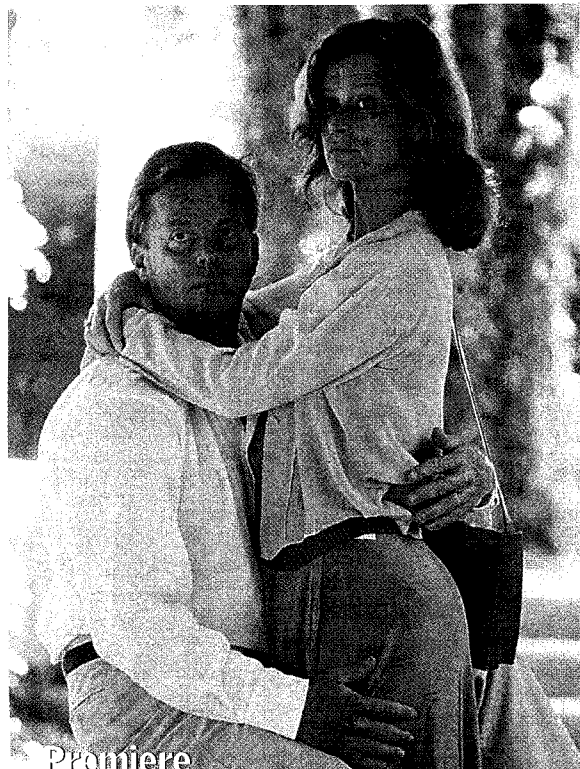
Sony Lincoln Square

1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Antitrust; Chocolat; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; The Gift; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; The Pledge; Snatch; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Bronx

Bay Plaza

2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-



Stockholm Syndrome

With **Faithless**, Liv Ullmann directs her second Ingmar Bergman script, and the concept sounds opaque and convoluted enough to satisfy devotees of either artist's work: The central character (Erland Josephson) is a Swedish writer and filmmaker named . . . **Bergman**, who mulls over his long history of infidelity as he works on his new screenplay, which is all about mulling over infidelity. In comes a mysterious woman (Lena Endre, pictured with Krister Henriksson), who is either the star of his new vehicle or a ghost from his guilt-ridden past. When she begins to cheat on her husband (Thomas Hanzon) with a family friend, she threatens to tear his and everybody else's life apart. Of course, all of this bad behavior is probably terrific fodder for Bergman's screenplay—both the character's and the artist's. You see? Begins January 26.

FILM#833) • 102 dalmatians; Cast Away; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Traffic; Unbreakable; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Concourse Plaza

214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Miss Congeniality; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Whitestone

2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; The Decalogue; Traffic. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights

70 Henry St. (718-596-7070)

• Call theater for showtimes.

Clearview's Cobble Hill

265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • All the Pretty Horses; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; State & Main.

CO Alpine

6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (718-777-FILM#580) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fortway

6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (718-777-FILM#578) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kings Plaza

5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (718-777-FILM#579) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Kingsway

946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (718-777-FILM#577) • Call theater for showtimes.

Kent Triplex

Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Antitrust; Double Take; Save the Last Dance.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex

Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Snatch;

Thirteen Days; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Pavilion

188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; The Gift; The Pledge; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Ridgewood

55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993)

• Cast Away; Double Take; Finding Forrester; Save the Last Dance; Snatch.

UA Marboro

6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000)

• Cast Away; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Traffic.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay

3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Thirteen Days; What Women Want.

Queens

Canarsie

9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Double Take; Finding Forrester; Save the Last Dance.

Centre Sunnyside

42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; Finding Forrester; The Gift; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance.

Cinemart

106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Before Night Falls; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; Save the Last Dance; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

CO Cinema City

183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (718-777-FILM#592) • Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows

Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (718-777-FILM#619) • Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex

28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900)

• Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Jackson Triplex

82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Double Take; Save the Last Dance; Traffic.

Kaufman Astoria Cinema

38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Cast Away; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; Dude, Where's My Car?; The Gift; Proof of Life; Snatch; State & Main; Thirteen Days; Traffic; Vertical Limit; Wes Craven Presents: Dracula 2000; What Women Want.

Kew Gardens Cinemas

81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • Antitrust; Billy Elliot; Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas; The House of Mirth; O Brother, Where Art Thou?; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; State & Main; Yi Yi.

Main Street Cinemas

72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Cast Away; Double Take; Finding Forrester; The Pledge; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Traffic.

North Shore Towers

27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • Billy Elliot; The Family Man; Left Luggage; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie.

Plaza

103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • The Pledge; Save the Last Dance.

Sony Bay Terrace

211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (718-777-FILM#712) • Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood

57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (718-777-FILM#733) • Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria

28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) • Antitrust; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding For-

rester; Miss Congeniality; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance.

UA Brandon Cinema

70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020)

• Thirteen Days; Traffic.

UA Crossbay

94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Traffic.

UA Crossbay II

92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; The Gift; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; What Women Want.

UA Midway

108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Cast Away; Chocolat; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; The Gift; Miss Congeniality; The Pledge; Snatch.

UA Movies at Bayside

38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) • Cast Away; Save the Last Dance; Snatch; What Women Want.

UA Movieworld

242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; Finding Forrester; The Pledge; Thirteen Days; What Women Want.

Staten Island

Atrium

680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Antitrust; Cast Away; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; Miss Congeniality; 102 Dalmatians; The Pledge; Rugrats in Paris: The Movie; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; What Women Want.

UA Hylan Plaza

107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Cast Away; Miss Congeniality; Save the Last Dance; Traffic; What Women Want.

UA Movies at Staten Island

141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Antitrust; Cast Away; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Double Take; The Emperor's New Groove; The Family Man; Finding Forrester; The Gift; Miss Congeniality; The Pledge; Save the Last Dance; Thirteen Days; Traffic; What Women Want.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

BAM Rose Cinemas

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770). • 1/23: "Films by Daniel Schmid." *Jenatsch* (1987); *Decalogue 1 & 2* (1987). 1/24: "Milestone Tribute/Sound of Silents." *Tess of the Storm Country* (1922). 1/25-1/27: "Milestone Tribute." 1/25: *Village of Dreams* (1996). 1/26: *Susana* (1951). 1/27: *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960). 1/28: "The Adventures of Terry Gilliam." *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1998).

Film Society of Lincoln Center

(The Walter Reade Theater) 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); \$8.50, \$5 members, \$4.50 seniors, \$4 "Movies for Kids." • Through 1/25: "The Tenth Annual New York Jewish Film Festival." 1/23: *Disparus* (1998); *Martin* (1999); *The Life of the Jews in Palestine* (1913); *First of the Name* (1999). 1/24: *First of the Name*; *Between Dreams and History: The Making of Shimon Attie's Public Art Projects* (1999); *Isa Kremer: The People's Diva* (2000); *The Last Chance* (1945). 1/26-1/29: *Voyages* (1999).

Museum of Modern Art

11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with \$10 admission, \$6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult. • Through 3/23: "The Path of Resistance." 1/26: *Meantime* (1983); *Crossroads* (1976); *23rd Psalm Branch (Parts 1 and 2)* (1966-1967). 1/28: *M*A*S*H* (1970).

The Screening Room

54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • Beginning 1/6: "Billy Dee Williams Retrospective." 1/26-1/27: *Mahogany* (1975); *Lady Sings the Blues* (1972). 1/28: *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings* (1976); *Scott Joplin* (1968).

Trailers

GETTING THE GONG Johnny Depp is in talks to star as Chuck Barris, CIA agent turned host of the talent bonanza *The Gong Show*, in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*, the latest from scribe **Charlie Kaufman** (*Being John Malkovich*); in the drama, based on Barris's autobiography of the same title, director **Bryan Singer** (*X-Men*, *The Usual Suspects*) will explore the mix of reality and fantasy portrayed in the book; **George Clooney** is in talks for a supporting role, and **Andrew Lazar** will produce.

HOLE ROLE Courtney Love has joined the cast of *Welcome to Collinwood*, the latest project from Section Eight Productions, the brainchild of **George Clooney** and **Steven Soderbergh**; also appearing in the comedy are **Jennifer Esposito** and **Luis Guzman**, as part of a group of



working-class hustlers who organize a pawnshop heist; the film starts shooting in April.

NAME THAT FILM Although the movie doesn't have a final title, much of

the crew is already in New York City preparing to start shooting "Project 3" in April; expect to see **Julia Roberts** under the direction of **Gore Verbinski** (*Mouse Hunt*), playing a woman based on a character from **George Cukor**'s 1944 film *Gaslight* whose devious husband tries to drive her insane; **Bill Beasley** will produce.

SEAN PENN NEEDS A GOOD LAWYER New Line Cinema's *Sam I Am* gears up for production in Los Angeles this week; **Jessie Nelson** (*Corrina, Corrina*) directs **Michelle Pfeiffer** and **Sean Penn** in the drama about a mentally challenged man forced to hire legal counsel when the state takes custody of his daughter.



SARA CARDACE

When it comes to colorful play clothes, whether cashmere or cotton, you'll find it for your little one here.

ABC Carpet & Home

888 Broadway, near 19th Street; 212-473-3000.

On the third floor, there's a baby boutique complete with cribs and Designers Guild bedding. But it's the knits that pull you in. Here, you'll find more beautiful, luxurious knits than you'd ever need for your little angel. Sweaters, blankets, mitts, and hats from makers like Flora and Henri, Malina, Le Guignol, and Fifi & Romeo (cashmere blankets, \$360) are stacked throughout the store.

Old Navy

610 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street; 212-645-0663.

This is warehouse shopping at its best. The inventory at Baby Gap's discount sister store is well-made, inexpensive, and frequently updated. Blue-striped cotton receiving blankets are only \$12.50, onesies \$10, and the "Item of the Week" is always a steal.

Lord & Taylor

424 Fifth Avenue, at 38th Street; 212-391-3344.

Most people think of Grandma when they think of this store—and you do see a lot of them here—but on the seventh floor there's a big kids' selection. It's traditional and a bit staid, but don't be dissuaded, because besides the usual brands, it also has quality house labels. We liked a two-piece ensemble made up of a chenille jacket and velour pants (\$36); a reversible hooded spring jacket, with a floral motif on the outside, plain denim on the inside (\$26). For boys and girls, the 100 percent cotton sweaters (\$38) look just like the ones Grandma used to knit.

Daffy's

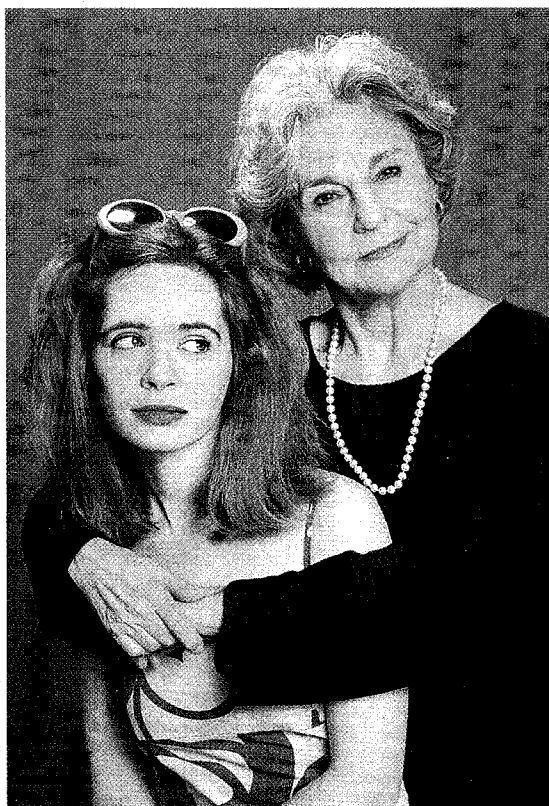
111 Fifth Avenue, at 18th Street; 212-529-4477.

Troll the racks at Daffy's and you'll find brands like Little Me, Absorba, and a whole section devoted to Italian imports that includes boys' linen suits by Zuchero Filati (\$35.99). The girls' department is sizable, and a great place to pick up trendy handbags and backpacks like the Trendz sparkle bag (\$5.99). But it's the shoe department that needs to be discovered, filled as it is with Italian-made Naturinos at great prices (leopard-print girl's shoe, \$21.99).

Opening

Paradise Found

Although his father entertained troops during the war and his father's family toured Pennsylvania performing *King Lear* in Yiddish, **Benjie Aerenson** never really thought about a career in theater until he took a drama class during his last year at MIT. "Once I read Sam Shepard," he says, "it was like, *yeah*. It was like nothing else." He wrote throughout law school and worked on a since-shelved novel for years while practicing law part-time. "I had a way with language and all that shit, but I could, you know, never figure out what to really *do* with language," Aerenson explains. "It, like, has to do something, not just be all over the place." In 1987, he sent a cold early draft of a play about a Florida mother and son who both lose their minds ("just a bunch of words") to the Public Theater, where he began working with Bill Hart, who helped him learn how to make those words do something. A decade's revisions later, the complicated, Shepardesque, sometimes frightening *The Possum Play* won Aerenson the New Dramatists' Weissberger Award. His new play, *Paradise Island* (featuring Adrienne Shelly, pictured left, with Lynn Cohen), explores another dysfunctional parent-child relationship, following a mother and daughter on a 24-hour gambling trip to the Bahamas, but it isn't quite as plot-driven. "It's not that wild other world like *Possum Play*. It's sort of this world and whether you can just sort of get the life up there. Whether you can create these characters, and telescope the time into one day, and put them together, people who really love each other and are really close—*real* close—and just see what happens." Opens January 23 at the New Group's St. Clement's Theatre. (See "Off Broadway.") TIMOTHY HODLER



Broadway

Now Playing

Aida

The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. \$25–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Annie Get Your Gun

Cheryl Ladd plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Patrick Cassidy), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. \$35–\$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. •

Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast

Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). \$25–\$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Betrayal

Director David Leveaux (last season's powerful revival of Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*) directs Juliette Binoche, Liev Schreiber, and John Slattery in Harold Pinter's intricate tale of love, lust, and the pain of adultery. \$40–\$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/4. • American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).

Cabaret

The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for recreating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Mar-

shall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Matt McGrath (*Hedwig*) and Lea Thompson. \$25–\$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Chicago

It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Bebe Neuwirth returns on the 19th for a six-week engagement. \$20–\$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Contact

This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) \$55–\$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Dinner Party

Neil Simon's unabashedly contrived new comedy features three men, two of their ex-wives, and a mysterious man who has locked them all in a Paris dining room together. Henry Winkler and John Ritter star. \$20–\$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Dirty Blonde

Kathy Najimy takes over for actress-playwright Claudia Shear in this delightful play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." \$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fosse

A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. \$65–\$80. Mon., Tues., and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2. • Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Full Monty

The musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. \$31–\$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Jane Eyre

This musical, with a score by pop composer Paul Gordon, received very mixed reviews at the La Jolla Playhouse—but broke box-office records. \$50–\$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

Kiss Me, Kate

With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broad-

way premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. \$25–\$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables

What a story! Just synthesizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$20–\$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Lion King

This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20–\$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon

A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. \$20–\$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 1/28. • Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Music Man

Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. (Simon: 5/8/00.) \$40–\$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$20–\$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Proof

David Auburn's *Proof* is what *Copenhagen* ought to be: a play about scientists whose science matters less than their humanity. Here, those of us who want their dramatic characters to be real people need not feel excluded. Robert, a world-famous mathematician who went crazy; Catherine, his mathematically brilliant but too-depressed-to-work daughter; Hal, a young math teacher going through Robert's hundred-plus confused notebooks; and Claire, Robert's older daughter and a successful actuary, are above all fascinating individuals. As directed by Daniel Sullivan, the performances are perfect. As for Mary-Louise Parker, her Catherine is a performance of genius. (Simon: 6/5/00.) \$24–\$69. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent

The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35–\$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Riverdance

The Irish return. \$25–\$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Rocky Horror Show

Christopher Ashley (*Jeffrey*) directs a surreal cast in Frank N. Furter's pad. Lifelong rocker Joan Jett makes her Broadway debut opposite *Rent* star Daphne Rubin-Vega, stage vet Tom Hewitt, comics Dick Cavett and Lea De Laria, and Alice Ripley of *Side Show* (very appropriate). Expect an eye-popping design from David Rockwell (Cirque Du Soleil Theatres). \$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9:45, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe

Lily Tomlin returns, along with an astonishing assortment of characters led by Trudy, a homeless la-

dy and "creative consultant to these aliens from outer space" who knows that reality is really just "a collective hunch." The solo show that makes other solo shows look like, well, solo shows, it's written and directed by Jane Wagner, Tomlin's longtime collaborator and partner. As Trudy says, "I'm glad I got delusions of grandeur. It makes me feel a lot better about myself." \$50–\$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/25. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Seussical

Barring the Broadway arrival of *Harry Potter Sings!*, Dr. Seuss may be the only children's brand with enough star power to battle Disney's troika of *The Lion King*, *Aida*, and *Beauty and the Beast*. \$25–\$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$25–\$85. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

Who would have expected from a campy downtown playwright a nicely structured, intelligently funny, satirically relevant uptown comedy? In Charles Busch's new play, the retired but still overactive allergist Dr. Ira Taub is married to Marjorie, an immobilized nervous wreck since the death of her therapist. If you seek an ideal cast, look no further. Linda Lavin, for whom the admiring Busch wrote Marjorie as, he says, a kind of King Lear, is that and more: Lady Macbeth. Willy Loman, Lydia Languish, and, better yet, herself at her dizzying best. (Simon: 3/13/00.) Also starring Tony Roberts and Michele Lee. \$30–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).



Dead as the Dido

Shipwreck, suicide, thwarted love, and the wrath of the gods all fill out Christopher Marlowe's tragedy *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. As the ruined royal, Nicole Halmos offs herself in David Herskovits's production, opposite Elevator Repair Service member Rinne Groff and Greig Sargeant (pictured, with Groff). In previews for a January 25 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Cellini

Moonstruck screenwriter John Patrick Shanley wrote and directs this play about larger-than-life Florentine sculptor and ladies' man Benvenuto Cellini. \$30–\$50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Wed. at 7, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 1/24 for a 2/12 opening. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Dido, Queen of Carthage

The Target Margin Theater begins its Marlowe-devoted tenth-anniversary season with Marlowe's rarely performed first play. \$15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 1/25. Through 2/24. • Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (212-358-3657).

The Importance of Being Oscar

Niall Buggy (*The Weir*) stars in this new Irish Repertory Theatre production. \$35–\$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/28 opening. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Krisit

A new comedy by Y York about plastic surgery in Hollywood. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/29 opening. Through 2/18. • Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Paradise Island

Lynn Cohen and Adrienne Shelly star as a mother and daughter on a 24-hour Caribbean gambling getaway in a new drama written by Benjie Aeronson. \$25–\$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/23. • New Group/Theatre @ St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).

The Play About the Baby

Tony winner Marian Seldes (*A Delicate Balance*) and Brian Murray star in Edward Albee's first new play since *Three Tall Women*, a mysterious drama about a couple of young new parents whose lives are invaded by an older, less innocent pair. \$25–\$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/1 opening. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Time and Again

New musical version of Jack Finney's time-travel romance from the Manhattan Theatre Club. \$40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/30 opening. • MTC's Stage II at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Now Playing

American Rhapsody

A new musical revue of Gershwin's works directed by Ruth Leon and starring KT Sullivan and Mark Nadler. \$40-\$55. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. • Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-239-6200).

Blue Man Group: Tubes

Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$45-\$55. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Buying Time

Michael Weller's play about a law firm whose commitment to environmental work becomes threatened by one of its corporate clients has reopened. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 2/4. • New 14th Street Y of the Educational Alliance, 344 E. 14th St. (212-206-1515).

Cary and Gallo: What If We Did This?

Ted Sullivan directs the comic duo Cary and Gallo, in a production written by several late-night-television writers. \$30. Mon. at 8. Through 2/12. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Cat's Paw

A new play and "meditation on the Don Juan theme" by the furiously inventive Mac Wellman (*Hypatia*, *Fnu*

Lim). \$15. Wed.-Sat. at 7:30. • SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-479-7979).

The Cherry Orchard

Joseph Hardy returns to Theatre 80 to direct the Pearl Theatre Company's new production of Chekhov's classic drama. \$28-\$35. Tues. at 7, Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 2/25. • Theatre 80, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).

Cobb

Thanks to Kevin Spacey's advocacy, Lee Blessing's suddenly timely play about the baseball icon transfers to Off Broadway. Joe Brancato directs. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).

Code of the West

Mark R. Giesser wrote and directs this comedy about Joshua A. Norton, who proclaimed himself Emperor of the United States in 1859 San Francisco, and a woman who wants to marry him in order to claim an inheritance. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Mint Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).

The Conjure Man Dies

A mystery about an African king who graduates from Harvard, moves to Harlem, and becomes a fortune-teller. Clifton Turner Davis directs the New Federal Theatre production. \$25. Wed.-Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/11. • Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).

De La Guarda

A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. \$37.50-\$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Dinner With Friends

Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. \$30-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show

A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Very fun. \$39. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Downhearted Blues—The Life and Music of Bessie Smith

Tony and Grammy-winning Jennifer Holliday wrote and stars in this musical one-act chronicling the life of Bessie Smith for the Illyria Theatre. \$30. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. • Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-561-9553).

End of the World Party

A new comedy about gay men who share a Fire Island summer house by multiple Emmy winner Chuck Rangberg. Cast includes Anthony Barrile, Jim J. Bullock, David Drake, and Christopher Durham. \$45-\$49.50. Mon.-Wed. and Fri. at 8,

Sat. at 2, 6, and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fantasticks

The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$36.50-\$39. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. • Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway 2001: A Spoof Odyssey

Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. \$49.50. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. • Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).

Force Continuum

A new production of the Atlantic Theater Company about three generations of black officers of the NYPD. Written by Kia Corthron and directed by Michael John Garcés. \$35-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opens 2/8. • Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

4 Guys Named José . . . and Una Mujer Named Maria

Four Latino guys fight to put together a song-and-dance revue that confounds stereotypes. \$37.50-\$47.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3.

• Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Fresa y Chocolate (Strawberry and Chocolate)

A comedy about the confrontation between a gay artist and a revolutionary purist. \$30-\$40. Call for schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Fully Committed

For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) Now starring Christopher Fitzgerald (*Saturday Night*). \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Gemini

Canadian comic rant starring Kenneth Wilson-Harrington as a dictatorial nutcase who imagines himself to be the fascist dictator of an insane asylum. Written by Edward Manning. \$15. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10. • 78th Street Theatre Lab, 445 W. 49th St. (212-873-9050).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change

They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. \$49.50-\$60. Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 8/1/96.

• Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

An Idiot Divine

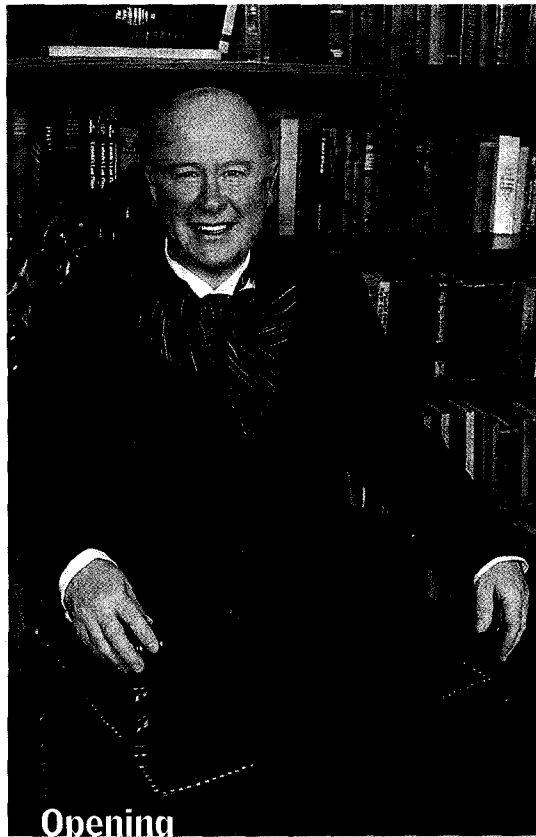
New music theater piece from composer/performer Rinde Eckert (*And God Created Whales*), about an idiot and a murderer. \$25-\$35. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 4. Through 2/18. • 45 Bleeker Theatre, 45 Bleeker St. (212-307-4100).

Jesus Hopped the A Train

After a successful run at the LAByrnth Theater's this new play by Stephen Adly Guirgis (*In Arabia, We'd All Be Kings*) transfers for an Off Broadway stint. In its first production, John Ortiz, the talented co-founder of the LAByrnth Theater, gave a mesmerizing, intense performance as Angel Cruz, a Rikers Island prisoner who confronts a religious fanatic (Ron Cephas Jones) behind bars. \$45. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

Jitney

This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in Pittsburgh in 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McCClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) \$55.



Opening

Wilde at Heart

Since New York is full of desperate Oscar Wilde junkies who can't go a theatrical season without another biographical fix, the Irish Repertory is reviving Micheál MacLiammóir's **The Importance of Being Oscar**. Talented Irish actor Niall Buggy (*The Weir*) stars, so don't even try to resist your urges. As Oscar himself said, "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it." In previews for a January 28 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

The Perfect Play

These days, the only folks who talk much about utopian communities seem to be executives at Disney (Celebration, Florida) and AOL. But emboldened by the trivial matter of a new century, dozens of attempts were made to start ideal communities in the years before World War I. From Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall to the "single-tax" refuge of Free Acres, these social experiments are the subject of *Sketching Utopia* (cast pictured), a new musical drama at Theater for the New City (an institution that knows plenty about aspiring ideal communities). The play by Laurel HESSING, a former editor-in-chief of the *Free Acres Review*, will be presented in conjunction with two exhibitions: "Utopia: The Search for the Ideal Society in the Western World," at the New York Public Library, and "Snapshots of the Kibbutz Movement," a photographic installation at the theater. Opens January 25. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Tues.-Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. • Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-505-0700).

Killers and Other Family

John Lawler directs a new play by Lucy Thurber about a young woman whose past catches up to her. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 2/18. • Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-206-1515).

The Last of the Thorntons

Horton Foote revisits his often-visited fictional hometown, Harrison, to tell the tale of the last surviving member of the Thornton clan. Hallie Foote, his daughter, stars. \$47.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. • Signature Theatre's Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Late Night Catechism

Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Living in the Wind

Michael Bradford's romantic drama about two former slaves stars David Damane and Sally Stewart-Coleman. \$35-\$40. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Love Machine

Sandra Bernhard and her band return with a new version of *Songs I Sang on the Kibbutz*. \$35-\$40. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 2/4. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

Lypsinka! The Boxed Set

Lypsinka is back. \$35-\$40. Wed.-Sun. at 8. Through 1/27. • Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).

Maybe, Baby It's You

Playwright-performers Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian play eleven couples in this romantic comedy. \$40. Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 10. • Theater at St. Luke's, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Momma

Siobhan Fallon (*Saturday Night Live*) wrote and stars in this one-woman comedy. \$25. Mon. and Sun. at 8. Through 1/29. • Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).

More Lies About Jerzy

Jared Harris plays a Polish expatriate novelist named Jerzy whose Holocaust memoir may have needed better fact-checking. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Naked Boys Singing

Just like a musical revue, but without pants. \$45-\$65.

tunes by Bob Mackie. \$35-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Resident Alien

American premiere of Tim Fountain's "fully authorized dramatization" of the late Quentin Crisp's life and work, directed by Mike Bradwell and starring Bette Bourne as the "Naked Civil Servant" himself. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 2 and 7. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

Shakespeare's Villains: A Masterclass in Evil

Steven Berkoff's one-man examination of evildoers from Iago to Macbeth, which sold out in its run at Joe's Pub last November, returns for a limited engagement. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 1/28. • Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp

As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. \$29.50-\$55. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Strictly Personal

A comedy about dating and personals by Jake Feinberg. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

Tallulah Hallelujah!

Is Tallulah Bankhead this season's Mae West? Clearly, that's the idea. Last year, two plays about West debuted and Claudia Shear's wonderful *Dirty Blonde* transferred to a healthy Broadway run. Soon, three Off Broadway shows will tackle the legacy of the raunchy brunette. Tovah Feldshuh's up first in her new show. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2:30, and Sun. at 3. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Tamcanfly

A blind old man has a vision that a horse named Tamcanfly will win the sixth at a racetrack across the country, and enlists his grandson to help him gamble his life savings on the race. Directed by Ethan McSweeney and presented by the Weissberger Theater Group. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat.-Sun. at 3. Through 2/4. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Te Juro, Juana Que Tango Ganas (I Swear to You Jane, I Have an Itch for You)

Comedy of manners "in the style of Molière" by Emilio Carbadaillido. \$30-\$40. Call for schedule.

• Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Theater of Light

The return of "light artist" Rudi Stern's "visual fantasia," which features thousands of hand-painted images combined with light and music. \$20. Wed. and Sun. at 8, Thurs.-Sat. at 8 and 10. • Flamboyant Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (212-279-4200).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding

A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scoresse, daughter of Martin. \$67.50-\$80. Thurs.-Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues

Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 2/18. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vieques

Set on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, this new drama tracks the life of a local family in the fifties, as the United States began its military exercises. The playwright, Jorge González, is the recent winner of the 2000 Nuestras Voces playwrighting contest. Call for



Mon., Wed.-Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Now That Communism Is Dead, My Life Feels Empty

Richard Foreman (*Bad Boy Nietzsche*) directs Tony Torn and Jay Smith as two ex-radical hipsters who just don't belong in a post-Marxist world. \$15. Tues. and Fri.-Sun. at 8. • Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Our Sinatra

Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. \$50-\$100. Mon.-Wed., Fri. and Sun. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Ourselves Alone

Anne Devlin's drama about three women who dream of escaping the political unrest of northern Ireland. \$15. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/26. • Producers Club II, 616 Ninth Ave. (212-279-4200).

Pete 'n' Keely

If you can approach this pocket musical with an open mindlessness, you can have a rattling good time. A 1968 TV studio presents a live telecast meant to reconcile and reinstate an estranged husband-and-wife team on the order of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. James Hindman's pastiche book is a spirited takeoff on the fifties and sixties entertainers' acts and lives. Mark Waldrop has directed with sauciness and gusto. George Dvorsky and Sally Mayes sing, dance, and spar to comic perfection. (Simon: 1/8/01). Cos-

schedule. • Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).

Off-Off Broadway

The "A" Word

In Latiffé Mardin's drama, set in 1968, a family confronts an unwanted pregnancy. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. 1/26–2/18. • Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (212-768-7971).

Autoeroticism in Detroit

Golden Squirrel Theatre's comedy about adultery and the creation of GM's first electric car. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. (212-749-3002).

Bitch Macbeth

A graphically violent version of Shakespeare's classic. \$12. Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. • Access Theater, 380 Broadway (212-613-5716).

The Complete Lost Works of Samuel Beckett as Found in an Envelope . . .

The title of this 2000 FringeNYC award-winner for overall excellence continues. . . . (*partially burned*) in a *Dustbin in Paris Labeled "Never to be performed. Never. Ever. EVER! Or I'll Sue! I'LL SUE FROM THE GRAVE!"* \$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3.

• Present Company Theatorium, 196 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).

Fiddler Sub-Terrain

A new satirical update of *Fiddler on the Roof*, with members of the Klezmatics and Paradox Trio. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

The Fox

Contemporary tragedy about a young peacekeeper returning home after an overseas experience with "ethnic cleansing." \$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 1/28. • HERE Arts Center, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Howie the Rookie

Mark O'Rowe's imported comedy about the adventures of two young men in the violent underworld of Dublin. \$20. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 1/27. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

Lost Soles

Nonlinear play about an American tap dancer stuck in Cuba for 37 years. Thaddeus Phillips plays seven parts and works the lights with his hands and tapping feet throughout the performance. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 5:30. Through 1/28. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

Marc Maron

The one-man performer tries out some new material. \$10. Tues. at 8:30. • Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-741-0391).

Medal of Honor Rag

A black Vietnam War veteran faces off with a Jewish psychiatrist in Tom Cole's new drama. \$19. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. 1/25–2/18. • Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (212-332-0027).

Metamorphosis

Gardzienice, the Polish theater company, brings its musical adaptation of Lucius Apuleius's *The Golden Ass*. \$15–\$20. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. 1/24 through 1/28 only. • La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

My Mother's a Baby Boy

Chris Burns, the man behind the recent radio update of *War of the Worlds* starring Bono and the cast of *Friends*, wrote, directs, and stars in a new play examining modern urban relationships. \$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 2/3. • Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-206-1515).

Sketching Utopia

Laurel Hession's historical musical drama. \$10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/25. Through 2/18. • Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (212-254-1109).

Stage Door

George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's 1936 backstage drama. \$12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8:30. Previews begin 1/25 for a 1/27 opening. Through 2/17. • HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Vito Acconci

Photoworks and documentation of performances dating from 1969 to 1973; through 2/17. • Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Biala/Daniel Brustlein

An exhibition pairing the works of these two late painters who shared similar sensibilities; through 2/10. • Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

Andrés Bóröcz

Whimsical sculptures of figures carved from pencils and from ebony, mahogany, and walnut, some of which are carved in parts and assembled inside milk bottles; through 2/24. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Constantino Ciervo

Video drawings and objects by a Berlin artist; through 2/17. • Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Jörg Immendorff

New paintings; 1/25–3/3. • Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Jeff Joyce

New paintings of imaginary landscapes; through 2/17. • Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

On Kawara

Date paintings from 2000; through 2/28. • Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677).

Sue Miller/Philip Sultz

New abstract paintings/Mosaic-like collages. Through 2/28. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Carlo Mollino

An exhibition comprising photographs by and of the Italian designer and photographer (1905–1973) and *Apotheosis*, an artist's book dedicated to the photographer's life's work designed by Fulvio Ferrari, executor of the Mollino estate; through 3/3. • Roth/Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067).

Rakuko Naito

Works of folded paper set within boxlike frames; through 2/17. • Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670).

Frank von der Lancken

Still lifes, interiors, portraits, and landscapes by the Brooklyn-born artist (1872–1950); through 2/24.

• Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810).

John Walker

Two new series of paintings, one inspired by the artist's father's recollections of World War I, and the other of the landscape surrounding a tidal pool in Maine; through 3/3. • Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

Joan Witek

New abstract paintings; through 2/20. • CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

57th Street Area

Vito Acconci and Ana Mendieta

An exhibition exploring the connections between the work of the two body and performance artists. Through 3/3. • Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Giovanni Anselmo/Pierre Huyghe

New sculpture and drawings that were studies for his seminal 1965 photographic work, *La Mia Ombra Verso l'Infinito Dalla Cima Dello Stromboli Durante L'Alba del 16 Agosto 1965*, made on an excursion to Stromboli/Recent film works. Through 2/17. • Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Robert Bauer

Portraits and landscapes that evoke works by North-

Edited by Edith Newhall

ern Renaissance masters; through 2/3. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Nell Blaine

Abstract paintings and works on paper being exhibited together for the first time since the forties; 1/27–3/10. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Greg Bogin

Paintings and sculptures that borrow the bold colors and forms of late sixties and early seventies graphic design; through 2/10. • Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Katherine Bowling

Paintings inspired by the artist's observations and memories of the Virginia farmlands and seascapes of her childhood; 1/24–2/24. • Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Anthony Caro

New sculptures from the British artist's "Duccio Variations," "Gold Block," and "Concerto Pieces" series; through 2/9. • Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Stephen Dietmann/Diane Brawarsky

Paintings of farm animals in pastoral settings/Collages that incorporate elements of the female form, fashion, and history. Through 2/7. • Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Emily Eveleth

Recent figurative paintings; through 2/10. • Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Henry Finkelstein/Linda Sokolowski

Paintings of landscapes in Rochefort en Terre, France, and Cranberry Island, Maine/Monotypes of landscapes. Through 2/10. • Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

Donald Judd

A survey of the sculptor's prints; through 3/31. • Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).

Ernesto Pujol

"Loss of Faith," the artist's first body of paintings in a decade, incorporate collaged images culled from his family's library of devotional books; through 2/17. • Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Michel Alexis

Paintings whose surfaces are incised with fragments of words; through 2/13. • Haller, 560 Broadway (212-219-2500).

Pierre Carbonel

Paintings of images that suggest portraits and landscapes, created by pouring liquid mediums onto paper; through 2/10. • Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Greg Colson

"Pie chart" constructions on such themes as "Qualms About the Web," "Activities While Driving," and "How to Look Your Best"; 1/25–2/24. • Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Jordan Crandall

A series of seven films shot in the San Diego–Tijuana border region that address the increasingly sophisticated and aggressive systems through which the border is policed; through 2/17. • Gering, 476 Broome St. (212-226-8195).

Cecelie Dahl

Paintings that depict logos of different brands of chewing gum and color photographs of people chewing and playing with gum; through 2/24. • Egizio's Project, 596 Broadway (212-226-8537).

Ground Rules

Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Island Universe

In some ways, the work of **Albert Chong**, a 42-year-old artist who this summer will be Jamaica's first representative in a Venice Biennale, seems quintessentially contemporary. The ideas behind his photographic appropriations of vintage prints of his family and friends overlaid with tropical flowers, shells, passports, and occasionally images of himself can bring to mind any number of artists using a variety of media to explore their own identity or heritage, from Carrie Mae Weems to Pepon Osorio. Look beyond the similarities, though, and Chong's desire to communicate a mystical connection to his own past has more in common with literature of the Caribbean than with trends in art, most obviously V. S. Naipaul's early novels that drew on his childhood experiences in Trinidad. Chong's portraits capture the everyday poetry and unseen religious rituals of a similarly specific world: the town of St. Ann's, Jamaica, where Chong's parents ran a grocery store and his father served as a justice of the peace, and the lives of its residents of Chinese and African descent. In his latest works (at Throckmorton Fine Art, 153 East 61st Street; through February 24), Chong offers transformations of his past once again, in altarlike photographs of real flowers arranged on vintage prints (pictured, *Aunt Winnie*, Duquesnay LYN, 1999) and photographs of projections of flowers onto nude bodies that appear to be floating.

E.N.

Rupert Deese

Tondo-shaped paintings that depict concentric circles of pale blue; through 2/5. • Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Antonio Eligio Fernández

The first U.S. exhibition of works by the Cuban artist and art critic called Tonel, known for his satiric and sometimes scatological drawings; 1/27–3/31. • Art in General, 79 Walker St. (212-219-0473).

Keith Haring

Paintings and objects by the late artist that reflect the spirit of the the Paradise Club, a gay dance club on the border of SoHo that was central to his world from the early eighties until it closed in 1987; through 2/10. • Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Jörg Immendorff

Sculptures, paintings, and objects from the artist's "Lidl" (Fluxus) series of the late sixties, made when he was a student of Joseph Beuys at the Düsseldorf Academy, and recent paintings that depict figures suspended on spheres, glowing larvae shapes, and primordial plants; through 2/17. • Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Gerald Monroe

Recent abstract paintings inspired by the forms of leaves; through 2/10. • Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-266-1111).

Dennis Oppenheim

A survey of the American conceptual artist's work of the past 30 years, including sculpture, installations, photo-documentations of earth and body works, and videos of body-art performances; through 2/28. • Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

Celia Reisman/Nicholas Sistler

Paintings that focus on the territory between public streets and private spaces behind archways and doorways, made last year while the the artist was living in



London/Miniature paintings that depict still-life arrangements as viewed through a keyhole. Through 3/3. • Markel, 560 Broadway (212-226-3608).

Tom Sachs

Lamps constructed from found objects and "quarter screws," quarters to which the last inch of a Philips-head drill has been soldered and that can be worn on a chain or carried on a keychain; through 2/28. • A/D, 560 Broadway (212-966-5154).

Yehudit Sasportas/Maggie Cardelus

New works by both; through 2/10. • Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Howard Schwartzberg

Drawings made by manipulating frozen bloodworms on paper as they defrost; through 2/16. • Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170).

Harriet Shorr

New paintings that depict still-life arrangements and their reflections in water; through 3/3. • Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Martin Wong/David Wojnarowicz

Paintings of Lower East Side tenement buildings and storefronts that were last shown at the Semaphore Gallery in 1986, by this artist who died in 1999/Early spray-painted works from 1982–84. Through 2/24. • P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Alex Arcadia/Andrew Krasnow

Paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the artist's ongoing "Super-Gymnast" project, in which an imaginary character, Monique, is introduced to the public via a street campaign in New York City/An installation on the theme of skin. Through 2/28. • Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-1600).

Fred Cray

Unique prints encased in wax; through 2/10. • Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Jan Dibbets

Early conceptual photographic works made between 1969 and 1977; through 2/17. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Leonardo Drew

A monumental wall installation that combines the artist's signature grid of distressed wood with colorful found objects; through 2/10. • Boone, 541 W. 24th St. (212-752-2929).

Vernon Fisher

New paintings from the series "Angel Face"; through 2/24. • Cowles, 537 W. 24th St. (212-925-3500).

Claude Heath

Paintings of configurations of threadlike lines based on the contours of objects that the artist touches while blindfolded; through 2/10. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Karen Kilimnik

New paintings and drawings; through 2/10. • 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Robert Longo

Graphite drawings derived from photographs of Freud's Vienna residence and consulting room; through 2/24. • Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Christian Marclay

Sculptures of "impossible musical intruments," and a video titled *Guitar Drag* that follows the travels of an amplified electric guitar tied to a pickup truck; 1/24–2/17. • Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Laura Craig McNellis/Judith Scott

Recent works by two self-taught artists, including paintings by the former and fiber sculptures by the latter. Through 2/17. • Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-5117).

Clement Meadmore

Recent sculptures of bronze or painted aluminum; through 2/17. • Marlborough Chelsea, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Robert Morris

Two large gray felt works from 1996; four lead wall reliefs from 1990, 1987, and 1963; and a fiberglass floor sculpture from 1966; through 2/10. • Sonnabend, 536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018).

Donna Moylan/Alejandra Icaza

New paintings of invented landscapes/Panoramic collages on cardboard. Through 2/10. • Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Dona Nelson

Twelve sequential paintings from the series "Twelve Stations of the Subway" that depict circles and other geometric shapes in grid formations and make reference to both the grid of the subway system and grid-ordered paintings by other artists; through 2/17. • Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Joan Nelson/Andrew Forge

New paintings whose images suggest a stolen moment just before, or after, a drama has occurred/Paintings and works on paper. Through 2/10. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Jennifer Reeves

Paintings that attribute identities to impastoed abstract forms and drips; through 2/17. • Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Insider Outsiders

It's that time again, when we struggle to separate the real outsider artists from the pretenders, puzzle over the fine line between vision and insanity, and—if we're feeling flush—pick up a painting, a sculpture, or a drawing. The highlights of the **Ninth Annual Outsider Art Fair** promise the usual broad spectrum: Navajo wood carvings by two generations of the Willetto Family (Leslie Muth Gallery, Santa Fe); the work of Donald Pass, whose efforts to date have been an attempt to evoke a vision of the afterlife that he experienced in 1969 in an English churchyard (Henry Boxer Gallery, London); and paintings and drawings by Paul Duhem, who spent most of his adult years in a Belgian mental institution, where he concentrated on two subjects: his own sad face and locked doors (Dean Jensen, Milwaukee). The untitled work pictured—made by Jephian de Villiers by throwing eggshells filled with gouache out the window onto black paper—can be seen at Jennifer Pinto-Safian. The fun starts at a preview on Thursday, January 25 (6:30–9 P.M.); \$75 per person, including two readmissions and a catalogue) and continues all day Friday (noon to 8 P.M.), Saturday (11 to 7), and Sunday (11 to 6). Admission is \$12. At the Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets.

David Salle

New paintings from the artist's "Pastorals" series in which images are painted, silkscreened, or drawn on the same canvas, on adjacent panels, or inserted as separate canvases into the the painting's surface; through 3/3. • Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. (212-741-1111).

Smith/Stewart

Video installations by a Glasgow-based collaborative team; through 2/21. • Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (212-807-9494).

Jenny Watson

Paintings in which isolated figures reveal their tensions, desires, and fears; through 2/22. • Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Lisa Yuskavage

New paintings; through 2/3. • Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. (680-9889).

Other

Jeff Konigsberg

Reliefs carved out of foam insulation board and woodblock prints that depict massive architectural forms and panoramic landscapes; through 2/24. • Queens Museum of Art at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700).

Group Shows

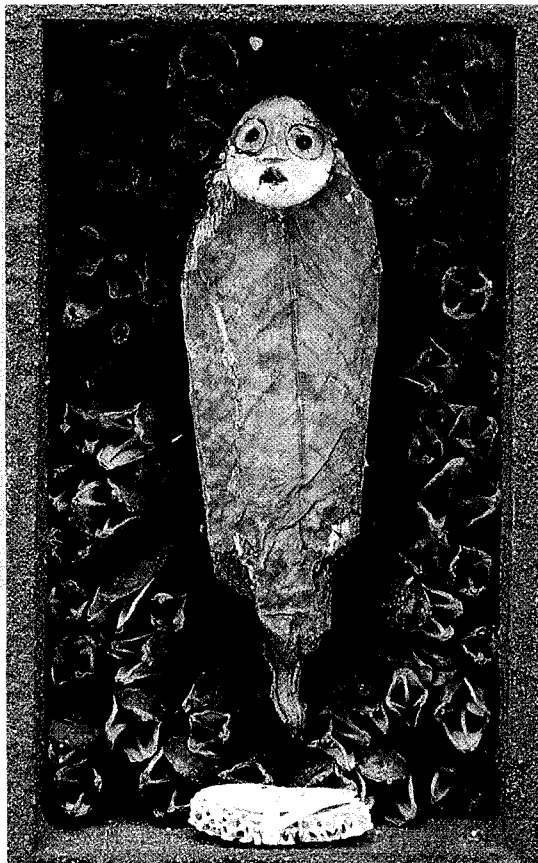
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill

Old-master paintings and drawings from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, by Carracci, Guercino, Martin, Reni, Van Dyck, others; 1/24–3/3. • 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

C & M Arts

"About Faces," portraits by Cornell, Close, Currin,



Picasso, Maar, Warhol, others; through 3/10. • 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

Castelli

"SAYING SEEING: 4 from the sixties," works by Bochner, Morris, Nauman, Smithson; through 2/24. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Sculpture Center

"Personal Abstractions," works by Bontecou, Cooper, Outlaw; through 2/24. • 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

57th Street Area

Bernarducci Meisel

"Interiors Observed," paintings of domestic interiors ranging from intimate, tabletop still lifes to large-scale renderings of contemporary interiors, by Bacon, Flack, Ramos, Tennant, Wolfson, others; through 2/17. • 37 W. 57th St. (212-593-3757).

St. Etienne

"Our Beautiful and Tormented Austria!," works by self-taught Austrian artists including Fischer, Navratil, Rädler, Rainer, Walla, others; through 3/17. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

Schmidt-Bingham

"Hue," works in which color is a primary concern, by Caponigro, Poskas, Tobey, Treiman; through 2/17. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld

"Figstract Explosionism," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by Bovasso, Butterly, Dupius, Soriano, others; through 2/17. • 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Exit Art

"Body and the East," body-art performances of the former Soviet Union and Eastern Bloc from the sixties to the present, including those of Acconci, Beuys, Burden, others; through 3/10. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Fleisher/Ollman at McEnroe

Annual exhibition of works by self-taught artists, among them Castle, Darger, Edmondson, Hirshfield, Traylor; 1/24–2/3. • 41 Greene St. (212-219-0395).

Inglett

"Now Playing," projects by visual artists who have made audio a primary component of their work, among them Acconci, Cage, Duchamp, Hamilton, Marclay, others; through 2/17. • 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Kent

"Vox 2001," paintings, sculptures, photography, video, and installations by Adams, Bronson, Heartfield, Lehman, Tanaka, Wertheim, others; through 3/3. • 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

O.K. Harris

Five individual exhibitions of paintings, sculptures, and photography, by Abrahamson, Anderson, Celender, Jo, Sandman; through 2/17. • 383 W. Broadway (212-431-3600).

Chelsea

Cristinerose

"Painting Beyond Painting," works that challenge traditional definitions of painting by Corey, Duffy, Hart, Spurrier, Young, others; through 2/17. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

D'Amelio Terras

"Shadow Dancing: 1975–79," paintings and sculpture by Bartlett, Benglis, Heilmann, Katz, Le Va, Moskowitz, Pfaff, Winsor, others; through 2/10. • 525 W. 22nd St. (212-352-9460).

Greene Naftali

"Deliberate Living," works that invite contemplation of contemporary culture, by Ader, Almond, Burr, Gonzalez-Torres, Von Bonin, others; through 2/10. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Postmasters

"American," photography and video by Baltz, Barr, Davis, Hobart, Moffett, Sambunaris; through 2/10. • 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Scott

"Outside Japan: Three Sculptors," works by Okumura, Sankawa, Yamaguchi; through 2/10. • 529 W. 20th St. (646-486-7004).

Taylor

"Jello," works that utilize bright colors while making physically animated forms, by Chesler, Flavin, Jolicoeur, Kendall, Patterson, others; through 2/17. • 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-0992).

Thorp

"Specifically Painting," works by seven artists that reflect a wide range of approaches to painting, by Kolodziejczyk, Spence, Stefanelli, Wachtel, others; through 2/17. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Photography

Luca Pagliari

Pinhole photographs taken in Cuba and New York; through 2/24. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Kutlug Ataman

A video filmed in Istanbul of interviews with

women who discuss the reasons why they have had to wear wigs; through 2/24. • Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

W. A. Bentley

Photographs of snowflakes by a self-educated farmer from Vermont (1865–1931) whose book *Snow Crystals*, originally published in 1931, is still a source for quilters fascinated by the intricate designs of snowflakes; through 2/17. • Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Jeff Burton

New color photographs of porn shoots, the Hollywood Walk of Fame, the Hollywood sign, and other events and icons of Southern California; through 2/10. • Kaplan, 416 W. 14th St. (212-645-7335).

Geneviève Cadieux

Large-scale, close-up portraits of people that suggest equivalencies and interrelationships between them, and one sculptural work, a triptych of delicate blown-glass globes; through 2/25. • Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950), Tues.–Sun. noon–6; \$3, \$2 students and seniors.

Albert Chong

“Projections,” images of flowers projected onto nude bodies against black backdrops; through 2/24. • Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Marianna Cook

Photographs of couples, a theme the artist has explored since 1983; through 2/17. • Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Jacques Darche

Photographs dating from 1950 to 1965 that apply a constructivist aesthetic to ordinary street scenes, by a French photographer who was also a graphic designer; through 2/24. • Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Nan Goldin

New photographs reflecting the artist's travels over the past two years—in France, Italy, and Switzerland—as well as her recent experiences in New York; through 2/17. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Emmet Gowin

A survey of the photographer's portraits of his wife, Edith, dating from the late sixties to the present; through 2/17. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Yuichi Hibi

Photographs shot throughout Japan on dark, rainy nights between 1993 and 1999; through 2/24. • Marvelli, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-3363).

Houk

Photographs from the personal collection of Harry Lunn (1933–1998), the art dealer, former CIA agent, and founding father of the fine-art-photography art market, including works by Adams, Abbott, Evans, Mapplethorpe, McDermott & McGough, Serrano, others; through 3/10. • 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

ICP

“Andy Warhol: Photography.” The first major exhibition of the artist's photographs, including complementary paintings; through 3/18. • “Perfecting Mankind: Eugenics and Photography.” An exhibit exploring the way in which photography was employed by the proponents of eugenics, a movement formed in the late-nineteenth century that aimed to “breed better people”; through 3/18. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; \$8, \$6 students and seniors.

Laura London

Large-scale color photographs of a teenage girl mimicking the looks and attitudes of various rock stars and models, and images of teenagers in social environments; through 2/17. • Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Nino Migliore

Photographs taken in the North and South of Italy between 1952 and 1959; through 3/3. • De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Mario Crevo Neto

New photographs; through 2/10. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

PaineWebber

“A Maritime Album.” Rare photographs documenting America's fishing, sailing, and whaling traditions, as well as naval encounters, shipbuilding ventures,

and daily maritime life, selected by John Szarkowski from the archives of the Mariner's Museum, in Newport News, Va.; through 4/1. • 1285 Ave. of the Americas (212-713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6.

Ron van Dongen

Recent flower studies; through 2/18. • Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

Sikkema

“Blind Date,” works by Divola, Lovett/Codagnone, Wessel; through 2/10. • 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Susan Wides

Photographs of urban landscapes, from the margins of the city at Fresh Kills landfill to Madison Avenue; through 2/10. • Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

Shizuka Yokomizo

Photographs that began with a letter from the artist to a stranger asking if she could photograph that person standing in a front room of his/her house as seen from the street in the evening; through 2/17. • Cohan Leslie and Browne, 138 Tenth Ave. (212-206-8701).

Museums

American Craft Museum

“Made in Oakland: The Furniture of Garry Knox Bennett.” The first retrospective of one of America's best-known furniture-makers; through 4/29.

• “Confrontational Clay: The Artist As Social Critic.” Works by 28 contemporary ceramists whose work addresses social, political, and cultural issues; through 3/16. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown

“Can We Feed Ourselves? A Focus on Asia: Photographs by Hiroji Kubota.” Photographs taken in Nepal, Cambodia, Burma, and other Asian countries that focus on food production, the population explosion, and environmental destruction; 1/31–4/1. • 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sat. 10–6; Sun. noon–5. \$4, \$2 students and seniors (free Tues.–Fri. noon–2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts

“Women Designers in the U.S.A., 1900–2000: Diversity and Difference”; through 2/25. • 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts

“Leonardo Drew.” One new sculpture composed of two sections—one of cotton and the other of wood and found objects—and related drawings; through 3/4. • “Carlos Garaicoa: The Ruins, The Utopia.” Drawings, photographs, and mixed-media and video installations by a Havana-based artist; through 3/4.

• “Context: Mexico's Taller de Gráfica Popular and Its Legacy.” Prints from the museum's permanent collection made by various members of the workshop; through 3/4. • 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. noon–6; \$3, \$2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art

“Nardo di Cione.” An exhibition celebrating the reunion of the museum's Nardo di Cione altarpiece, *Madonna and Child Enthroned With Saints*, and its “lost” uppermost panel; through 2/18. • “Robots, Astronauts, and Space Toys: The Robert Lesser Collection.” Almost 300 robots and space toys displayed with their original packaging; through 1/28. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

China Institute

“Living Heritage: Vernacular Environment in China,” photographs by Li Yuxiang and other Chinese photographers taken between 1993 and 1999 that explore the role of the traditional Chinese home; 1/25–6/10. • 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; \$3, \$2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution

“The Opulent Eye of Alexander Girard.” A retrospective of works by the mid-century American designer and architect (1907–1993); through 3/18.

• “Masterpieces From the Vitra Design Museum: Furnishing the Modern Era.” Furniture selected for its importance in the evolution of industrial furniture design; through 2/4. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); \$8, \$3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts

“Diana Thater: *Knots and Surfaces*.” A large-scale multiprojection video installation that interacts with the architecture of Dia's third-floor gallery; through 1/30/02. • “Panamarenko: *Orbit*.” An exhibition pairing the Belgian artist's key work, *Aeromodeller*, an experimental flying machine built in 1969–71, with a work created this year; through 6/17. • “Bridget Riley: *Reconnaissance*.” The British artist's seminal paintings from the sixties and seventies in which carefully calibrated geometric patterns seem to move rhythmically across a canvas; through 6/17. • “Jorge Pardo: *Project*.” A transformation of the Dia Center's 6,000-square-foot ground floor featuring colored ceramic tiles, mural paintings, glass dividers, stylish seating, increased natural light, and an expanded bookstore; through 6/17. • “Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . the nearest faraway place . . .” New and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interests in the myth of the American West; through 6/17. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; \$6, \$3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center

“Selections Winter 2001.” Works by nine emerging artists; through 2/10. • “From Sierra Maestra to La Habana: The Drawings of Chago.” The first presentation of the Cuban artist's work outside his country; through 2/10. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection

“The Draftsman's Art: Master Drawings From the National Gallery of Scotland.” Drawings by Da Vinci, Raphael, and other old masters, as well as works by Scottish artists; through 2/25. • “Mantegna's *Descent Into Limbo*, From the Barbara Piasecka Johnson Collection.” A smaller version of Mantegna's original masterpiece that was probably painted by the artist for Ferdinand Carlo, the last Duke of Mantua, around 1470–75; through 8/1. • “Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation.” Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700), Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery

“Ben Shahn's New York: The Photography of Modern Times.” Photographs of New York City in the thirties by the Social Realist painter; through 1/27. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

“Project for a New Guggenheim Museum in New York City.” Architect Frank Gehry's preliminary plans and models for a new Guggenheim developed in connection with the museum's response to a Request for Proposals issued by the New York City Economic Development Corporation for the development of Piers 9, 13, and 14 on the East River in lower Manhattan; through 4/21. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum

“Charlotte Salomon: Life? Or Theatre?” The first New York exhibit of gouaches by this artist (1917–1943) who drew on her own experience, and that of her family, in Nazi Germany; through 3/25. • “Morocco: Jews and Art in a Muslim Land.” Decorative objects, artworks, costumes, and photographs documenting Jewish life in Morocco for the past 2,000 years; through 2/11. • “Light x Eight: The Hanukkah Project 2000.” Works that create or manipulate art by eight contemporary artists; through

1/28/01. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5, pay what you wish); \$8, \$5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

"Sultan Ali of Mashhad, Master of Nasta liq." Examples of calligraphy by the master of nasta liq, the writing style likened to flying geese that was favored in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Iran for poetical texts; through 4/22. • "Photography: Processes, Preservation, and Conservation." An exhibition celebrating the museum's new Sherman Fairchild Center for Works on Paper and Photograph Conservation, exploring various photographic processes and methods of conservation; 1/30-5/6. • "Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Chinese Paintings From the Robert H. Ellsworth Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; 1/20-8/19. • "A Century of Design, Part III: 1950-1975." The third in a four-part series of exhibitions surveying twentieth-century design in all media; through 4/1. • "The Still Lives of Evaristo Baschenis: The Music of Silence." Paintings by the seventeenth-century Italian artist known for his poetic still lifes of musical instruments; through 3/4. • "Rain From the Moon: Silver in Ancient Peru." Approximately 130 silver objects from private and public collections in the United States; through 4/22. • "The Golden Deer of Eurasia: Scythian and Sarmatian Treasures From the Russian Steppes." Works of gold and silver recently excavated at Filipovka in southern Russia, along with related Scythian, Sarmatian, and Siberian objects from the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg; through 2/4. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$10 contribution, \$5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45; \$10, \$5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

"Jean Poyet: Artist to the Court of Renaissance France." The first one-person show dedicated to the work of the fifteenth-century French manuscript illuminator who worked for the courts of Louis XI, Charles VIII, and Louis XII; 1/25-5/6. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10:30-8, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. 12-6; \$8, \$6 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art

"ABCD: A Collection of Art Brut." Art brut works by Darger, Mackintosh, Ramirez, Wölfl, and others, from the collection of the Paris-based foundation ABCD (Art Brut Connaissance & Diffusion); through 7/28. • Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage

"Cyprus to Haifa, 1949: Photographs by Paula Horn Kotis." Photographs taken by Kotis when she was invited to sail to Cyprus on an Israeli ship that was picking up some of the last Jewish internees who had been held in detention camps and taking them to Israel; through 2/25. • 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.-Wed. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, Fri. and the eve of Jewish holidays 9-3, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art

"Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28. • "Projects 70: Janine Antoni, Shahzia Sikander, Kara Walker." Three new banners displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 3/13. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York

"Guys & Dolls: The Fabled Musical of Broadway." Scene designs, costumes, photographs, and ephemera drawn from the archives of composer Frank Loesser and playwright Abe Burrows that reveal how they turned the Damon Runyon story "The Idyll of Miss

Sarah Brown" into the 1950 hit musical; through 6/10. • "The City Shops: Photographs by Martha Cooper and Fred W. McDarragh." Images from the sixties to the present documenting shops in New York City neighborhoods; through 4/15. • "A Portrait of Paris: Eugène Atget at Work." Images of architecture in Paris at the turn of the last century, taken by the French photographer during the last two decades of his life; through 2/4. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

"Fresh: The Altoids Curiously Strong Collection, 1998-2000." Seventy works by emerging American artists that have been donated to the New Museum by Altoids; through 1/28. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. noon-6, Thurs.-Sat. noon-8 (free Thurs. 6-8); \$6, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library

"Utopia: The Search for the Ideal Society in the Western World." A collaborative exhibition between the NYPL and the Bibliothèque Nationale de France featuring works from both institutions' collections on the theme of Utopia; through 1/27. • "Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the New Yorker cartoonist; through 6/30. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society

"The Sight of Music: Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." Twentieth-century prints offering visual interpretations of music, by Chuck Close, Red Grooms, Roy Lichtenstein, and others; through 6/17. • "Elder Grace: The Nobility of Aging." Photographs of 80 African-American women and men by Chester Higgins Jr.; through 3/4. • "Intimate Friends: Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, William Cullen Bryant." Paintings, manuscripts, and periodicals relating to Cole and Durand, founders of the Hudson River School, and their poet-editor friend; through 2/4. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center

"Disasters of War: Works by Francisco de Goya, Henry Darger, and Jake and Dinos Chapman." Works that mediate horrific historical events; through 2/25. • "Georges Adéagbo: Abraham—L'ami de Dieu." Installations by a West African artist that combine paintings, sculptures, books, hand-written texts, photographs, newspaper articles, and objects; through 3/29. • "Special Projects Program, Winter 2000." New projects by Geyer and Hayes, Pilson, and Rakowitz; through 1/30. • "Some New Minds." Works by emerging artists Omer Fast, Christoph Girardet, Julia Loktev, Dave Muller, John Pilson, Brad Tucker, Pablo Vargas-Lugo, James Yamada; through 2/28. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art

"Seductions and Games: Recent Video Installations by Maureen Connor." The first American survey of the artist's interactive-media production; through 1/28. • "Tiffany Behind the Glass." An exhibition focusing on the construction, manufacture, marketing, and conservation of lamp and window production; through 2/4. • New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

"Sol LeWitt: Retrospective." A survey of the artist's wall drawings, structures, photographs, and works on paper from the past 40 years; through 2/25. • "Edward Steichen." A retrospective of the photographer's work including nearly 200 vintage prints as well as rarely seen examples of his work as a painter, designer of textiles, and curator of exhibitions; through 2/4. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.-Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Fri. 1-9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6-9); \$10, \$8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Auctions

Christie's

1/24 at 10: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/17. 1/24 at 2 and 1/25 at 10 and 2: "The British Interior." On view from 1/20. 1/26 at 10 and 2: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/20. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle

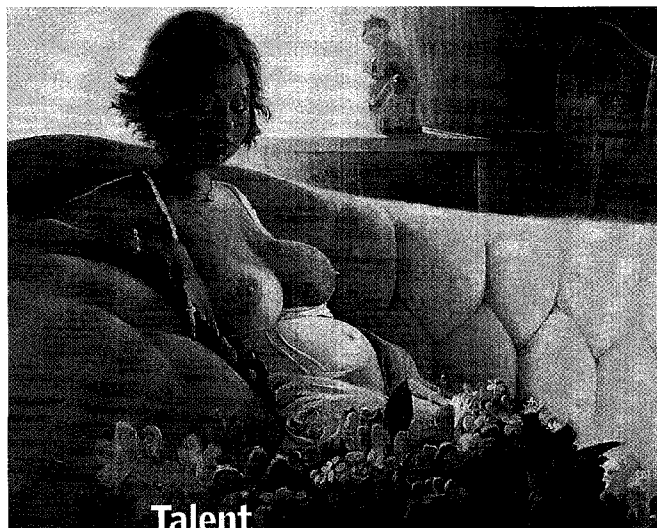
1/24 at 10: "Important English and Continental Furniture and Decorations." On view from 1/20. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Sotheby's

1/25 at 10:15 and 2: "Arts of the Renaissance." On view from 1/19. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Swann Galleries

1/25 at 10:30: "Old Master Drawings." On view from 1/20. • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).



Paint Strippers

It's said that attendance at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania has never been higher. Not surprising when you consider what's up through February 9—a retrospective of **Lisa Yuskavage's** lushly colored, larger-than-life paintings and tiny hydrocal sculptures of young women in various states of undress. The bigger surprise for serious art-watchers, though, is that Yuskavage can handle paint and a brush with the best of them, John Currin included. Here in New York, check out Yuskavage's latest and typically outrageous paintings of reclining women (above, *Northview*, 2000) at Marianne Boesky Gallery, 535 West 22nd Street; through February 3.

Ask Gael

I have aristocratic Venetians, with a grandchild, in tow.

An aggressively lively and attractive spot like **Sushi Samba 7** will keep the seedling from getting antsy. And your sophisticated Italians, liberated from La Sirenessa's bonds of tradition, will definitely appreciate the sparkling raw fruit of the sea in this Nobu knockoff. You may want to run for the exit when you get hit with the raucous-sound-system blare. Instead, snuggle close in a booth and shout over tangy octopus salad in citrus vinaigrette and a trio of seviches: lime-scented lobster with mango and gingery tuna and miso-perfumed salmon—nicely gussied-up in goblets. When the earthy truffle fumes of the imported kanpachi tiradito hits your nose, you'll forgive the \$17 price tag (besides, it's enough for five or six to taste), and striped bass with grapefruit is delicious, too. Share a Samba Seven roll (tuna and avocado wrapped in daikon) and the Rainbow Dragon (eel, sweet red pepper, mango, papaya, and avocado), both better than an insipid Next California number. I like the fluke-roll special, too, but then I'm a fool for bacon. Crispy shredded short ribs are piled on wonderful boniato-ginger puree. Tropical sorbets clear the palate, though I like the frozen passion-fruit tart too. (87 Seventh Avenue South; 212-691-7885.)

cooking tour of France and Spain, which is where he picked up the haute habit of garnishing food with foam (to wit: a delicious asparagus soup with Parmesan froth). But despite a certain culinary trendiness, the atmosphere couldn't be more congenial or the service less pretentious. The room is pretty, too, comfortable and sophisticated, and the three-sided limestone bar accommodates diners and drinkers alike. • 75 Washington Pl. (212-539-1776). (M-E)

★ Brasserie 8 1/2

At this souped-up designer bookend to the newly modish Brasserie, you get big brasserie dishes plus a pumpkin-carpeted-diva staircase entrance, and two subterranean, airport lounge style bars. The simpler menu choices tend to be better, like the frisée salad and the cornflake-crusted crab cakes. The evening scene is overcooked, but lunch at bar No. 2 (the blue green one) is better. • 9 W. 57th St. (212-829-0812). (M-E)

★ Caffé La Grolla

The itty-bitty offshoot of Ristorante La Grolla performs three essential functions: It accommodates 28 extra bodies; it provides a more casual, late-night alternative to its popular parent; and it delivers. The menu's an appealing mix of La Grolla classics its regulars can't live without (veal scallopine, scrumptious artichokes) and brand-new dishes like supernally moist roasted pork loin and Neapolitan-style pizzas. • 411A Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-579-9200). (I-M)

Chinghalle

The name of Mark Straussman's (Campagna) frenetic new contribution to the meatpacking district means "wild boar" in Italian, although the spelling's been altered, presumably to attract a wider clientele. The menu mingles artful down-home Mulberry Street cooking with an odd variety of New Country favorites like St. Louis ribs and a gelato banana split. Stick to the mostly delicious Italian food (try the three-cheese pizza, and spaghetti alla Nonna). And try to secure one of the vintage Belgian train-car booths, to keep from getting trampled by all the rowdy bankers. • 50 Gansevoort St. (212-242-3200). (M)

★ Chow Bar

Chef-partner Peter Klein started out cooking at China Grill and El Teddy's, then parlayed that spicy Chino-Latino experience into a lucrative cross-country consulting gig. Luckily for us, he's settled down in the West Village, where's he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively bar crowd, which seems ecstatic to finally find a quasi-exotic neighborhood place to call its own. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

Cocina Cuzco

This colorful room decorated with Incan pottery is connected to the jungle-themed Lemongrass Grill next door; they're both part of a restaurant empire that includes the eight-branch Lemongrass Thai-food chain, plus assorted Japanese, Korean, and Malaysian kitchens. But there's no culinary confusion on this traditional Peruvian menu, which features seven kinds of sevice, succulent rotisserie chicken, and varying degrees of aji-pepper-spiced sauces. • 55 Ave. A (212-529-3469). (I) (\$).

Curry Leaf

While the Curry Hill competition focuses on the food of specific subcontinental regions—or, at the very least, hews to the meat-eating north or the veggie-oriented south—the idea here is to expand the edible horizons by offering Kashmiri chicken korma alongside Pakistani chana masala and Goan lamb vindaloo. There's more to Indian food, after all, than curry powder—there's the leaf, too, used here as a garnish. • 99 Lexington Ave., at 27th St. (212-725-5558). (M)



New and Noteworthy

Idä

As you might guess from the Murano-glass chandeliers and bas-relief nudes, this isn't your run-of-the-mill curry kitchen. Your dinner choices are limited to two streamlined prix fixe menus that run \$55 and \$65, and feature newfangled novelties like salmon quenelles with cashew rice and fresh coconut curry, jaram masala quail with date-and-pistachio pillau, and wild-mushroom biryani with white-truffle oil. • 208 E. 8th St. (212-371-6060). (M-E)

★ Alain Ducasse at the Essex House

After a harrowing ride through the critics' spanking machine, eight-Michelin-star chef Alain Ducasse has merged if not triumphant then at least alive. All his Cartier pens have been dutifully stolen, the array of mysterious knives presented in a leather case is gone, and the extravagantly Art Deco cocoon of a room feels more like a \$160-prix fixe Michelin supernova now that the kitchen has pulled up its socks. Dishes that were very good to begin with, have gotten even better—pea soup with crab cakes; silken woodcock, pheasant, and foie gras terrine; halibut with sea-urchin mustard; glorious cheese; luscious rhubarb clafouti—and even the few disappointments don't sting so badly now that the chastised Ducasse has shown us his warm and cuddly side. • 155 W. 58th St. (212-265-7300). (E)

★ AZ

If you think pan-Asian fusion is so last decade, make haste to the Flatiron triplex that used to be Flowers, remade with a glass elevator and retractable roof and now home to chef Patricia Yeo and her inspired culinary inventions. What works? A trio of sensational hutneys on Indian flatbread, and lapsang souchon-

smoked quail with scallion pancakes, for starters. A street-level lounge caters to lighter appetites. • 21 W. 17th St. (212-691-8888). (E)

★ Baldoria

Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s father earned the nickname Frankie No after years of politely declining requests for reservations at Rao's, his ten-table East Harlem celebrity hangout. Junior offers better odds in the theater district: 136 seats, plus a raw bar upstairs. A fugitive from Felidia's posh kitchen adds some verve to the home-style Neapolitan seafood salad and roasted peppers Pellegrino borrowed from his dad uptown. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

★ Bar Demi

Verbena's Diane Forley named this twelve-seat wine shrine for its half-address and devotion to hard-to-find half bottles. Then she challenged sommelier Aaron von Rock to match appropriate wines with her ever-so-dainty "tiers" of flavor-packed finger food. Order the Pinot Noir package, for instance, and share ethereal foie gras mousse, grilled baby lamb chops, and Von Rock's Pinot of choice. Or flex your own wine-pairing muscles and order a la carte. • 125 1/2 E. 17th St. (212-260-0900). (M)

★ Blue Hill

Alex Urena's seasonal American menu draws on his

Dim Sum gogo

What do you get when a French-American food writer (Colette Rossant) collaborates with a Hong Kong chef (Guy Lieu)? Dumpling dough flavored with beet juice, seasoned beef patties on steamed buns with taro fries, roast chicken smothered with fried garlic stems, and 24 kinds of dumplings. Plus four variations on the dough-wrapper theme, four different sauces, and microwave-safe takeout containers. • 5 E. Broadway (212-732-0797). (I-M)

* The Dining Room

You know how you love cooking those intimate dinners at home for just you and your close friends? Oh, you don't. Well then don't you wish you were at one? This scrumptious example of turning lemons into lemon soufflé not only transforms an awkward layout into a series of cozy hideaways but it gets you all warm and snugly with hearty American cuisine that surprisingly weighs less than the conversations around it. • 154 E. 79th St. (212-327-2500). (M-E)

District

At this new hotel restaurant, David Rockwell's design makes playful reference to the theater-district locale, and Sam DeMarco's menus make mouthwatering reference to the fun, original food he popularized downtown at First. For breakfast, there's the Scramble (smoked salmon, cream-cheese fondue, latkes, and dill-caper gremolata). For lunch, "double features" like potato pierogi with a brisket sandwich. Plus a \$28 pre-theater dinner and a late-night "mini-bar." • 130 W. 46th St. (212-485-2999). (M)

* Esca

Somewhere in between overseeing Babbo and Lupa, taping his cooking show, and just basking in the glory of his own undeniable greatness, Mario Batali has found time to earn another gastronomic gold star. At Esca, the overachiever in the orange clogs, partner Joe Bastianich, and chef David Pasternack do for Southern Italian seafood what Le Bernardin has done for French: The poured concrete bar with a built-in conduit for ice and oysters is an inspired take on raw-shellfish service; crudo (think Italian sashimi) is incredibly fresh and of the highest quality; pastas like spaghetti with fresh chiles, mint, and a one-pound lobster are irresistible. And the whole fish for two, roasted in a sea-salt crust that's cracked tableside, is a riveting performance worthy of the theater-district locale. • 402 W. 43rd St. (212-564-7272). (M-E)

Fleur de Sel

Chef Cyril Renaud wanted his first restaurant to be a personal statement. So he hung his own watercolors, painted the menu covers, and named the place after the highly prized, hand-harvested sea salt that's native to Brittany, just like him. His \$52 prix fixe menu is small and changes daily, so there's no telling when you might see that lobster-avocado salad or venison fillet with juniper berries and orange zest again. • 5 E. 20th St. (212-460-9100). (M-E)

* 44 & X Hell's Kitchen

John Tesar's inspired new American cooking packs this handsome room nightly with Hell's Kitchen locals and clued-in theatergoers, happy to find such good food and friendly service this far west. After feeding

Wall Street warriors downtown at Vine, Tesar's traded in some of his fancier flourishes for a renewed focus on down-home dishes like rich and gooey mac-and-cheese, crispy buttermilk fried chicken and chive waffles, and individual meat loaf swathed in tomato sauce. • 622 Tenth Ave. at 44th St. (212-977-1170). (M-E)

* Gnocco Caffè

Co-owner Pierluigi Palazzo named this East Village café after the traditional Modenese snack of crispy, puffy fried dough, usually served with prosciutto di Parma. But just to complicate matters, the gently-priced menu also offers two versions of gnocchetti (an entirely different, equally delicious thing), plus well-dressed, unusually fresh salads and an unassuming pork tenderloin lavished with Parmigiano-Reggiano shavings and an aged-balsamic emulsion. • 337 E. 10th St. (212-677-1913). (I)

* Grand Sichuan Int'l Midtown

Each successive branch of this Szechuan chainlet has become progressively glitzier, culminating in this location's chandeliers and wall to wall carpeting. What separates this one from the kung pao pack is menu oddities like the eight dishes inspired by a Chinese TV show and a super-spicy category called "Mao's home cooking." (The chairman liked his chili peppers—who knew?) • 745 Ninth Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-582-2288). (I)

* Guastavino's

They could serve tuna casserole and you'd still be in awe of one of the most spectacular restorations of a neglected urban space. Don't worry. It's ok to drop your jaw at the first sight of the towering Alhambra arches. Everybody does. Though you may not be as impressed with what's put in front of you, Guastavino's is one of those massive undertakings that may take a long time to get things right. In the meantime, enjoy the scenery. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M-E)

Hudson Cafeteria

The room is big, dark, incredibly handsome, cavernous, more humming than boisterous, unfocused but friendly. Think of Hudson Cafeteria as a community center for the privileged. And while the food tries to be more ambitious than its downtown counterpart, Canteen, the stuff that makes the surprisingly diverse customers happiest is beef stew, macaroni and cheese (without the foie gras) and a banana split. It's become very canny to claim discomfort with comfort food but those eating it here want more and could care less. • 356 W. 58th St. (212-554-6500). (M-E)

ike

In some quarters—even in the outré East Village, apparently—the phrase "American food" still evokes tuna casserole and TV dinners, three of which are actually on the menu at this stylish throwback to the Eisenhower era. But so are latter-day reworkings of deviled eggs, cornflake-crusted fish sticks, and lobster-and-spinach Thermidor cassolette, plus all the classic cocktails you never imagined drinking with Salisbury steak. • 103 Second Ave. (212-388-0388). (I-M)

* Le Zinc

Once you open a place like Chanterelle, where do you go from there? If you're Karen and David Wal-tuck, you head two blocks south and two blocks east to open a casual bistro—the perfect spot to unwind after a long night shaving truffles. The menu, a French framework embellished with Asian, Jewish, and Hungarian highlights, reads like the homespun work of someone who's sown his wild *hautes*: charcuterie, steak-frites, crispy duck wings, Grandma Gaby's stuffed cabbage. A burger, even. And nothing over \$19. • 139 Duane St. (212-513-0001). (I-M)

* Los Dos Molinos

Not since Drew flashed Dave has Manhattan witnessed a hotter display than the one at Los Dos Molinos—the Union Square branch of the popular Arizona restaurant. The slow, satisfying burn begins with chips and fiery salsa and continues with familiar but superlative Mexican-American fare. Entrées like irresistibly hot "adovada" pork ribs come with rice and beans, a good homemade flour tortilla, and an apology in advance printed on the menu: "Sorry we do not provide a mild sauce, I do not know how to make 'mild,'" reads the chef's mission statement—indemnity clause. • 119 E. 18th St. (212-505-1574). (I-M)

* Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M-E)

* Macelleria

Vegetarians beware: The name is Italian for "butcher shop," which the cozy back room still resembles, and the space used to be a meat locker. But there's much more to chef Jeffrey Edwards's menu than his dry-aged porterhouse for two. Whole peppercorns enliven Gorgonzola salad dressing. Zesty fennel sausages adorn a cannellini-bean stew. Delectable pastas are served with hearty ragus, perfect for fall. • 48 Gansevoort St. (212-741-2555). (M)

* Mangiarini

There may be more Italian restaurants on the Upper East Side than there are cannoli on Mulberry Street but few as bare-boned chic as this one. The designer of the Calvin Klein boutique went commensurately minimalist at this narrow 30-seater, where spaghetti with lemon and basil and sandwiches like prosciutto and melted goat cheese on semolina flatbread are a stylishly stripped down as the décor. • 1593 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-734-5500). (I)

* Mardi Gras Pizza

A not-so-subtle Two Boots knockoff right down to the cornmeal crust, spicy tomato sauce, and crayfish toppings, but who cares? This festive little joint's pie are light; the crust is crisp—though it could be thinner—and toppings like andouille and tasso add a fiery Cajun kick. And they didn't even call it Famous Original Two Boots or Two Boots Too! • 3-7 Maiden Ln. (212-233-6066). (I)

* Merge

Chef Sam DeMarco and his partners have a knack for creating neighborhood restaurants good enough to leave your neighborhood for. At Merge, in the former Indigo space, they've done it again. A cool, comfortable room, a friendly staff, a festive mood, signature "tiny tiny" cocktails, and DeMarco's inspired multicultural neo-American cooking are an irresistible draw for locals as well as interlopers. Sunday evenings, "Gino's Soprano Style Dinner," a \$25 prix fixe Italian-American feast, is an absolute steal. • 142 W. 10th St. (212-691-7757). (M) AE only.

Nick & Stef's Steakhouse

Los Angeles chef Joachim Splichal opened the first branch of this steakhouse in his hometown, knowing it might play even better in red-meat-loving Manhattan. There's twelve of everything, from salads and starters to potatoes and sauces. And where's the beef? Front and center, hung out to dry in a steel-and-glass aging chamber. • 9 Penn Plaza (212-563-4444). (M-E)

* Orsay

The new version of *The Exorcist* isn't nearly as chilling as what Jean de Noyer must have gone through riding the demons from this place. But from the ash c Mortimer's musty chicken hash, Orsay has risen, brasserie swirling with seductive arches and goo cheer, giving the Upper East Side the kind of French tickle it sorely needs. The former regulars never had it so good. Do you think they'd know the diff? • 105 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (212-517-6400). (M)

* Peasant

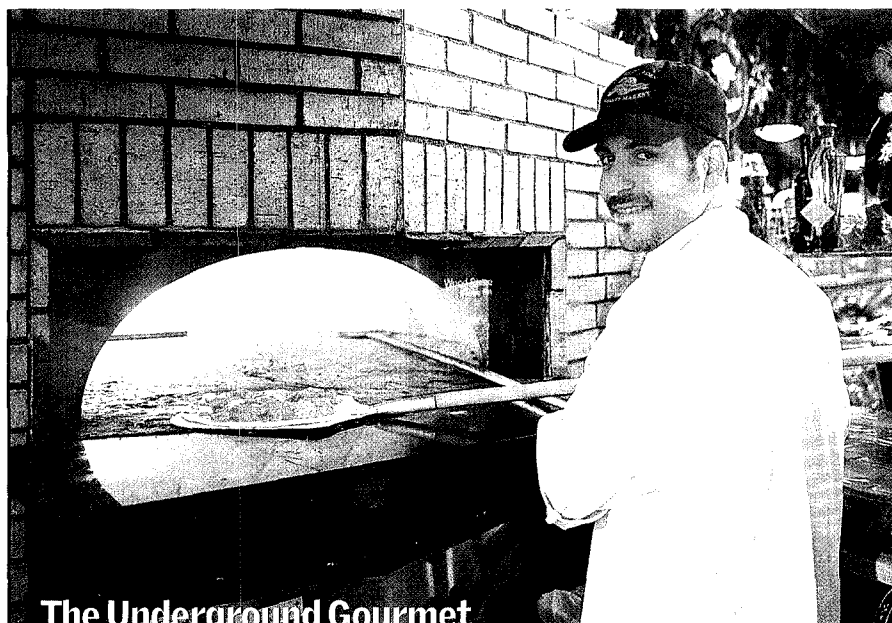
Peasant is exactly right. From its stunningly backlit brick-walled kitchen that features only open-fire cooking to its incredibly appealing Tuscan menu, chef owner Frank De Carlo has reason to bust his buttons every night, and you have almost too many reasons to undo a couple of yours. And thanks to some recent soundproofing, you no longer need to shout to get your share of impeccably al dente pastas, and meltingly tender osso buco in a risottolike nest of farro. • 19 Elizabeth St. (212-965-9511). (M)

* Pipa

Doug Rodriguez has done Nuevo Latino at Patri and Chicama. Now he's tackling old-world Spanish (sort of). A field trip to Galicia yielded dozens of recipes for tapas, casseroles, soups, and flatbreads, a

Ground Rules

These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations, either for outstanding overall quality or in recognition of at least one exceptional feature, and are usually awarded after the restaurant has been formally reviewed. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; (\$) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.



The Underground Gourmet

Impulse Pie

Sure, we know better than to go grocery shopping when we're hungry, lest we leave the market with a box of Count Chocula, Cheez-Its, and a few tins of \$12 Sicilian tuna. But how can anyone resist the impulse-buy-inducing aroma of a freshly baked Neapolitan pizza wafting through the aisles at **Garden of Eden**? The shrewd owners installed the brick-oven pizza station between the prepared-food case and the pastries, flush up against the store's front window. Equally savvy was the decision to draft Anthony Fiorentino, a Bensonhurst native who seems to have San Marzano tomatoes in his blood. "I've been making pizza for fifteen years," says the fast-talking pizman. "My father had an American-slice place on 42nd Street in Times Square. Now it's *The Lion King*." After that early education and cooking school, where Fiorentino majored in pastry, he learned classic thin-crust technique at Naples 45, the three-oven pizza emporium in the MetLife building, from a master *pizzaiuoli* imported straight from the mother country. "A complete *putz*," says Fiorentino, in fond memory. "A 55-year-old guy used to making 50 pies a day. We were doing 900. He almost had a heart attack." Instead, he went home—fast. Fiorentino, on the other hand, lasted five years and then brought his meticulous recipes and trade secrets to his new one-man operation. "I use a mix of 00 flour, 15 percent gluten; fresh pomodoro—I never cook my sauce. And fresh mozzarella from Giuseppe in New Jersey—he's the best." When Fiorentino isn't wielding a peel behind the oven, he's working out new topping combinations on a computer and photographing them for his menu with a digital camera. Granted, purists might flinch at the idea of combining parmesan and mozzarella in certain toppings, but his classic margherita is near perfect: light, crisp-edged, greaseless, and flavor-packed. Cooked-to-order pizzas (\$5.99 to \$12.50 for an individual pie or \$13.99 to \$21.99 by the meter) are available daily for takeout, delivery, or munching from your cart while you shop. (7 East 14th Street; 212-255-4200.)

R.P.

of which undergo subtle and delicious transformation in the chef's inventive hands. To wit: bocarones in escabeche with almond-crusted queso de cabra, crispy anchovies wrapped in sage leaves, and churros with warm chocolate dipping sauce for dessert. Much more radical is the conversion of the old ParLOUR Cafe into a seductive Iberian oasis with serrano ham hanging from beams and walls studded with enough shells to stock Sanibel Island. • 38 E. 19th St. (212-677-2233). (M)

★ Quartino

All that separates this rustic Italian paninoteca and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good

life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also (with one or two exceptions) doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I)

Rosa Mexicano at Lincoln Center

This hyper designed offshoot of Josefina Howard's upscale Mexican restaurant features a floating terazzo staircase ascending a dramatic 40-foot water wall. Not to be upstaged, the signature made-to-order guacamole has survived the commute, as have the pomegranate margaritas. And chef Sergio Remolina has made his own mark with assorted seviches and chile-

spiced lamb shank steamed in parchment. • 61 Columbus Ave., at 62nd St. (212-977-7700). (M-E)

★ Rose Water

Chef-partner Neil O'Malley used to work at Oznot's Dish in Williamsburg, and it shows in his meze platter and lamb briq. But his tenure at Savoy, where he met partner John Tucker, is equally conspicuous. The menu's seasonal fixation guarantees a harvest of white-lightning corn and heirloom tomatoes in the summer. But the careful service, Brooklyn-mellow ambience, and sublime breaded pork chops are good year-round. • 787 Union St. (718-783-3800). (M)

Sabor

As the abiding popularity of tapas proves, grazing never goes out of style. Customize a tiered tray of pan-Latino nibbles like shrimp empanaditas, octopus salad, smoked-chicken croquettes, and tuna sevice. And watch the Upper West Side roll by, in all its dog-walking, stroller-pushing glory. • 462 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-579-2929). (I-M)

★ A Salt & Battery

The folks from Tea & Sympathy have expanded their British empire with a fish-and-chips shop that literally reeks of authenticity. Aside from the main attraction, properly wrapped in British newspaper, there are mushy peas, pickled onions, Heinz baked beans, and the improbably edible deep-fried Mars Bars. Between orders, a relentlessly cheery staff spouts cockney slang while fry-chef Patsy Carroll—who used to cook in the British Merchant Navy and then, judging by his hoop earrings and Errol Flynn beard, turned pirate—cracks wise. • 112 Greenwich Ave. (212-691-2713). (I-M)

★ Sandro's

Has Roman chef Sandro Fioriti finally settled down? Those of us whose taste buds remember his signature crisp-fried baby artichokes, pan-fried calamari, and classic bucatini amatriciana from the original uptown Sandro's, all revived in this otherwise nondescript Chelsea storefront, can only hope. But judging by his recent restlessness, our advice is to get while the getting's good. • 200 Ninth Ave., nr. 22nd St. (212-633-8033). (M)

★ Sandwich Planet

Owner Will Brown got his start in the sandwich trade a dozen blocks north with his thriving Island Burgers and Shakes. At Planet, he reprises his boldly seasoned, lavishly garnished chicken churascos and hamburgers but also expands his Island oeuvre to include the kind of two-fisted retro sandwiches—Reubens, cheesesteaks, clubs, and croque-monsieurs—that have been displaced recently by wraps and other raised-pinky deviations. • 534 Ninth Ave., nr. 39th St. (212-273-9768). (I) (\$).

★ Shelly's New York

The latest restaurant Shelly Fireman has created in his own image inhabits the space that was originally an Art Deco-era Horn & Hardart Automat. Only the assimulative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M-E)

★ Strip House

The Glazier Group and chef David Walzog, the same team responsible for Tapika, Michael Jordan's, and our slightly lower life expectancy, take a Gallic approach to the New York steakhouse menu with starters like a five-ounce foie gras torchon and sides like goose-fat potatoes and truffled cream spinach. (Try ordering that at Gallagher's.) Meanwhile, designer David Rockwell has given the former Asti's space a saucy new look to go with its naughty new name. • 13 E. 12th St. (212-328-0000). (M-E)

Sushi Samba 7

Co-chefs Eiji Takase and Michael Cressotti bring their innovative Latino-Japanese seviches, samba rolls, and sashimi to a Sheridan Square offshoot big enough to handle the caipirinha-fueled overflow from their Gramercy flagship. There's a sunken cocktail lounge, an oyster bar, and a bold new Brazilian accent, especially in the churrasco a' Rio Grande: a feijoada-inspired fantasy of beef, pork, quail, sausage, rice, beans, greens, and farofa. • 87 Seventh Ave. So. (212-691-7885). (M)

* Tocqueville

At the loveliest new mom and pop shop in town, Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Markovitzky have taken what they've learned from a decade of catering and added to it all the things they couldn't do in someone else's home to come up with a gently idiosyncratic nook that will take about twenty minutes to charm you. • 15 E. 15th St. (212-647-1515). (M-E)

* Vaux Bistro

At the more affordable, family-friendly reincarnation of what used to be Vaux, the menu reads rustic French, with daily specials like coq au vin, beef stew, and bouillabaisse (all \$16), plus all the bistro classics we've come to expect: Frisée salad with meaty lardons and hot garlic croutons. Potato-and-leek soup. Terrine de canard. Mussels with addictive first-rate frites. And a chocolate-caramel bread pudding that will make you regret finishing them. • 278 Fifth Ave. nr. 1st St. (718-499-1433). (M)

* Viareggio

At first glance, there's little to distinguish this dining room from countless others. But the kitchen's another story. Chef Donato Deserio's deft touch with pastas like *creamless rigatoni alla vodka* reinvigorates old standards, and entrées like a subtle Parmigiano-Reggiano-crusted chicken breast in white wine taste almost new. As does the *amuse-bouche* of spicy tomato salsa, served with crispy fried-cheese wafers. • 1347 Second Ave., at 71st St. (212-585-2900). (M)

* Vine

It will take a lot of duck confit with sweet-potato hash to make a village in the canyons of Wall Street. But the bold pioneers at Vine are game to gamble. Their bull-market menu is big on seafood like lobster pan roast with corn fritters and coconut-currried grilled shrimp. There's a quick-service café and grocery next door, and private party space (plus extra lunch seating) downstairs in what used to be, and still resembles, bank vaults. • 25 Broad St. (212-344-8463). (E)

* Wallisé

Who knew veal goulash could be elegant? Kurt Gutenbrunner's version is an artful mound of tender meat you almost regret toppling. And though dishes like *tafelspitz* and wiener schnitzel seem like a culinary memoir, the guiding principle here is less goulash than Greenmarket. Local farmers supply Gutenbrunner with lemon thyme for his pike, heirloom tomatoes for his lamb salad, and the sweet strawberries that garnish his elderflower sorbet. Don't miss the quark dumplings. • 344 W. 11th St. (212-352-2300). (M-E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

* Alfanoose

This spotless but otherwise nondescript falafel joint flanked by \$10 discount emporiums, makes the best—and neatest—falafel sandwich in town. Co-owner Mouhamad Shami meticulously rolls his expertly seasoned falafel and fresh condiments in an unusually thin and pliant pita, like a burrito, so that all the harmonious components merge in every bite. It's also a great source for Middle Eastern appetizers, flatbreads as well as superb lamb or vegetarian kibbeh. • 150 Fulton St. (212-349-3622). (I)

* Aquagrill

Ever since we tasted chef-owner Jeremy Marshall's inspired falafel-crusted salmon, the notion of a naked pink fillet has been tough to swallow. But despite the high level of cooking, an offbeat and well-priced wine list, and unexpected grace notes like a welcoming *amuse-bouche* and complementary petits fours, it's still a rollicking neighborhood spot, where you can park yourself at the lively bar and watch the dexterous oyster shucker in action. • 210 Spring St. (212-274-0505). (M-E)

* Balthazar

Keith McNally has countless pacesetter restaurants to his credit, but this is his masterpiece, an evocation of a Paris brasserie that outglows anything within Brie-tossing distance of the Seine. Yet for all its visual impact, Balthazar boasts equally compelling fare: tender braised lamb shoulder gets served over garganelli pasta, shepherd's pie is made with duck, grilled tuna floats over tomato-and-saffron coulis. And its oyster bar, short ribs, bread, and service make you not give a damn whether you ever see the Eiffel Tower. • 80 Spring St. (212-965-1414). (M)

* Bayard's

The dining room is stark and commanding, like the setting for an A. R. Gurney play about a reunion in a boys' school. But hardwood, barrel-chaired, shipshape Americana is the other side of the moon compared with your normal restaurant landscape; you have to be in awe of its austerity. Whether you succumb to Eberhard Muller's transformation of Bayard's menu is not as sure a given. One night the honey-mustard glaze on the lamb is enhancing, one night smothering. Halibut can float on a broth of tarragon, or sink like the *Andrea Doria*. This is a potentially great vessel in need of a compass. • One Hanover Square (212-514-9454). (E)

* Blue Ribbon

We could do without the maddening wait and a crowd a

little too pleased with its permit for raucousness. But go anyway for a snappy dining staff that handles the cacophony without joining in, and tremendously vibrant raw seafood at a fair price. And above all, a menu that has no roots or rhythm other than its chef's passions. • 97 Sullivan St. (212-274-0404). (M)

* Bo Ky

There are 30 soups at Bo-Ky. The best way to order them is by number. Don't read closely to see what's in them. And don't ask. You don't want to know. Whether the meat is pork chop or beef belly or chicken leg, just savor the smells wafting up from those bowls of Chinese, Cambodian and Vietnamese home cooking. It is tremendous soup, in size, flavor, and content. And the prices are pocket change. • 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) (\$).

* Bouley Bakery

Love him or hate him, there's no denying that the famously obstreperous David Bouley—bouncing between this kitchen and Danube—gets the job done. And his loyal clientele gratefully lap it up in the ethereal form of degustation menus revolving around superlative seasonal ingredients like skate steamed with fresh chamomile, say, or organic baby lamb with eggplant moussaka. • 120 W. Broadway (212-964-2525). (M-E)

* Canteen

It's not that the food is bad; just that it can't compete with the furniture (the orange-wool-upholstered chairs in particular). Executive chef Matthew Kenney has veered off his Mediterranean path to make people-pleasing comfort food like macaroni and cheese, rendered here with Wisconsin Asiago. An abbreviated menu is available late at night, when those fabulous chairs are most in demand. • 142 Mercer St. (212-431-7676). (M)

* Capsouto Frères

Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. • 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M-E)

* Chanterelle

The Waltucks, Karen and David, have specific ideas about how to make an evening unforgettable. The walls are without art. You will hear no music. Chairs are huge; plates are, too. The goal is to get you to concentrate solely on who you are with and what you are about to be presented—the stunning juxtapositions of David's quail and star anise, lamb with cumin crust, crabs in ginger and strawberry mille-feuille with elderflower sorbet. • 2 Harrison St. at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E)

* City Hall

Chef-owner Henry Meer may be imagineering Old New York, with back-lit photos of bygone street life, but he can't help refining it, too. The triple-tier "Chrysler" shellfish highrise is global gluttony via the jet stream. Chesapeake she-crab soup is creamy perfection. But go for the marvelous double steak on the bone, a behemoth served stunningly rare. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777). (M-E)

* Danube

David Bouley's outrageous, highly lacquered, velvet-swathed, Klimt-deckled little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisine, Mario Lohninger, his bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manages to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

* Divine Bar

The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates. Selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. • 55 Liberty St., second floor (212-791-WINE). (I-M)

* The Greatest Bar on Earth

This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and, of course,

Tasting

Three years ago, the Australian Wine Bureau invited local importers and retailers to the **Australia Day Harvest Festival**, a brazen, bacchanalian bid to swipe some premium shelf space from Europe and California. This year, on January 31, the gregarious Aussies invite the New York drinking public to the Altman Building to sample more than 300 wines, including distinctively Down Under blends like spicy Cab-Shiraz and juicy Chard-Sémillon. And for the first time, there'll be some grub to wash down with all that wine: creamy blue cheese from Tasmania's King Island Dairy, imported olives and macadamia nuts, and hors d'oeuvre from Blue Elephant, a Manhattan-based Australian caterer. (For info, call 212-351-6585; admission is \$42 in advance, \$50 at door; for tickets, visit www.ticketweb.com or call 800-965-4827.)



tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M)

★ The Mercer Kitchen

Within Christian Liagre's conversion of a subterranean catacomb into a sultry, intimately shadowy quartet of fluid yet diverse sectors, executive chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten reveals how a few ingredients can create flavors that are lucid and compelling. Olive and radicchio join stewed rabbit, mint and coriander ring sea bass carpaccio, tomato soup is sparked by chili pepper and crabmeat. You may be sorry you never sprang for that loft on Spring. • 99 Prince St. (212-966-5454). (E)

★ Next Door Nobu

Set in a stunningly clever David Rockwell-designed room as homespun as it is elegant, Nobu Matsuhisa's simpler version of his South American-flecked Asian cooking matches its décor by making Nobu's genius even more accessible. The only thing we'd change is the no-reservations policy. Come early, come late, come on Monday. Come Saturday, if you're nuts. • 105 Hudson St. (212-334-4445). (M-E)

98 Kenmare

A modern American bistro in the old Patrissey's space that features an eclectic international menu. The chef's specialties include barbecued duck in a ginger-scalion pancake; a shrimp-and-mussel chowder with sweet potatoes, coconut, and lime; and five-onion risotto. • 98 Kenmare St. (212-226-2888). (M-E)

★ Nobu

There is not another experience like it in town. Nobu Matsuhisa is a chef of such wondrous originality that nothing on his menu is merely as it reads. Each dish reinvents your definition of what it should taste like. Teensy oysters make your eyes pop. Bonito soothes the throat like sable. Seaweed sparkles. The fake trees aren't necessary. Two bites and you're in Eden. • 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (M-E)

★ Pearl Oyster Bar

Milos may have a fish display as big as this joint's entire counter, but nothing can match this kitchen's preparatory skills. This ain't no Carnival Cruise. Keep your elbows in and your chin down, all the better to acknowledge a clam chowder revved up with smoky bacon, mussels in mustard cream, and a nutty grilled pompano in herbs. • 18 Cornelia St. (212-691-8211). (M)

★ Quilty's

There's something prim and ladylike about the understated room, a muted canvas for chef Katy Sparks's exotic, flavor-saturated cooking: Tamarind-barbecued squab on sweet corn curry. Panko-fried rabbit pailard with jicama-mango slaw. Macaroni with "many cheeses" in an herbed-chili crust. And a scene-stealing twice-baked potato worth ordering the steak for. • 177 Prince St. (212-254-1260). (M-E)

★ 71 Clinton Fresh Food

Is there much call for Scottish salmon wrapped in avocado at the intersection of Clinton and Rivington Streets? Well, yes, judging by the hungry crowd cooling its heels at the bar. Jean Georges alum Wylie Dufresne cooks seemingly complicated, easy-to-eat food like beer-braised short ribs geometrically sculpted into a perfect square; and parsley-root purée with a little parsley-root raft of lump crabmeat. (To eat, capsize and stir.) The chef's dad, a warm and punny presence on the floor, compiled the winning wine list. • 71 Clinton St. (212-614-6960). (M)

★ Wild Blue

It sounds like a bar right outside the NASA compound, but in fact, it's an intimate, uppretentious room that doesn't try to compete with the famous view. Chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steak house in side dishes like creamed spinach and butternut-squash

Preview

Dosa Reality

Ever since it opened in Amagansett, the **Hampton Chutney Co.** has been an oasis of affordable, Indian-inspired fast food in an overpriced South Fork desert. And this weekend, owners Isabel and Gary MacGurn and partner Patty Gentry bring their ashram ambience and extensive spice rack to SoHo, where they've equipped an eighteen-seat café with copper counters, soothing fountains, and an open kitchen so customers can watch their dosas and uttapa in progress. Both are made from a fermented rice-and-lentil-flour bat-



ter, and come in thirteen variations, from traditional spiced-potato-masala to untraditional tuna-with-avocado-and-tomato (\$6.50 to \$10.50). Plus daily soups, chai teas, and cardamom coffee, and the full line of chutneys in piquant flavors like mango and pumpkin. (68 Prince Street; 212-226-9996.)

★ Five Points

Every neighborhood needs a place with a good bar, a serious kitchen, and zero pretensions. NoHo has one in this Med-American restaurant, where a split log running down the center of the dining room conveys a babbling brook. Zen though that may sound, chef Marc Meyer's hearty cooking is more boldly passionate than coolly contemplative. Duck-and-foie gras sausage and wood-oven roasted Magret duck show enough spikiness to make you look down and go "hmmmm" before you go back to the conversation. • 31 Great Jones St. (212-253-5700). (M)

★ Gotham Bar & Grill

Alfred Portale created a restaurant where anyone, dressed any way, is invited with affability to partake of his talent for making American cuisine exciting and as easy to fathom as a burger and fries. Even when faced with soft-shell crabs or squab, say, topped with potato purée and fava beans for the first time, Gotham customers attack their plates with a fearlessness suited to Great Adventure. Actually, this is a great adventure. • 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (E)

★ Il Bagatto

Though so dark the menu can hardly be read and so deliriously energized you'd best be in the mood for a nonvintage bottle of red, Il Bagatto piles on super pastas, salads, and antipasti as full of sharp left hooks as that wine and as cheap as the hangover you'll have tomorrow. • 192 E. 2nd St. (212-228-0977). (I-M)

★ Leshko's

The design team behind Moomba and Veruka have given this former Ukrainian greasy spoon a new look (kind of Frank Lloyd Wright meets Greg Brady's attic-bachelor pad). That, and creatively prepared American comfort food attract a hip crowd that doesn't mind being squeezed together like straphangers. Almost nothing of the old Leshko's remains, except, maybe, the pierogi, though they've gotten a makeover too: They're potato-stuffed, sautéed and served on a bed of fennel, leeks, and mushrooms. • 111 Avenue A (212-777-2111). (I-M)

Osso Buco

Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Prune

There's not a wrinkled plum in sight at this American bistro. But chef Gabrielle Hamilton's childhood nickname indicates the sort of unpretentious home cooking at which she excels, a grab bag of eccentric, multicultural influences that is, at heart, American—as any place whose quirky bar menu includes Triscuits alongside serrano ham with fresh figs must be. Minus the traditional categories for appetizers, main courses, and sides, the menu gives as prominent placement to veg-

hash. Don't wait for a special occasion to take the 107-flight elevator ride. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E)

Windows on the World

Yes, tourists love it. But Michael Lomonaco's sophisticated American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs and lobster potpie with truffle cream manages to steal some attention away from the main attraction, that spectacular view of Manhattan Island. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. • 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E)

★ Zoë

The tables here are always jumping, cranked up with the buzz of post-orgasmic shoppers and SoHo tourists savvy enough to find their way to some of the best fussy American food in New York. Chef Kevin Reilly, whose mission is to keep the prize-winning all-American wine list in mind as he designs the menu, is properly obsessed with seasonal ingredients. And just-baked cookies, still warm from the oven, evoke memories of Mom. • 90 Prince St. (212-966-6722). (M-E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Clementine

John Schenk whisked and chopped his way from Gotham Bar and Grill to West Broadway, mad.61, the Monkey Bar, and, finally, his own swank Greenwich Village corner, where he serves the soulful, sophisticated food that made him famous: sticky off-the-bone spare ribs with fried green tomatoes, luscious chili-rubbed pork loin, and his signature cod on mashed potatoes. • 1 Fifth Ave. (212-253-0003). (M-E)

etables like creamed corn and roasted beets as to the more entrée-ish capon on a savory garlic crouton, or the pastrami duck breast with a rye-flavored, fried-shallot omelet. • 54 E. 1st St. (212-677-6221). (M)

Siren

Aside from some strange and funny cabaret acts and a D.J. spinning to a boisterous young crowd, the spotlight at this East Village mini supper club is on chef Patrick Fromm's accomplished French-and-Asian-accented American cooking. Try the triple-tiered appetizer trays the menu calls "trilogies," which include a choice of everything from spicy "lollipop" wings to foie gras to sashimi, or opt for more substantial fare like homemade tagliolini with wild mushrooms and barbecued filet mignon. • 12 St. Marks Place (212-995-9100). (M-E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo

Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Ingredients you didn't expect or never heard of become unforgettable. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

★ Blue Ribbon Bakery

Don't be hoodwinked by what looks like one more brick-walled Village joint with first-come-first-serve seating and a brunch menu. Instead, focus on the intriguing all-over-the-place menu's superb steak tartare, perfectly smoked sable, a butcher's plate to shame most Italian antipasti, a BLT that really is a meal. And can you pass up anywhere that can still make a root-beer float? • 33 Downing St. (212-337-0404). (M)

★ Da Silvano

Few of the fervent regulars here—including the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall an Italian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in red sauce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck is crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichoke salad as brash as the air around Montecatini. And not an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Ave. (212-982-2343). (M-E)

★ Fressen

The three rooms are as spacious and sleek as an Audi TT. And considering the trendific meat packing setting and the priorities of nightly revelers, the house could have gotten away with a post-Cosmo menu of meager-morseled pizzas or duck burritos. Instead, they've opted for a selection of semi-organic dishes like escabeche of sardines or a mullet pot-au-feu. And rather than being somewhere hip, you actually feel hip, thanks to the refreshingly congenial staff. • 421 W. 13th St. (212-645-7775). (M-E)

★ 'ino

Named for panino, this cozy nook excels at crafting perfect Italian snacks to nibble with wine: crustless tramezzini, pressed panini, and bruschetta, all on great bread and enlivened by zesty condiments. Supplement your sandwich with a bowl of olives and a plate of cheese, and keep the motif going with a Nutella panino for dessert. Best of all, it's open for business from early morning until after midnight. • 21 Bedford St. (212-989-5769). (I) (\$).

★ Lupa

We love this down-home Roman trattoria and not just for Mario Batali's celebration of odd animal parts and Italian delicatessen, or for partner Joe Bastianich's bid to bring depth and finesse to a casual Village joint's wine service. We like the mood, the food, and the gentle prices, but so do legions of tuned-in New Yorkers. It's almost as tough a sanctuary to crack as its pricier sibling, Babbo. • 170 Thompson St. (212-982-5089). (M)

★ Meigas

The décor is a little goofy and the location, on Hudson Street, in the Siberia of West SoHo, is a bust. But

chef Luis Bollos's kitchen produces the best Spanish cuisine (Galician, actually) in town. In his hands, hefty dishes like braised oxtail croquettes and roast suckling pig appear light, almost candied. His gazpacho—a light confection, loaded with Maine lobster—makes the usual approximations of this dish look like crankcase oil. Trendy Iberian jellies and foams are mostly relegated to dessert, of which a wondrous chocolate layer ganache is best. • 350 Hudson St. (212-627-5800). (M-E)

Osteria Fiorentina

Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. • 281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M)

★ Pastis

Keith McNally's Pastis looks more like a grander Lucky Strike than a repro of the visually faultless Balt-hazar, but not only does the slight downshifting make perfect sense; considering the tallow-rivulet-ribboned neighborhood, it also renders the new place instantly less imposing. Service is breezier, the crowd more genially noisy, and the only thing disappointing is that you don't live closer. • 9 Ninth Ave. (212-929-4844). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou

A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with co-

conut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Campagna

The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that routinely erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met the old girl. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

★ Chicama

Douglas Rodriguez is so disarmingly inventive that he could serve his spectacular seviches, his drippingly seductive goat stew, and his daunting, did-Mom-ever-make-it-like-this? suckling pig from a lean-to in Union Square and there'd be no room left for the other vendors. Instead, he inhabits a rustic dream hut that takes you somewhere north of Brazil, east of Mardi Gras, and south of Heaven. • 35 E. 18th St. (212-505-2233). (M-E)

★ City Bakery

No one comes close to Maury Rubin at satisfying our grown-up snacking impulse. Heavenly tarts, perfectly textured cookies and brownies, lusciously tart lemonades, ultra-thick and creamy hot chocolate—even homemade marshmallows—beckon irresistibly from the counter. Pre-dessert, there are inspired sandwiches like roasted pear and ricotta salata and the only salad bar we obsess over. • 22 E. 17th St. (212-366-1414). (I-M)

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel

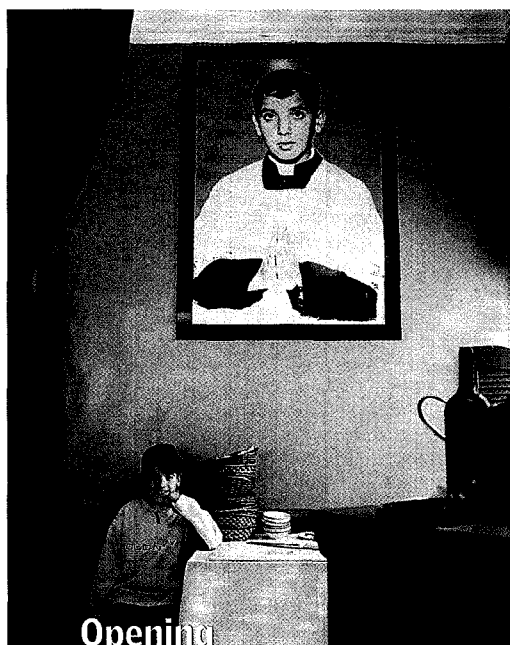
Commuters and business travelers can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal from the French-influenced American menu. • 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E)

★ Cosette

Everything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is unswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table red to the menu (a Gruyère-crust-ed brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, textbook juicy steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the host's friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should be lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro with consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-5489). (M)

★ Eleven Madison Park

While this soaringly grand space in the MetLife lobby will never be a room for clandestine assignments, the compensating grace of the staff, and simple but big-flavored dishes—capon stuffed with pistachio and garlic, cod with sausage and mustard greens that don't get lost in the landscape—make it a vibrant place to do business and an incredibly sensible choice for the family. • 11 Madison Ave. (212-889-0905). (E)



He's No Angel

Don't be deterred if you see a crowd of cold, antsy, hungry-looking people lurking outside **Acqua Santa**, a new Italian restaurant in Williamsburg. They're more likely to be waiting for the B61 bus, which stops outside the restaurant's front door, than for a table. Not that the food isn't worth a wait (it is), it's just that the hordes of diner-loving hipsters haven't yet discovered chef-owner Mario La Manno's rustic Italian cooking—thin-crust pizzas, panini, pastas, and hearty entrées like a brilliantly full-flavored red-wine-and-garlic-sauced pork tenderloin—and his refreshingly laid-back, simply decorated candlelit trattoria. Secular types shouldn't let the name ("holy water" in Italian) deter them either: The former altar boy and seminary school dropout says he's "not all that religious," and the holiest water on the premises comes in a bottle with a Calabria label. (556 Driggs Avenue, at North 7th Street, Brooklyn; 718-384-9695.)

★ Gramercy Tavern

Tavern has become Danny Meyer's most appealing restaurant, with a no reservations discount bar room to make one churlish for not living or working nearby. Chef Tom Colicchio pairs foods folks crave with elements they usually don't. Roast sirloin of beef comes with braised beef cheeks. Crabmeat fondue contains sea urchin. Not only does each gamble pay off, but so tickled are diners by their nascent daring that on their next visit, damned if they don't demand sweetbreads with Jerusalem artichokes and roasted cod with Brussels sprouts. • 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (M-E)

Madison Bistro

What every neighborhood needs: a casual spot for French classics like escargots, steak-frites, and bouillabaisse. Open-faced sandwiches called tartines are available at the bar, as are rustic French wines poured from imported oak barrels. • 238 Madison Ave., nr. 37th St. (212-447-1919). (M)

Metronome

This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like “pinchos” of vegetables with goat cheese, and za’atar-crusted rack of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 315 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

MI

A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding *résumés* (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. • 66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M-E)

The Pump Energy Food

There simply isn't any way to cheat at this “Physical Fitness Restaurant” and takeout shop. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium; and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. • 113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733). Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I)

★ Union Pacific

A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for wunderkind turned matinee idol Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by slob of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose at with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied jalantro. Do these sound like the delusions of a madman? In less capable hands, maybe; in DiSpirito's, it's sure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Union Square Cafe

Nowhere else are uncommon combinations such as hubarb-blood-orange chutney and wasabi mashed potatoes so seamlessly incorporated into dishes (so as to never frighten the buttoned-down natives). Surprisingly, vegetarians will eat better here than at any of their hallowed haunts. The bar is a great place to lunch solo. And the devil's food truffle with chocolate sauce can make you act the fool. • 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-020). (M-E)

★ Veritas

Does the wine list make the restaurant? Luckily, if you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare (\$68 prix fixe only) perfectly complements the massive cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection with the paying public. • 43 E. 20th St. 212-353-3700). (E)

4th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar

This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I-M)

Hush

Part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I-M)

★ Mesa Grill

It's a clumsy room. But just keep your head down and don't stop eating—Bobby Flay's mastery of the spicier things in life keeps getting more polished and exciting. Ribs, tomato-tortilla soup, shrimp-and-corn tamale, blue-corn-crusted snapper, and pan-roasted rabbit—eat here, and you'll ramble on too—are just sensational. Flay's gonna rope you in, and leave you hog-tied and smiling. • 102 Fifth Ave. (212-807-7400). (E)

Ohm

An all-in-one entertainment center offering dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an eclectic menu including sesame chicken tenders, Black Angus steak, and grilled salmon with lemon-caper beurre blanc. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M-E)

★ The Red Cat

Not every artist is starving, and the ones with bank accounts and hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. It's hard to find a clunker on the Med-American menu. The quick sauté of zucchini with roasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

Simply Pasta

Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers antipasti, salads, pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. • 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the “Best of New York” menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Askew

Free French fries. For some, that's reason enough to visit this restaurant where virtually everything else conforms to the theme of marinated meat on a stick. There's skewered chicken and mango, beef au poivre, and panko-crusted salmon, plus stickless soups, salads, and vegetable sides. • 1004 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (212-421-8742). (I-M)

★ Brasserie

Nostalgists may have wished for a clone of the original Brasserie. This ain't it. But the redesign is stunning and the big-brother video screens make as much of your entrance as those bygone steps used to. The classic French food (think onion soup, duck cassoulet, mandatory beignets) is satisfying and served nearly continuously from breakfast through late night—a welcome anomaly in this otherwise early-to-bed precinct. • 100 E. 53rd St. (212-751-4840). (M-E)

★ Della Femina

It might be easier to score a table here than at the infamous ad man's East Hampton address, but don't read too much into that: the souped-up seasonal American menu tastes just as good in the 212 area code. There's a little country and a little city in his cold corn soup with black truffle coulis, and Dover sole “fish sticks” with a caviar remoulade. And you can almost smell Georgica beach in the lobster roll. • 131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (E)

Divine Bar

This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I-M)

★ Kuruma Zushi

Nobu and Bondst might draw celebrity sushi fans, but

this is where you'll find the true fanatics, willing to squander their savings on superlatively fresh sushi and sashimi in nondescript surroundings one flight above a midtown side street. Cognoscenti put themselves and their taste buds in the nimble hands of the sushi chef, who amazes with imported treasures like Japanese aji, sea eel, and prawn-Kuruma ebi. • 7 E. 47th St. (212-317-2802). (E)

L'Actuel

Mosaic tiles, sand-blasted mirrors, beechwood accents, and mohair and suede upholstery lift this French restaurant located at the Kimberly out of hotel-restaurant anonymity. Equally enticing are Michelin-starred chef Jean-Yves Schillinger's grazing menu: foie gras with black cherries, marinated shrimp skewers, excellent tartes flambées, plus a full raw bar. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M-E)

★ Le Périgord

A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tableside service and remind you to order your Grand Marnier soufflé at the same time as your dinner. And new chef Jacques Qualin (Jean Georges) is not opposed to bathing veal chops in yogurt-lemon sauce or molding a salmon fillet into the shape of a petite mignon. He's a wizard with lighter dishes as well, like turbot (with a lacy glaze of comté cheese) and a succession of luminous soups. Try the Floating Island for dessert, but be sure to dress in proper attire, or owner Georges Briguet will banish you to the back room. • 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E)

The Leopard

This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. • 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M-E)

Nino's Positano

An upscale Italian restaurant specializing in food from the southern regions, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Oceana

You might call Rick Moonen a conservationist. We call him a tease. He'll serve up dynamite renditions of swordfish and Chilean sea bass, then whisk them off the menu the moment the species nears extinction. But luckily, it's not so much about the raw materials as it is about his unique seasonings and flavor compositions: lobster ravioli in a tomato-basil broth, for instance, with real acid oomph. Or “everything” crusted tuna steak, inspired by the bagel. • 55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E)

★ Oyster Bar

Unperturbed by the arriviste competition in the food court next door, the jewel of the pre-renovation Terminal continues to serve superlative pan roasts and clam chowders, and an overwhelming assortment of East and West Coast oysters. The sprawling subterranean space has the hustle-bustle feel of a cafeteria, which its snaking counters resemble, but don't be fooled—you pay for the privilege of eating under that vaulted tile ceiling. • Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M-E)

★ Peacock Alley

In this cushioned cocoon of a dining room off the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria, chef Laurent Gras—a disciple of Alain Ducasse—offers diners a chance to mix and match bite-size “courses” chosen from categories like Ocean and River, Field and Forest, and Farm. Or put yourself entirely in his hands with the seven-course “tête à tête” menu, each streamlined dish composed of just two ingredients achieving, in Gras's words, a “single clean note.” • 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E)

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third

There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie,

barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch on weekends. • 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I-M)

★ Sushisay

An emergency room is more inviting; everyone's greeted with the same clinical courtesy. Sushi presentation is handsome and precise, but hardly breathtaking. The taste, however, is something else. Sushisay has the cleanest, most seductive sliced raw fish in town. Go with someone who will help you ignore the setting. Or just close your eyes. Don't worry. Your other senses will be doing overtime. • 38 E. 51st St. (212-755-1780). (M-E)

★ The Four Seasons

They're still the most perfect dining rooms in town. Happily, the owners sensed how marvelous it would be if the food matched the peerless design. They've radically altered an expensive menu to be more inventive, more seasoned, more current, and worth the bucks. The power lunchers may ignore what's on their plates, but the rest of us won't. • 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E)

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne

Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant overlooking a particularly swank stretch of Fifth Avenue. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a trio of soups), foie gras (with red-onion compote), and poached Dover sole. The \$50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M-E)

★ Aquavit

Swedish chef Marcus Samuelsson puts his own uninhibited spin on Scandinavian food, which isn't to say you won't find herring, gravlax, and Swedish meatballs on his menu. But for every expected Northern delight there's an innovation like tandoori-smoked char with goat-cheese parfait and Osetra caviar. Those who find the quasi-corporate dining room frosty can warm up with an aquavit or dine upstairs in the cozier, less expensive café. • 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (M-E)

★ Beacon

The gimmick here is cooking everything over an open fire: wood-roasted trout, spit-roasted duck with grilled scallions, roast suckling pig with grilled apples and bitter chocolate rub, even oysters. The house-baked breads are exceptional. And in an age of designer martinis and so-so cosmos, the classic cocktail list is precision science. • 25 W. 56th St. (212-332-0500). (E)

Bello

Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. • 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M)

Benihana

Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the lickety-split tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Bombay Palace

This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent Indian breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Da Rosina

A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the \$20.99 prix fixe dinner. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ Estiatorio Milos

Eating in this lofty Greek seafood restaurant isn't exactly fishing for supper, but it's the closest you'll come in midtown Manhattan. Beautiful whole fish from around the world are arranged over ice in the back of the austere, dramatically lit room, where preoccupied waiters invite customers to claim their entrée before it's reeled in to the kitchen to be simply grilled with

lemon, olive oil, and herbs. Which leads to a minor quibble: The menu lists prices by the pound—\$25 for the Florida pompano, \$32 for the Mediterranean loup de mer—so unless you've worked at a carnival guessing weights, the bill is always something of a surprise. • 125 West 55th Street (212-245-7400). (E)

★ Island Burgers and Shakes

This Hell's Kitchen storefront with a Southern California-vibe specializes in burgers and chicken sandwiches, or churascos, in countless combinations and served on great bread and with superior condiments. A blackened churasco is almost painfully spicy and needs only minor embellishment (some blue cheese, or avocado and Monterey jack) to gain admission into our sandwich hall of fame. Great malteds douse the flames. • 766 Ninth Ave., nr. 51st St. (212-307-7394). (I) (E).

★ Judson Grill

It's a room so vast and vaulted you expect them to be announcing Trailways departures. But chef Bill Telepan's cooking, propelled by a rousing level of confidence in bold flavors and pairings, matches the bravura of the room. With blithe deftness, he makes the familiar seem fresh. Crab cakes get dashed with lemon verbena, chickpea soup tickles insidiously, and loin of pork with apple compote will leave you happy. • 152 W. 52nd St. (212-582-5252). (E)

La Veranda

Northern Italian food. A popular theater district spot offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta and brunch on weekends. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. • 163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M)

★ Le Bernardin

Criticizing Le Bernardin is like analyzing rainbows. Just try to describe the snapper in coconut milk or the black bass with truffles and celery root. No matter what you say, you sound like a fool. Submit to the sorcery of chef Eric Ripert, the bewitchery of owner and co-creator Maguy Le Coze, and experience the thrilling sensation of having everything that surrounds you perfect. • 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E)

★ Local

If your idea of Theater District dining is a lackluster prix fixe, this stylish newcomer and its focused, flavorful cooking will open your eyes—and with entrées venturing into the mid-thirty-dollar range—your wallet. Previously seen stirring the pots for Ron Perelman, chef Franklin Becker has the knack. We're particularly fond of his Vidalia onion and black olive tart, and knockout sea scallops riding a crab cake. • 224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M-E)

Martini's

Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

★ Molyvos

Adorned with photos of Greek island life, ceramics, and folk art, this sprawling midtown taverna is a stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. The window tables up front are ideal for nibbling meze and sipping something from the Greek wine list, but for a true taste of the isles—or the way we'd like to imagine them—go for something guttier: the melting lamb shanks, clay-pot-baked with orzo and tomato, or "Aglaia's moussaka," unfinisably rich (but still worth the attempt). Desserts offer a few surprises, like the mastic ice cream, a resinous flavor unknown even to Ben and Jerry. • 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-582-7500). (M)

Palio

Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous ground-floor muraled bar depicting the Palio race and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like sliced hen pheasant on salad with white truffles, and monkfish ravioli with asparagus and fresh tomato. Jacket required. • 151 W. 51st St. (212-245-4850). (E)

★ Redeye Grill

This place jumps late at night with live jazz, a cacophony of paintings by artists those latter-day Duvreens Saatchi and Giuliani have yet to discover, and a fine smoked-fish platter, plus the town's quintessential

cobb salad. • 888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M-E)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M)

The Supper Club

Dine, dance, and dress up at this Art Deco re-creation of a forties-era supper club, complete with a seventeen-piece big band and culinary classics like oysters Rockefeller, lobster thermidor, and Dover sole à la meunière. • 240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940). (M-E)

Trattoria dell'Arte

Follow the giant white plaster nose that looms above the entrance to Trattoria dell'Arte like a Route 66 roadside diner icon, for the restaurant's unmatched antipasto bar, cracking pizzas, and consistently reliable kitchen. The Milton Glaser-designed space is a packed power scene at lunch, and a boon for nearby Carnegie Hall concert goers. • 900 Seventh Ave., nr. 56th St. (212-245-9800). (M-E)

'21' Club

You no longer need to wear a necktie at lunch, and chef Erik Blauberg has, gasp, slightly modernized the country-club-classic menu—try the foie gras with black mission figs and pomegranate and the crispy black sea bass with champagne sauce. But the tablecloths at this famous Prohibition-era speakeasy are still red and white, toys still hang from the ceiling, Nixon's wine is still in the vaults, if that gives you a thrill, and in spite of the lunchtime dress code, the crowd here doesn't have anything against neckties. • 21 W. 52nd St. (212-582-7200). (E)

Zanzibar

The crowd at this loungey Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th-60th Streets

★ Atlas

Each dish has a litany of preparations, and every single impressive yet complicated one of them gets explained to the diner. Chef Paul Liebrandt's food—marinated eels with watermelon, tagliatelle with cepes, and tuna with mini green-apple strudels—exhibits remarkable invention, though some dishes could use more restraint. All the house is missing is the confidence to let its guests sit back and observe Atlas's enjoyable qualities for themselves. • 40 Central Park Sq. (212-759-9191). (M-E)

Dawat

You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

★ Felidia

In between writing cookbooks and taping segment of "Lidia's Italian Table" for PBS, Lidia Bastianich, the matriarch of the clan responsible in part for Lupa, Esca, and Becco, oversees this elegant bastion of Italian cooking. But chef Fortunato Nicotra deserves credit for a new breath of energy at the range. Sauces are lighter, pastas still wonderful, and entrées get deftly tweaked. The wine list always impresses, and olive oil connoisseurs can spring for a \$7 comparative tasting. • 243 E. 58th St. (212-758-1479). (E)

Nirvana

The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from selection of curries, kormas, kababs, and vegetarian dishes. • 30 Central Park Sq. (212-486-5700). (M)

★ The Russian Tea Room

If he hasn't been lionized as a landmark himself

Eat, Eat

It might not be the best time to visit Jerusalem, but this week New Yorkers can experience one aspect of Israeli life without undergoing a rigorous El Al security check. Through January 31, the Plaza Hotel is hosting chef Abraham Steinits of the King David Hotel (pictured), who's re-creating his own (kosher!) recipes in the **Palm Court** to launch this year's "Great Hotels at the Plaza" food festival. Lunch and dinner may be ordered à la carte or prix fixe (\$29 and \$36, respectively) and feature such examples of newfangled Israeli cookery as goose-liver paté with Char-donnay and raisin sauce, cream of Jerusalem-artichoke soup with "Negev" truffle oil, and halvah parfait with honey and nuts. Too nouveau? Hew to tradition at Friday night's Shabbos supper with kreplach, chopped liver, and gefilte fish. (Fifth Avenue at 59th Street; 212-759-3000.)

Warner LeRoy certainly deserves a Landmarks Preservation Commission crown for polishing up the fanciful red and green frippery of the Russian Tea Room with so little trauma. Whether you love or hate the trout swimming inside the acrylic bear, you can't fault dishes like borscht and Georgian-spiced seared halibut. • 150 W. 57th St. (212-974-2111). (E)

★ San Domenico

You won't find a more elegant big-deal Italian restaurant in New York. We treasure it for the luxurious space at and between tables, the cool coach-leather chairs, the clockwork service, and the refinement of the risottos, pastas, fish, and game. Owner Tony May has an uncompromising passion for the highest quality Italian ingredients and devotedness to classical technique that rivals any Michelin-starred chef, and it shows. • 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

Cafe Crocodile

A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. • 354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M)

★ Cello

Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crème brûlée that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. Cello also has the most beautiful new private dining room in town. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

★ Daniel

Daniel Boulud is blessed with the gift of being able to add familiar flavors into the most stunning of summations, like walnuts and foie gras that intensify the lush gaminess of quail. He routinely triumphs in why-didn't-anyone-else-think-of-it feats like finding what envelopes sweetbreads to leave you without that heady aftertaste—suspending them between a rhubarb glaze and spinach purée. And his chocolate bombe soars like no other. • 60 E. 65th St. (212-288-0033). (E)

★ Eli's Restaurant

It's downright soothing to wander into Eli's Restaurant, spruced up and downlit for dinner, and relax over Scott Bieber's straightaway cooking. His Nantucket bay scallops in butter come from an era before we ever dreamed of eating seaweed. We're not sure why several slices of Molino tomatoes, even glistening with



Laudemio olive oil and fleur de sel, should cost \$8 but hey, this is Eli Zabar, the man who taught us no price is too much for the perfect raspberry. • 1411 Third Ave., at 80th St. (212-717-8100). (E)

★ Fireman's of Brooklyn

Shelly Fireman, the man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner, expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and something called the "lobster shanty" (an outsize beauty buried under a hill of fried onion ribbons). Landlubbers go for "Bubba Fireman's chicken." • 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M)

★ Fred's at Barney's New York

Normally, the stuff served in department-store eateries is the gastronomic equivalent of the final clearance bin. Not so at Fred's. Its menu is an amalgam of au courant Italian (lovely pasta), guilt-ridden dietetic (chicken soup rendered fatless), and size-6-be-damned deli (chicken livers and pot roast to plotz from). Almost as satisfying as snatching up an irregular with no pulled threads. • 10 E. 61st St. (212-833-2200). (M-E)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka-worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro

You'll never shiver and blush the way Francois Payard's Notre Dame, Fontainebleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds to a place they've never been and will forever yearn to return. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave. (212-717-5252). (M-E)

Trata

With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling

Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Avenue Bistro

Linger over a scrambled-eggs-and-apple-pancake breakfast until three in the afternoon, or come for dinner, when the pastry counter becomes a wine bar, votive candles flicker on tiny tabletops, and the menu shifts to sophisticated French-American fare like sweetbreads, foie gras terrine, and crisp roast duckling. Chef-owner Scott Campbell is justly proud of

his creamy Valrhona hot chocolate, which he freezes into ice cream in the summer, and he's shrewdly responded to the neighborhood's demographics by concocting his own line of baby food, made from all-natural ingredients. • 520 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (212-579-3194). (M)

★ Jean Georges

Nothing and no one at Jean Georges steals center stage from the wondrous creations of its extraordinary chef, Jean-Georges Vongerichten. If you're okay with such divine supplication, prepare to be open-mouthed whenever you're not chewing. Nothing you encounter will fail to dazzle, from the simplest dish of asparagus and morels au jus to the unex-

pected combo of sweetbreads en cocotte with ginger and licorice. • 1 Central Park West (212-299-3900). (E)

★ Picholine

Terrance Brennan doesn't want to be the Upper West Side's best chef. He's got the whole city in his sights, which explains why his French-Mediterranean menu aspires to such lofty heights. Rustic nightly specials like cassoulet and seven-hour lamb shank are earthy counterpoint to menu selections like sea-urchin pan-cotta and truffle-steeped poached halibut. The wild-mushroom-and-duck risotto has its own fan club, as does fromager Max McCalman, a true cheese whiz. • 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E)

★ Ruby Foo's

In what might be Auntie Mame's duplex during her high mah-jongg period, the black-bean sauce is vibrant and the wok steamed lobster is worth its weight in jade. And regardless of where you sit, you have to walk down the Mamescent staircase at least once. Screaming "Live! Live! Live!" is optional. • 2182 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-724-6700). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Peter Luger

Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own Peter Luger credit card, or bring cash. • 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

Westchester

Equus

No ordinary hotel restaurant, this one is housed within a hundred-year-old castle called, appropriately enough, the Castle at Tarrytown, a Relais & Châteaux property with Hudson River views. Dinner is a \$58 prix fixe, and offers such contemporary French fare as terrine of foie gras with Calvados, pan-roasted wild striped bass with corn ravioli, and medallions of venison with red cabbage and root-vegetable cakes. Jacket required. • 400 Benedict Ave. (914-631-1980). (E)

Solo Performance

Sweet Symphony

The Verve's tenure as British-rock aristocracy was among the shortest and most dramatic ever: Propelled by the epic sweep of its Stones-sampling single, "Bittersweet Symphony," the band moved millions of units of its third album, 1997's *Urban Hymns*, in both the U.S. and the U.K. A *Rolling Stone* cover resulted; "Bittersweet Symphony" was even licensed for a Nike commercial. Then, in 1999, the group disbanded, just as new fans were discovering its overlooked first two albums. And the first solo album from the tall, spindly lead singer and lyricist **Richard Ashcroft** (pictured), *Alone With Everybody*, turned out to contain a very Vervish blend of dramatic string arrangements, electronica ambience, and heavy doses of introspection ("I spent the night looking for my insides in my hotel room"). Ashcroft's former band isn't the only group *Alone* references, however: The album has all the lyrical emotionalism and musical airiness of great eighties British records like Echo & the Bunnymen's *Heaven Up Here* and the Smiths' *Meat Is Murder*. Best of all, he never stoops to the sort of *oi, matey!* Anglicisms of more recent exports like Blur and Oasis. Ashcroft takes the stage at the Bowery Ballroom for two sold-out shows January 28 and 29. (See "Small Stages.")

E.B.



Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill

1/23: Roomful of Blues. 1/25-1/28: Bobby "Blue" Band. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line

1/24: Anson Funderburgh. 1/25: "Nightbirds: A Celebration of Women Performers." 1/26: "The Beat Goes On." 1/29: Annie Golden; Dana Mase. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom

1/25: Stephen Malkmus. 1/28-1/29: Richard Ashcroft. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Fez

Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Through 1/29: Anthony Rapp in "Look Around." • Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).

Hard Rock Cafe

In the surest sign yet that man cannot live by theme restaurant alone, the Hard Rock has added real live rock shows to go with all that memorabilia. 1/25: *Hits Magazine Showcase*. 1/26: Liquid; Romeo Delite. • Hard Rock Cafe, 221 W. 57th St., bet. Seventh Ave. and Broadway (212-489-6565). All ages, no cover, all shows start at 9 P.M.

Irving Plaza

1/27: They Might Be Giants. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub

An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic book-

ing in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Stylus," underground hip-hop with DJ's like Bobbito and Lord Sear. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with DJ. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality DJ Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with DJ. MKL. 1/24: Gloria Deluxe. 1/26-1/27: The Elementals in "Uncle Jimmy's Dirty Basement." 1/28: Astrid Hadad. 1/29: "The Last Lousy Moments of Love: The Songs of Bolcum & Weinstein." 1/30: Sasha Lazard, Dana Wheeler, and Lisa Zane in "Pass the Torch." • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory

1/23: Alessia DiMatteo; Martha Colby's Thing3. 1/24: Beth Custer DoOa Luz 30 Besos; Sarah Dougher; Crowns. 1/25: Skyrocket; Ben Perowsky Trio. 1/26: George Garzone & the Fringe. 1/27: Dis- memberment Plan; Dalek; Qui Vicino; William Hooker; George Garzone & the Fringe. 1/28: Euphonia; Lonesome Organist. 1/29: Curtis Hassel- bring; Edison Woods. 1/30: Vespertine; Mike Errico; Mirror People; Avatars of Bossa. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). \$.

Makor

1/23: Neshama Carlebach. 1/23: Pransemble. 1/24: DJ Lux. 1/25: Nora York. 1/25: Willie Nile. 1/27: IT Girl! 1/28: Avi Lebo Trio. 1/30: "Songwriters Hall of Fame." • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's

Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Fridays: Adam Roth. 1/23: The Popstar Kids. 1/24: Charmer; Blister. 1/25: Milligram. 1/26 The Dark Horses. 1/27: The Doughboys. 1/28: Ray Corvair Trio. 1/30: The Skinny. • 99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's

1/23: Girls Vs. Boys; White Hassle. 1/24: Amy Fairchil; Amy Speace; Debbie Schwartz. 1/25: Haledon. 1/27: Jeremy Wallace; Darren Jesse; Chris Barron. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge

1/23: Interpol. 1/24: Howard Fishman Quartet; Michael McDermott. 1/26: Girls Against Boys. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s

1/23: Gregory Isaacs. 1/27: Brazooka. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground

Former Tramps booker Steve Weitzmann brings his eclectic sensibility to a new smoke-free club in the West Village. 1/24: Chavelle. 1/26-1/27: Luna. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Wetlands

Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 1/23: The Deadcenter All-Stars. 1/24: Lettuce. 1/25: Loop Dreams; Plexus. 1/26: Shady Grove; The Grapes. 1/27: Amfibian. 1/28: Chernetsky, Chizh and Raznyelyudi. • 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). \$.

Clubs

"Journey"

House music gets a great new home Fridays in Brooklyn: Caviar Studios, a loftlike space with a cute, intimate dance floor and a cozy lounge. Before midnight, the party has an after-

work pickup vibe, but late in the evening, the space fills with dreadlocked dancers and head-wrap-wearing divas dancing to the sweet grooves of resident DJ. Kim Lightfoot and guests like Kalim Shabazz. • Caviar Studios, 46 Washington Ave., bet. Park and Flushing Aves., Brooklyn (718-222-9456).

Centro-Fly

Once dominated by the bottle-service set, Centro-Fly has now achieved a near-perfect mix of Wall Streeters with loosened ties, DJ-bag-carrying dance-music fanatics, and track-suited deep-house heads. Tuesdays: Promoter Noah Tepperberg's fabulous "Tuesday-BabyTuesday" goes head-to-head with Spa's model-centric Tuesday party. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with DJ. Erick Morillo and big-name special guests. The second Friday of every month: House party "N'Ice." Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion" with talented out-of-town DJ's like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and big

Ground Rules

In clubland, promptness is not next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

beat with "Plant." 1/25: Cevin Fisher; Erick Morillo; Ani Phearce. 1/26: Pete Bones; Billy Shane; Sean Hall. 1/27: Kevin Yost. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Cheetah

A jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a small yet powerful sound system. Thursdays: "Cluque," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: "GBH" ("Great British House"), a party which, thanks to great guests like Tony Humphries, Ashley Beedle, and the D.J.'s of "Miss Money Penny's," has quietly become one of the best nights out in the city. Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percussionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: Nicky Siano of "Twelve West" joins "Boys Nite" D.J. Merritt for "Mardi Gras." The emphasis is on deep house and garage classics. 1/26: "GBH Presents Miss Money Penny's." • 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

Frank's Lounge

A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. • 660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).

Fun

This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese anime, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. Best of all, Fun recently snagged the cyberfetish party "Click+Drag" from the now-defunct Mother. • 130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). \$5.

Limelight

The Limelight is officially back from the dead, thanks to its powerhouse weekend nights which see the likes of Detroit techno icon Jeff Mills and the trance heavies of the "Gatecrasher" crew grace the turntables. The mazelike club's renaissance comes just in time, as other mega-clubs like Twilo have become uncomfortably packed, verging on the claustrophobic. • 660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (212-807-7780).

Ohm

When it's not hosting big music-industry shindigs, Ohm is packed wall-to-wall with hip-hop and house-music heads on its popular Friday and Saturday nights, "Ego" and "Sky," respectively. • 16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-20000).

The Roxy

The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating am keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays, the Roxy enlists D.J. Jason Ojeda for the relaunch of its night for the weekend straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-527-0404). \$.

Spa

The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office *chills*, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now-defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodge Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Seigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Twilo

Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays:

World-class D.J.s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. • 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Vinyl

The recent quality-of-life crackdowns have taken a toll on the club's once extraordinarily open vibe, but the parties—"Shelter" and "Body & Soul" in particular—continue to be strong. Fridays: Hard, trippy house from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Clausell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early (before seven) or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. • 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

"Jazz at Noon"

Lunchtime jam sessions every Friday at the San Martin Restaurant with some of jazz's hottest players. 1/26: Dick Hymen. • 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888) or www.jazzatnoon.com.

Birdland

Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this

classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: From 5:30 to 7:30 p.m., David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 1/24: Allan Harris. 1/25-1/27: "Out Front," the music of Booker Little. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note

With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/23-1/28: Gato Barbieri. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

City Hall

Fridays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. \$15 cover, \$10 for students. • 131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).

Detour

With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. • 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

Iridium

In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 1/23-1/28: James Williams, Buster Williams, Winard Harper Trio. • 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

The Jazz Standard

A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15-\$25 cover; \$10 minimum. 1/23-1/28: Mulgrew Miller & Wingspan. 1/29: The David Gilmore Group. 1/30-2/1: Sarah Patridge & The Jazz Starzz. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Kenny Garrett

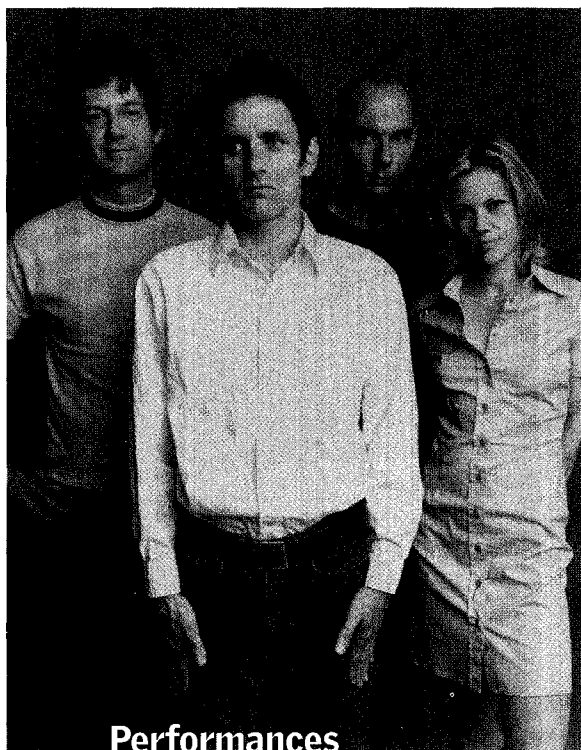
1/27 at 7. • New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Newark, N.J. (888-466-5722). \$18.

Museum of Modern Art

Jazz performances at MOMA's "Sette MO-MA" restaurant Thursday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10. 1/25 and 1/27: Ron Jackson Trio. • 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer

Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Satur-



Performances

Over the Moon

Luna (pictured) is up to its guitar necks in hipster cred: Formed by singer-guitarist Dean Wareham in the early nineties from the ashes of eighties alterna-rockers Galaxie 500, the band has collaborated with everyone from the Velvet Underground's Sterling Morrison to Stereolab's Laetitia Sadier, and their dreamy pop is awash in too-cool influences from Serge Gainsbourg to Television. Thankfully, like the equally hip Yo La Tengo, Luna's live show—coming to the Village Underground January 26 and 27—is less about pomo references than awe-inspiring improvisatory jams. (See "Small Stages.")



On the Money

Dance music and electronica might be the stuff of studied, Other Music-visiting chin-strokers, but in the UK it's the domain of crazed lager louts and perpetually E'd-up club kids. The Birmingham-based club Miss Money Penny's is no exception: Though house music phenoms like Cassius run the turntables there, the club is better known for its campy retro sensibility (witness the 007-ish name). Like fellow UK club Gatecrasher, which has been a smash at the Limelight, Money Penny's recently launched a monthly night in New York. On January 26, they'll be joined at Cheetah by D.J. Tedd Patterson, whose "Magic Sessions" with Danny Tenaglia have been the highlight of the annual Winter Music Conference in Miami. (See "Clubs.")

days: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Rose Center

1/26: Marc Cary Trio. The Rose Center is open until 8:45 P.M. Fridays; suggested admission price is \$10 for adults, \$7.50 for students and seniors, \$6 for children. • Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., American Museum of Natural History (212-874-3929).

Small's

Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement where nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Sweet Basil

An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 1/23-1/28: Rick Dellaratta Quartet. • 88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).

Tonic

Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 1/25: Peter Apfelbaum. 1/26: Kim Gordon, Ikue Mori, DJ Olive plus Thurston Moore, Nels Cline, and Zeena Parkins. 1/28: Aki Onda plus Beth Custer. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503).

Village Vanguard

Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 1/23-1/28: Kurt Rosenwinkel Quartet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club

Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.-Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.-Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. • 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines On Broadway

In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. \$12.50-\$24.50, two-drink minimum. 1/23: Hot 97's "Phat Tuesday."

with Robert Klein. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 with a \$10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a \$15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 1/24: Robert Klein. 1/26-1/27: Ted Alexandro; Rob Magnotti; Tom Papa; Greg Carey. • 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

Stand-up New York

Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Shows Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.-Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. \$12 cover. • 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel

The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.-Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) • 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place

A Murray Hill-area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 1/23-1/27: Karen Saunders. 1/29: "Off The Record" with Stan Martin. 1/30-1/31: Carol Woods. • 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Cafe Carlyle

Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. \$60. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Cafe Pierre

Tues.-Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special

program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.-Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. \$19 minimum; jacket and tie required. • Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books

Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. \$20 cover; two-drink minimum. • 156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).

Don't Tell Mama

What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated

cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Fridays: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." Saturdays at 8: "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia presents "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

Feinstein's at the Regency

Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are \$50 Tues.-Fri.; \$75 for the early show on Friday and all shows on Saturday; \$50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 2/8: Sally Kellerman in "More Than You Know." • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café

The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.-Thurs. at 9; Fri.-Sat. at 9 and 11. \$30 cover; \$15 minimum. • 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's

This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 1/23: Ron Ramsey with Dick Gallagher. 1/24: Marishka. 1/25: Ron Ramsey with Dick Gallagher. 1/26: Leslie Anderson in "Still Untitled." 1/27: Colette Thompson. 1/28: Leslie Giammanco in "Stage-struck Me." • 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).



1/25-1/28: Paul Mooney. 1/29: Susie Essman. • 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).

Comedy Cellar

A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9. 1/22-1/28: Colin Quinn; Greg Giraldo; Mitch Fatel; Rick Crom; Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip

Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. • 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's

Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat. (\$20 for 10:30 Sat. show). \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1/22-1/28: Rob Magnotti; Jim McCue; Jim Norton. • 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham

A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: "New Talent Showcase"; Wednesdays

InConcert

Edited by Tara Pepper

Preview

Piping Hot

When **Eliot Feld** started listening to the Bach organ suites a couple of years ago, he thought them too vast for his dance company. The troupe's home at the Joyce Theater "was too small" to accommodate the sound, he says: "This is cathedral music—it's enormous." But he couldn't stop listening, and when the New York City Ballet approached him for a commission, he used the suites as the basis for a ballet of appropriate proportions, the first he has done for a company other than his own since 1988. Feld (pictured in rehearsal with Damian Woetzel) worked with the City Ballet for four weeks before its *Nutcracker* season, having prepared as much material as possible. "It's not an option to get stuck when you have 80 people, including understudies, standing around," he says. Feld didn't cut corners when preparing *Organon*, which opens Tuesday, but one major compromise had to be made: The State Theater has no organ, and Feld spent time searching for a sound technician who could re-create the sound heard in the vaults of a baroque church. Relishing the process of transforming the performing space into "our own secular temple," he found John Carpenter, president of the Walker Technical Company, who came up with three synthesizers controlled by a touch-sensitive screen. "If you imagine these pieces played 300 years ago, it had to be one of the largest sounds people heard. The way the organ moves the air, the enormous pipes pushing air out at you—it felt like rock music does today. The church was smart," concludes Feld, who grew up a yeshiva boy in Borough Park. "They had a great set, and they knew about a show." (See "Dance.")

T.P.

ture" with a concert including Milton Babbitt's *All Set*, *For Jazz Ensemble* and Stefan Wolpe's Quartet for trumpet, tenor sax, percussion, and piano. 1/29 at 8. • Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$15, \$7 students and seniors.

Opera

The Metropolitan Opera

Un Ballo in Maschera, with Plácido Domingo, has its season premiere 1/22 at 8. *Carmen*'s final performance is the matinee on 2/3; *Aida*'s last performance is the same evening. Busoni's *Doktor Faust* will be performed through 1/29. *The Merry Widow* closes 1/18. Call for program details and times, or visit www.metopera.org. • The Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); \$25–\$250.

Rasa Yatra

Jyoti and Swati Argadé give a contemporary spin to ancient Indian myths and epic tales with traditional dance and guitar and tabla accompaniment. 1/27 at 1. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); \$10, \$5 children.

The New York Grand Opera Company

Commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of Verdi's death with a performance of his *Requiem*, conducted by Vincent La Selva. 1/27 at 8:30. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$21–\$88.

Dance

New York City Ballet

Premieres *Organon*, a new work by Eliot Feld, as part of the fifth annual "New Combinations Evening" honoring the anniversary of Balanchine's birth. 1/23 at 8, additional performances 1/25 and 1/27 at 8, 1/28 at 3. City Ballet performances are Tuesday through Friday at 8, Saturday at 2 and 8, Sunday at 3. Call for details or log on to www.nycballet.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); \$26–\$74.

Bill Young and Dancers

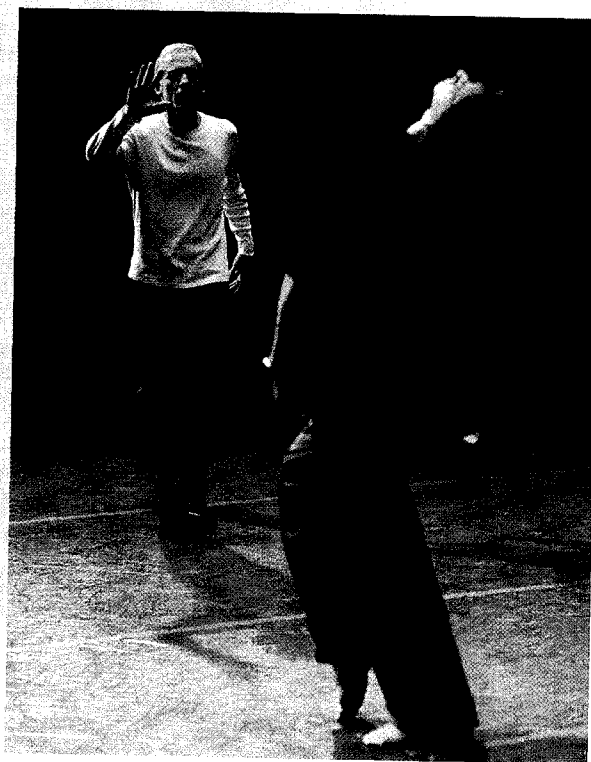
Premiere two new works: *Bent* depicts the intensity of urban life, with a live techno score by Mio Morales, and *Give Me Your Hand* is a dreamlike duet for two entangled souls. 1/24–1/27 at 8. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793); \$15, \$12 students and seniors.

Carolyn Lord and Dancers

Present "Ballet Studies," an evening of works choreographed to contemporary music for strings by Bartók, Elliot Carter, Iannis Xenakis, and Janet Maguire. 1/27–1/28 at 8. • The Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (212-924-7882); \$15.

Ground Rules

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Classical Music

Orchestra of St. Luke's

ir Neville Marriner conducts Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. 1/24 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$21–\$88.

A Great Day in New York

On the bill this week are Richard Rodney Bennett's cello sonata, with the composer accompanying cellist Fred Sherry; Philip Glass's String Quartet No. 5; Peter Lieberson's *Shrine*; and *Tempo è Tempi*, by Elliott Carter. 1/26 at 7:30. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$25–\$40.

Composer Portraits

After a preconcert discussion with Sebastian Currier, Composers Concordance performs two of his works, *Verge* and *Frame*, followed by Ornette Coleman's *Trinity* and *In Honor of NASA*. 1/26 at 7; concert starts at 8. • Columbia University Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (212-854-4437); \$17.

David Walker, countertenor

Follows his English National Opera debut with his first Carnegie performance, accompanied by pianist Timothy Hockman. 1/26 at 8. • Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$35.

Dresden Staatskapelle

Performs Beethoven's Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, 1/26 at 8, and Mahler's Symphony No. 6 in A Minor, 1/28 at 8. Part of Lincoln Center's "Great Performers" series. • Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$28–\$50.

"Ned Rorem Hosts"

The premieres of three works by Augusta Read Thomas and a performance of his own Quartet No. 4, inspired by the paintings of Picasso, followed by a discussion between the composers and the audience. 1/27 at 8. • 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$25.

The Met Chamber Orchestra

James Levine conducts works by Mozart and Schumann and contemporary music by Elliot Carter, John Cage, Iannis Xenakis, and others. 1/28 at 5. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$21–\$88.

Speculum Musicae

Completes its series of "New Music for a New Cen-

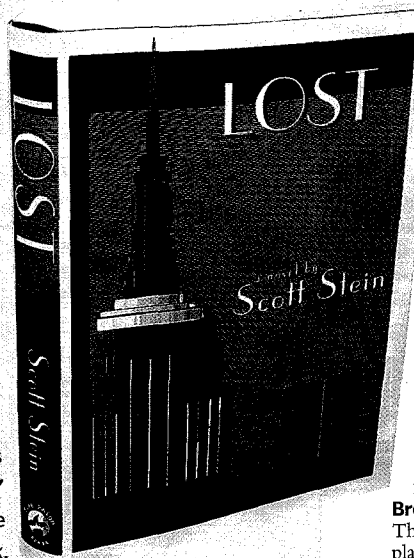
In Print

A House of One's Own

The amusingly pathetic main character in **Scott Stein's** self-published first novel, *Lost* (Free Reign, \$22.95), wanders the streets of New York with virtually no practical skills, at one point confessing to a headhunter that he knows nothing about computers, "but I've been meaning to learn." While shopping his novel around, Stein—who's worked in marketing and publishing, runs a good-size humor Webzine called *When Falls the Coliseum*, and teaches literature and business writing at Drexel University—found the opposite to be true: He often knew more than the insiders. One agent ("I think she'd been in the field for a very, very long time," he says) couldn't say whether the cachet of his Website might entice publishers, claiming she "wasn't familiar with the Internet."

Around then, he says, "it occurred to me that with new technology, it didn't seem impossible to do it myself." Before long, Stein had created Free Reign Press, first to produce 5,000 copies of his own book and later, he hopes, to publish two or three titles a year. Though he has a couple of financial partners, it was Stein who set the type, hunted down a distributor, and put flyers under windshields in Bayside, Queens, his old neighborhood. "Normally, authors don't tell people how good their book is," he says. "They have a publicist who does that. But I am my own publicist." In fact, publicity and credibility have been his highest hurdles. "When someone produces an independent film, they're called daring for putting it all on their credit card; people say, 'What a risk.' But in the book industry, credibility is an issue." Stein, who now lives near Philadelphia, returns to Bayside on January 27 to read from *Lost* at Barnes & Noble. (See "The Written Word" for details.)

B.K.



Radio Highlights

"Prison Diaries"

"All Things Considered" runs episodes from this new series every Tuesday in January. Five inmates, four correctional officers, and a judge were given tape recorders and kept journals on their experiences in the system for six months. The results were edited down to five half-hour episodes. This week: "Going Home: Cristel's Diary," the story of a violent juvenile offender on the eve of her release. • 1/23, 4:30 P.M. WNYC, simulcast on 93.9 FM and 820 AM.

Ken Burns's Jazz Simulcast and Welcome Party WBGO's broadcast of the new PBS documentary continues with three more episodes: "Dedicated to Chaos (1940-1945)" covers the beginnings of bebop on Tuesday; the following day, "Risk (1945-1955)" focuses on the splintering of the jazz movement and the arrival of Miles Davis; and the following Monday, "The Adventure (1955-1960)" chronicles "hard bop," John Coltrane, and the avant-garde. Before and after the broadcast, the station celebrates with a "Jazz Welcome Party" including guests, CD giveaways, and lots of music, from 8 P.M. to midnight. • 1/23, 1/24, 1/29, 9-11 P.M. WBGO, 88.3 FM.

"Beverly Sills and the Tudor Queens"

Having played several of these in *Anna Bolena*, *Maria Stuarta*, and *Roberto Devereux*, Sills discusses her roles and the operas, between snippets of the newly released performances, on this episode of "The Vocal Scene with George Jellinek." • 1/25, 10-11 P.M. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Divide Between Rich and Poor"

Brian Lehrer interviews Robert B. Reich, Brandeis professor, Clinton's former secretary of Labor, and author of *The Future of Success*, about the ways in which the New Economy engenders more stress and economic inequality and less job security or personal time. • 1/25, 10 A.M. to noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

Colm Tóibín

WNYC host Leonard Lopate interviews Tóibín, one of Ireland's leading novelists and journalists, as part of the library's series "In the Forum." • 1/23, 6 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0855); \$10.

Herbert Muschamp: "Service Not Included"

The New York Times architecture critic addresses the relationship between architecture and Buddhist phi-

losophy in this week's session of the New York Public Library/Oxford University Press lecture series (all of which are about utopianism this year). • 1/24, 6 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0855); \$10.

"Lillian Gish Remembered"

In the inaugural program of its new series, *Live on Tap from the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts* the library airs a 1997 tape in which Julie Harris and Barnard Hughes reminisce about Gish, read letters to her from the O'Neills and O'Casey's, and perform scenes from Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates*. • 1/24 at 6:30 P.M. Jefferson Market Regional Library, 425 Sixth Ave. (212-642-0142); free.

Bruce Mau

The renowned Canadian designer and former creative director of *ID* magazine introduces his latest book *Lifestyle*, and talks about how design and content are integrated through life, inaugurating this year's Canadian Club Conversation Series. • 1/24 at 7 P.M. 1251 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (212-596-1652); free.

"East Meets West: Avant-Garde Fabrics for Fashion"

Marie O'Mahony and Yoshiko I. Wada, both consultants in the textile industry, discuss Japan as a major force in fashion and an innovator in textiles and fashion-related technology—in the first of a three-part lecture series at the Japan Society entitled "Techno Textiles: The New Fabric of Fashion." • 1/25 at 6:30 P.M. The Japan Society, first floor, 333 E. 47th St. (212-715-1262) \$10 or \$5 students per lecture.

"Artists' Visions": Jorg Immendorff

Immendorff, a representative of the New German Art movement, discusses his narrative painting with Robert Storr, curator of MOMA's department of painting and sculpture. • 1/25 at 8:11 P.M. The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); \$20.

"A Portrait of Paris: Atget at Work"

In conjunction with its exhibition "A Portrait of Paris: Eugène Atget at Work," the Museum of the City of New York trots out curator David Harri to explain the artist's unique approach to photographing Paris. • 1/27 at 2 P.M. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free with \$7 admission.

Broadway Talks: The Tale of the Allergist's Wife

The 92nd Street Y's series gets various members of play's cast together to discuss it. This week, director Lynne Meadow, playwright Charles Busch, and actor Linda Lavin, Tony Roberts, and Michele Lee tell host Joy Behar about their experiences in the production. • 1/28 at 7:30 P.M. The 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); \$20 single event, \$85 five-part series.

French Intellectuals in Wartime Manhattan

Jeffrey Mehlman, Boston University professor and author of *Emigré New York*, tells his tales of great figure like Saint-Exupéry and Claude Lévi-Strauss who were exiled from World War II France. • 1/29 at 7 P.M. French Institute Alliance Française, Tinker Auditorium, 22 E. 60th St. (212-355-6100); \$10, \$5 members.

The Written Word

bell hooks

The firebrand academic, whose career is still going strong, reads from her twentieth book, *All About Love: New Visions*, in the last two of her three New York appearances—one at Barnes & Noble, the other at Riverside Church. • 1/22 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free. 1/28 at P.M. Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at 122nd St. (212-870-6700); free.

Galway Kinnell

Kinnell, the highly respected poet and winner of the

Pulitzer Prize and National Book Award, reads from his new book, *A New Selected Poems*, which includes work culled from eight individual volumes spanning more than three decades. • 1/24 at 7 P.M. Housing Works Jسد Book Café, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Edith Wharton: Collected Stories

Maureen Howard, the editor of the newly published two-volume collection, reads from the works, discusses them, and then shares cake in honor of Wharton's birthday. • 1/24 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (212-727-1227); free.

Maryse Condé and Richard Philcox

Condé reads from her new novel, *Desidera*, Philcox from his latest work, *Windward Heights*. • 1/26 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-3835); free.

Red-Hot and Righteous

Diane Winston, the author of *Red-Hot and Righteous: The Urban Religion of the Salvation Army*, signs copies of her book after discussing the real history behind the Salvation Army story in *Guys and Dolls* and early Army head Rheba Crawford. • 1/27 at 2 P.M. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672, ext. 257 to register); free with \$7 admission.

Scott Stein

The hometown boy and debut author of *Lost* reads from his first novel. • 1/27 at 1 P.M. Barnes & Noble, Bay Terrace Shopping Center, 23-80 Bell Blvd., Bayside, Queens (718-224-1083); free.

John D'Agata, Phillip Lopate, and Michael Dirda

KGB forsakes its Sunday-evening fiction series for a "Night of Essayists." D'Agata reads from his new book, *Halls of Fame*, and Lopate and Pulitzer-winning Dirda also read from new work. • 1/28 at 7 P.M. KGB Bar, 85 E. 4th St. 212-505-3360); free.

'The Undiscovered Chekhov'

Rare is the reading of work by a long-dead, world-famous author that has never before been heard or published in English. But here Peter Constantine, translator of *The Undiscovered Chekhov: 43 Stories*, reads one tale that he has yet to print anywhere. It's only one among his translations to be read, mostly by well-known actors. • 1/29 at 12:30 P.M. The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. 212-874-2225); free.

'Salome'

Cherry Jones and others read Oscar Wilde's famous play as part of the New York Public Library's continuing series, "A Man of Some Importance: Oscar Wilde and the Performing Arts." • 1/29 at 8 P.M. Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-1618); free.

Special Events

Tour

Joe Mauriello's Chinese New Year Tour & Banquet

Several tour companies are more than happy to welcome the Year of the Snake with a walk among the

In Print

Babe in the Woods

There are moments in *Shutterbabe* (Villard, \$24.95) that make you wish the author, former photojournalist **Deborah Copaken Kogan**, would just go home. Whether she's covering Afghani freedom fighters, an anti-poaching squad deep in the jungles of Zimbabwe, girl gangs in L.A., or the 1991 Russian coup, the five-foot-two-inch former cheerleader from suburban Maryland never seems more than a half-step from catastrophe. "I'd always wanted to slog through the grim underbelly of life," Kogan wrote, "but I'd never figured out how to do it without becoming a stripper or pervert or drug addict myself." During four years of shooting death, destruction, and decay, Kogan made a name for herself in the macho—and, she points out wearily, French—world of photojournalism. "I am impulsive, and I used to look for the dangerous thing to do," she says, reflecting on a period when she rico-



cheted between war zones and flings in fleabag hotels before burning out on both. "I really was swallowing up the world. I had this early sense of mortality that made me feel as though I had to see and experience those events, those men. And they were linked. Exploring a new body can be just as exciting as shooting a war." In 1992, Kogan traded in her camera for a job in broadcasting and a family on the Upper West Side. "It is vertigo," she writes of her decision, "the sick, hollow, air-sucking kind that strikes you when you gaze down from the tightrope you've been casually traversing and suddenly realize there's no net after all."

RACHEL URQUHART

among the classical and modern dancers performing in *Black Tie Optional*, a benefit dance directed by Irène Huttman at the Joyce Theater (preceded by a champagne reception). After the performance, patrons will be taken to the 200 Fifth Club for dinner and dancing in honor of benefactor Mary Sharp Cronson. • 1/24 at 7 P.M. The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St., and 200 Fifth Club, 200 Fifth Ave., at 23rd St. (212-691-9740 for tickets); \$400 to \$850 per person.

Exhibits

ArtLink International Young Art 2001

In conjunction with its online auction of the work of young emerging artists from 23 countries on Sotheby's Website (from 1/10 through 1/30 at www.sothebys.com), this week ArtLink displays its wares in real time. • 1/23-1/30, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. except Sunday, noon to 5 P.M. The Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, 323 W. 39th St. (800-444-3709 for catalog or www.artlinkinc.com to preview the work); free.

They Were Giants: Adlai Stevenson

Stevenson won't be doing the talking at the Cooper Union; as with Thomas Mann and Emily Dickinson in future segments of this series of hour-long radio dramas and speeches, his words will be interpreted by well-known Broadway performers. Hiram Brown, creator of many original radio dramas like *Mystery Theater*, creates this one, too. • 1/25 at 7 P.M. Cooper Union, The Great Hall, Cooper Sq. at Seventh St. and Third Ave. (212-353-4000); free.

Other Events

Earth Celebrations' Winter Pageant

Don't be surprised if your Saturday-night East Village revels are interrupted by a 25-foot glow worm, an illuminated "winter angel" flying off a six-story building, or dancers dressed like snowflakes, whirling

festivities, but chef Joe Mauriello (of the public-access show only recently gone commercial) uses his to launch a series of specific, food-oriented city tours. This one takes you to the Chinatown Community Center, a Buddhist temple, and along the parade route—but more importantly, to herbal, fish, vegetable and meat markets and finally, to a multicourse Chinese banquet. • 1/24 (Chinese New Year), 1/28 and 2/4, 11 A.M. to around 3 P.M. Call 212-696-6666 for meeting place and required advance reservation; \$85.

Benefit

Joyce Theater Annual Benefit Gala

Robert LaFosse and Shelley Washington will be

Game Week

	Mon: 1/22	Tue: 1/23	Wed: 1/24	Thur: 1/25	Fri: 1/26	Sat: 1/27	Sun: 1/28
GIANTS							BAL CBS 6 P.M. LAL NBC 2:30 P.M.
NICKS		MIL MSG 8 P.M.	CHA METRO 8 P.M.				
NETS		SAC FSNY 10:30 P.M.	GS MSG 10:30 P.M.		LAL FSNY 10:30 P.M.	SEA FSNY 10 P.M.	
PANGERS	CAR MSG 7 P.M.		CAR MSG 7 P.M.		NYI MSG 7 P.M.	TOR FSNY 7 P.M.	
SLANDERS		OTT FSNY 7:30 P.M.			NYR MSG 7 P.M.	BUF FSNY 7 P.M.	
DEVILS			DAL FSNY 8 P.M.	STL FSNY 8 P.M.		BOS METRO 7 P.M.	

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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G A T R N R C E
D E F A C E D S H E B A N G
A R H R O W R R
L I O N C O M M U T A B L E
E N Q B A A
N E T S U K E D E P O S I T
C A S I E P D
O B S E R V A B L E D E L I
L A T S E L C V
L E T T E R S M A E S T R O
E R R E M W A R
G R A I L R E A L I S T I C
E P Y T S S E E

S P E C I A L O P U S E S S L A B
O R L A N D O L A T E N T B E A T T L E
S O H E C O U L D R E C E I V E E M A I L
S I S I A S A R E S T A R T S
A S S E T B A M A N T H I Z E
T H E R O C K H A L L O F F A M E
H E R R A G E E Y O R E A D D L E S
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N I C E S T L O T S M A S L O V I N
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S A R I S E R E P A N T S
R E M O R S E S A T E L L I T E D I S H
A L O N E G A T A T Y A E X A C T A
M I R E J E L L S I N O R Y E A R
S A N D R A A V A L O N R A W I R E
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DAVIS Continued from page 49

as he sings in his eerily high-pitched tenor, is as swift as the thoughts of man. Later, when Faust is transformed into a dangerously handsome young magician, he entertains the glittering court of the Duke of Parma by brazenly evoking erotic apparitions of history's legendary lovers and seducing the Duchess, who later bears his child. In the moving final scene, the dying Faust, in one last mighty act of will, transfers his soul to his dead son, who rises from the ground with a flowering branch in his hand and strides into the night, carrying Faust's vision toward a realm beyond good and evil.

The Met production, directed by Peter Mussbach and designed by Erich Wonder, is thoughtful and intelligent, but it is also, I think, austere to a fault. None of these visual coups comes off with much theatrical energy, and the stage action is often fatally inert. Perhaps Mussbach finds Busoni's explicit directions for the final scene too corny for a modern audience to accept, but to have Faust, still alive, merely walk upstage with his child cradled in his arms is a feeble substitute. It also takes the edge off of Mephistopheles's ironic comment, uttered over Faust's corpse: "Can this man have met with an accident?" At least the bleak, vaguely contemporary landscape through which Faust makes his virtual journey in long trench coat and broad-brimmed hat is consistent in its gray industrialism, but the drab images seldom illuminate Busoni's own passionate pilgrimage.

The musical aspects of the production can scarcely be faulted. Thomas Hampson has never given a better performance at the Met, projecting the full expressive range of Faust's dilemma and singing a long, demanding role with unflinching stamina and firm control. Robert Brubaker's peppery high tenor is perfect for Mephistopheles, and apart from a few tentative moments, he gives a virtuoso performance. There is also strong work by David Kuebler (the Duke of Parma), Peter Rose (Wagner/Master of Ceremonies), and Mark Oswald (Soldier), as well as luscious vocalism from Katarina Dalayman, who sings the Duchess's aria the way one has always longed to hear it. The orchestra gives its best for Philippe Auguin, who lets us hear both the spirit and the sinew of this extraordinary music. Flaws and all, the Met's *Doktor Faust* must be seen by anyone who takes opera seriously. And seize the moment—there is no indication right now that this production will ever be back again. ■

dervishes, and lit cocoons. It's just Earth Celebrations, a nonprofit group working to preserve the environment in general and community gardens in particular—partly by hosting its sixth annual Winter Pageant, an illuminated parade joined by hundreds of city gardeners, artists, children, and other odd residents. Hot cider and roasted apples will be served. • 1/27 at 7 P.M. Starts at 638 E. 6th St., wraps around Tompkins Sq. Park, and ends with musical performance at La Plaza Cultural Garden, Ave. C at 9th St (212-777-7969); free.

Sports

Gridiron Classic

The New York Road Runners Club hosts this Super Bowl Sunday 5K in Central Park. Show up an hour before the race for the "pregame show," a longest-football-throw competition any male or female who wins both contests receives a lifetime membership. Both events start at the East Meadow, East Drive at 99th St Numbers and long-sleeve T-shirts may be picked up at the NYRR, 9 E. 89th St. 11/25-11/26 from noon to 7 P.M., 11/27 from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., or on race day from 7:30 to 9 A.M. Nonmembers \$17; limited race-day entries \$22. Visit the NYRR's Website www.nyrrc.org, to register or for more information. • 1/28 at 9:30 A.M.; longest-throw contest at 8:30 A.M. (212-860-4455).

Super Bowl XXXV: Baltimore Ravens vs New York Giants

The surprising Giants head to Tampa, Florida, to face the Ravens in an unlikely Super Bowl pairing. A year ago, this section actually mentioned Baltimore as a solid pick for this year's game; for 2002, using similar fuzzy math, look for any two teams that suit up for next season in throwback uniforms. • 1/28 at 6 P.M.; CBS.

In Print

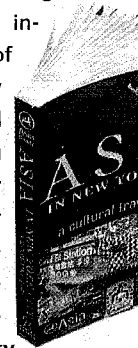
It's (Not Just) Chinatown

As the firecrackers die down and the last paper dragons disappear, the Asia Society welcomes the Year of the Snake with an essential rough

guide for New York's increasing number of

Asiaphiles (and a few tourists who might find it handy). Whether you fancy Takashimaya or Lucky Cheng's—or, for that matter, the Morgan Library or the New York Poets Café—

Asia in New York City (Publishers Group West; \$17.95) lists everything even vaguely related to Asian culture. And those who still consider 6th and Canal Streets the center of the East (or think the No. 7 ends at Grand Central) could learn a lot from the nice-size chapter on Queens.



Photograph by Michael Kraus

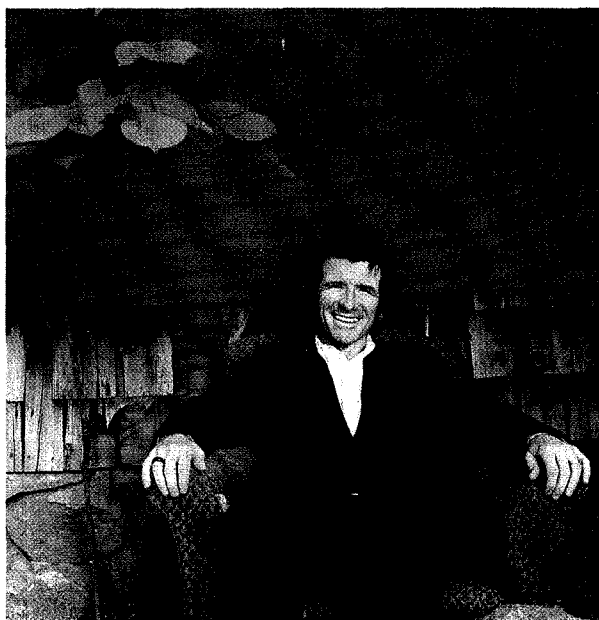
Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Opening

Zanesville, Brooklyn

Like frustrated hipster-boomer dads everywhere, **Dan Zanes** couldn't stomach the Barney-and-Disney children's-music colossus. "Since we've had our daughter, I've been really surprised how hard it is to find toned-down versions of rock songs, or hyped-up folk," he says. But Zanes, 39, isn't your typical CD shopper: He's the founder of the Del Fuegos, and a while back he was subletting some work space to Sheryl Crow. So he began recording a tape to hand out to friends with kids in his Cobble Hill neighborhood—and, one day, wandered over to ask Crow if she'd help him out on "Polly Wolly Doodle." Three years later, the tape is a seventeen-track CD, *Rocket Ship Beach*, but the music has never lost the homespun, charmingly ragtag feel of Crow's duet with Zanes. "She brought in her dog, and I don't think she even took off her coat," Zanes says. "And when the song seemed too short, we made up two verses on the spot." Suzanne Vega also appears, but this is one kids' album that isn't about slick star turns. There's real warmth in Americana like "Goodbye Old Paint" and original concoctions like the infectious "Father Goose"—the nursery-rhyme medley bouncing between the gruff grumbles of Rankin' Don and the sweet chirps of the Rocket Ship Singers, a chorus that includes 6-year-old Anna Zanes. "We wanted the album to sound like people making music in their living room," Zanes says. "So somebody listening at home might think, 'Hey! We've got a living room . . .' Maybe we can start a family-band movement." The album is available at www.festivalfive.com, or at the dance-party shows where Zanes and friends are performing next month. "Even with everything we're doing to share good music with our kids," Zanes says with a laugh, "I realize that no matter what, Anna's going to be into the 2007 equivalent of the Backstreet Boys." (See "Children's Events.") CHRIS SMITH



Children's Events

Any Tunes

Dan Zanes, leader of defunct eighties rock group the Del Fuegos, is taking his family dance parties on the road. His newest venture, *Dan Zanes & Friends: Rocket Ship Beach*, is an album for kids, with Zanes's own tring band plus guest appearances by Sheryl Crow and Suzanne Vega. • 2/11 at 3 P.M.; Kane Street Synagogue, 236 Kane St., bet. Court and Clinton Sts., Brooklyn 718-858-8663; \$5, \$3 for kids. 3/4 at 1:30 and 3 P.M.; Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. (212-21-1223); free with museum admission.

Fun Cycles

Take an exploratory look at the peak of the solar-nax, the sun's eleven-year activity cycle, as seen from the famous Big Bear Solar Observatory in California. At the Liberty Science Center in New Jersey, kids will discover how the sun's poles reverse with a force that can interrupt radio transmissions and power grids. The evening begins with *Solarmax*, a giant-screen film in the IMAX Dome Theater. • 1/24 at 6 P.M.; Liberty State Park, Jersey City (201-200-1000); \$10.

Eagle I's

Into eagles? The Staten Island Zoo has a bus trip planned to the Eagle Institute in the Upper Delaware Water Gap area, one of the foremost habitats for the bald fliers in the country. After an introductory slide show, the group will head off in search of eagles and their nesting sites in the wild. Lunch and snack will be provided for the humans. Preregistration is required. • 1/27 from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.; meet at the Staten Island Zoo parking lot, 614 Broadway, Staten Island (718-442-3101); \$53.

In the Year 4699

The Chinese Folk Dance Company transforms the Golden Center into a world of historical drama, colorful myths, and the enchanting theatrics of a traditional Chinese New Year celebration. The company's swiping swords, fluttering fans, and soaring silk banners take the audience on a journey to the prairies of Mongolia, the farming villages of the Yellow River delta, and the Imperial Palace of ancient

China. There will be demonstrations of how to make rice-dough figures, Peking Opera face painting, calligraphy, and landscape painting; traditional Chinese pastries will be available. • 1/28 at 1 P.M.; Queens College Campus, bet. exits 23 and 24 of the eastbound service road of the L.I.E., Flushing (718-793-8080); \$11, free parking.

The Runaway Ricecake

In a heartwarming tale that captures the essence of the Chinese New Year, a new book, *The Runaway Ricecake*, depicts the Chang family, which has just enough flour for one traditional *nian-gao*, the special New Year's Eve treat. The treat ends up going to a starving elder, and because of their selflessness, the Changs are rewarded beyond expectation. The book comes with a pronunciation guide and recipes for *nian-gao*. This is the first children's book by Ying Chang Compestine, a cookbook author. • Available at bookstores.

So You Wanna Be a Doctor?

Learn how ancient folk healers cured the sick through the use of the plant world as their medicine cabinet. In *Nature's Pharmacy: Plants That Heal*, the New York Botanical Garden showcases some of the world's most important medicinal plants, such as the rain forest's tamarind tree, whose fruit is helpful for

bellyaches and whose leaves aid in healing sore throats and skin boo-boos. (Did you know that 25 percent of all pharmaceutical medications have an active ingredient derived from a plant?)

• 1/26 through 2/25; Bronx River Parkway (exit 7W) and Fordham Rd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700); the Garden Passport, which allows admittance throughout, is \$10, \$7.50 for students and seniors, \$4 for kids 2-12.

For Pack Rats

If your child is a collector, then he should meet up with a grown-up kindred soul, Inspector Collector, a.k.a. Harley Spiller, who will explain how to keep a collection and what doing so means historically. Space is limited, so preregistration is suggested. • 1/27 from 11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (212-873-3400); free.

Calling All Teen Rap Writers and Performers

As a testament to the staying power of hip-hop, for the ninth year in a row River Church is offering a Rap Writers & Performance Workshop for teens to learn the business of this end of the music industry. Artists, dancers, producers, authors, D.J.'s, and managers will discuss the ins and outs of rap. • Every Friday through May 11 (except Good Friday) from 7 to 9 P.M.; 91 Claremont Ave., bet. 120th and 122nd Sts. (212-870-6739); free.

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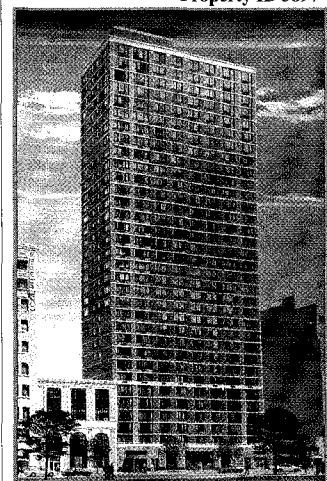
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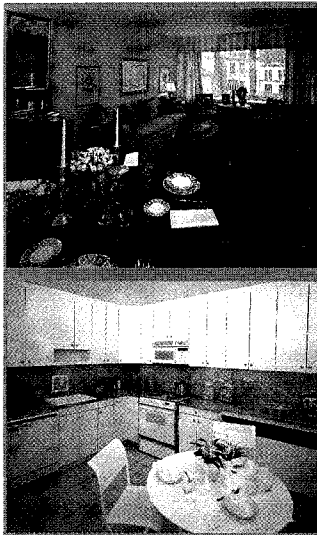
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Lala Wang has been helping to connect renters, sellers, landlords and brokers since 1993. For more expert advice or to ask a question, email LaLa at asklala@mlx.com



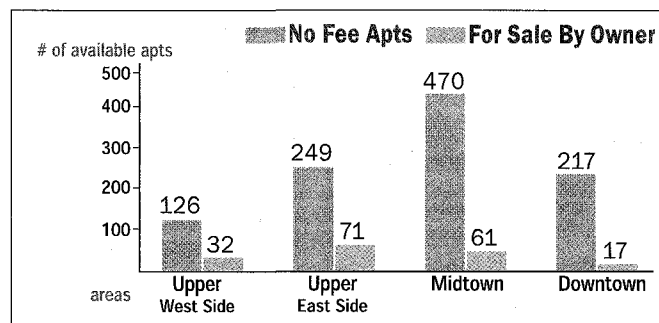
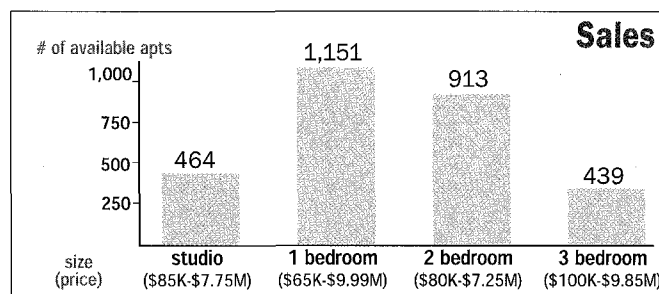
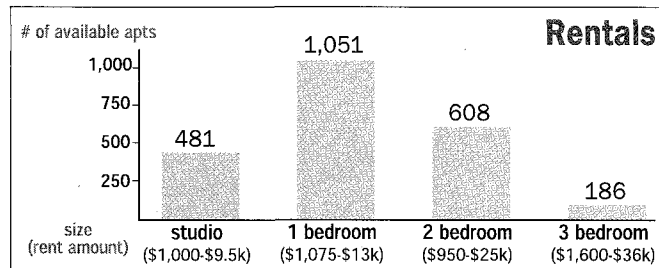
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MLX Market Watch



Top 5 by # of Exclusives

Company Name	# of Properties
1. Corcoran Group	823
2. Douglas Elliman	625
3. Bellmarc Realty	155
3. Halstead Property Co.	137
5. Sumitomo Real Estate, Inc.	93

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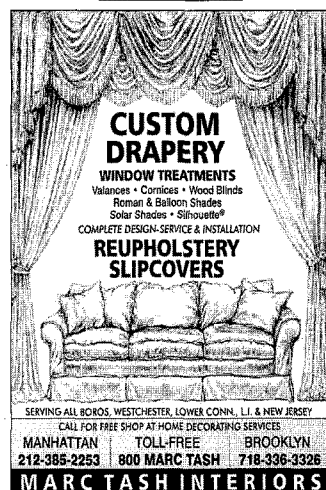
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Gay, Good-Looking, In-Shape—60, gentleman, accomplished, stylish, affluent, 5'11", 175 lbs - interested in arts, travel, gardens, country/city life style. Seeks sensitive, bright, creative younger counterpart for serious exclusive relationship. Photo essential. 6313 ☒

Classy Caucasian Woman—LL, quintessential "gorgeous older woman", sultry, voluptuous, hazel-eyed redhead with peaches 'n' cream complexion. Enjoys fancy and down-to-earth pleasures. Seeking "gorgeous older man", 60ish, virile - but monogamous, successful. If you are finished with too-young others (I am!), let's try a contemporary connection. Photo exchange a must. 6312 ☒

I Guess We've Both Tried—All the sane, unembarrassing ways to meet someone extraordinary. So, gulp... I'm an unusually attractive, athletic woman of substance, in my 50s. I'm blessed with a job I love, fabulous grown "kids", and a full NYC and Westchester life. Looking for a grownup with a major sense of humor and a minor self-involvement, who is highly accomplished, politically progressive, naturally passionate and world-worried (not weary). 6316 ☒

Asian Admirer—35, Caucasian male, good-looking, financially successful, seeks nice, attractive Asian woman for relationship. Photo, please. 6308 ☒

This Is Genuine—Single, white Jewish male, 42, never married, from NJ. I am a loving, responsible gentleman who is successful both financially and emotionally, college-educated, intelligent and driven. Physically, I am tall, very attractive, with salt-and-pepper hair. An otherwise propitious life has left one piece missing, a wife to share it with. Are you a lady wanting a mature and trusting, permanent relationship? Do you want a caring and loving partner to share life's offerings? If so, please respond with a letter and photo. I look forward to hearing from you. 6317 ☒

Wanted: A Regular Guy—I'm an athletic, slim, attractive female, great sense of humor, a writer in my mid 50s, look and feel so young. Take a chance! 6294 ☒

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
 Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

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Classic Elegance—Polished, genuine, cultured, tall, slender, upscale, white, professional Catholic female (33), with captivating smile/looks - and enjoys the arts, travel, fine dining and sports - seeks accomplished male (up to 42) who is dynamic, educated, athletic and handsome. Character, confidence, humor and family values are important. Please respond with note/photo. Confidentiality respected. 6310 ☒

Beautiful, Slim, Classy British Lady—35, with wonderful children, wishes to meet gentleman for mutual pampering. Age unimportant, but must be kind, equally affluent, generous and giving. Satisfaction and happiness guaranteed. 6296 ☒

Pretty Blond—Warm, caring, happy, fit successful professional seeks open, bright, attractive man, 45-60, for romance. Note/photo, please. 6305 ☒

Unassuming, Low-Key Professional—Man, Jewish, 60s, seeks youngish, tall, very tall, physically strong lady. 6300 ☒

Sexy, Smart—Outgoing Jewish female mid 30s, with great looks and fun personality, seeks successful, confident, fur Jewish guy, 30-45. Photo, please. 6302 ☒

Divorced White Male, 52—Manhattan seeks serious relationship leading to marriage. 6299 ☒ or see photo/profile at www.match.com - user name: jpl29

Vibrant, Attractive—Slender, feminine female; sharp mind, soft nature, lean body, loves tennis, nature, beaches, books. Seeks quality man, 49 plus. 6320 ☒

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Landlocked Mermaid—Looking to "sea" the world with someone. Slim and fit, 5'8", blond, blue-eyed beauty (inside and out), looking for 36-50-year-old, white professional male counterpart who's handsome, kind, financially secure, with a sense of humor and style. Recent photo/note/phone, please. 6297 ☒

Miniskirts And High Heels—Beautiful, brilliant brunette (5'4", slim, Jewish), who is also a highly accomplished, educated professional, and who loves sports, music, having adventures and celebrating life, seeks high-caliber man, 40s-50s, who has it all and is looking for the love of his life to share it with. Note/photo to: sparkle56789@aol.com or 6315 ☒

Strikingly Sensual—Warm and affectionate, white female, 5'7", 38, 138 lbs, fit, pretty, classy, open-minded, multilingual, seeks tall, 40s-early 50s, single, athletic man for lots of fun, romance, great sex... I'm a really nice, unique catch. Nonsmokers, please! 6309 ☒

Brilliant Athlete And Outdoorsman—5'10", trim, seeks love and a second family. Many cultural and intellectual interests. Philanthropist. Great sense of humor. 6314 ☒

Professional Man, 48—Blue-eyed, downtown Manhattanite, in excellent shape, works and plays in the arts, seeks creative, sophisticated woman, 30-45, who's pretty, slim and in-shape, for possible romance. Photo/phone, please. JN6@aol.com 6319 ☒☐

Hip Mom—Looking for hip dad to share love, life and family. Me: cute, smart, mid 40s, with a great young son and a successful entertainment business. You: a good match. 6291 ☒☐

Warm, Pretty Blond—45, 5'9", Jewish professional, single mom, seeks single dad to share happiness with me and my son. Photo/note. 6293 ☒☐ or leslie235@aol

Beautiful Ebony Bikini Model—25, seeks one successful professional gentleman for mutually satisfying, stable relationship. 6304 ☒☐

Marry Me In 6/02—Female, 46, 5'6", 125, great figure. Dads okay. 6292 ☒☐

Super Bowl-Bound—Pretty Giants fan (season tickets), blond, baby blues, winning smile, warm, elegant, slim, 5'2", professional. Skier, sail, culture a plus. Seeks financially secure, genuinely nice widower or divorced gentleman for always, 57-70. Photo/letter, please. 6318 ☒

Professional, Jewish, Pretty—Blond, brown eyes, widowed female, 5'4", seeks secure, sincere, intelligent, attractive male, 55-65, for a warm, caring, compatible relationship/marriage. 6289 ☒☐

Rich Beyond Belief—Danny DeVito type, 50, world traveler, selfish and sometimes dictatorial, but will keep you in luxury forever. You are over 30 and model type. Detailed letter, photo and phone a must. 6301 ☒

Let's Spoil Each Other—With attention and affection. Pretty, petite, vivacious, north Jersey professional woman seeks 60-plus mensch with traditional values, for friendship, fun and lasting relationship. Enjoys varied social, cultural, recreational activities, cozy home life. 6303 ☒

Successful, 44, Single Jewish Male—6', athletic type, entertainment business executive, looking for 29-39, Jewish, spiritual, sophisticated female companion to share the good times. Must be career-minded, physically fit, attractive. Enjoys music, theater, travel, and loves to laugh. No photo - no reply. 6306 ☒

Style, Substance, Passion—Fit, petite, radiant, adorable, sexy, blue/blond, great smile, outgoing, energetic, mischievous, upbeat, irreverent, accomplished, caring psychologist/educator, 47 (looks 40). Loves laughing, dancing, music, sports, outdoors, life, exploring. Seeks very fit, handsome, active, youthful, witty, emotionally/financially accomplished, eclectic man with similar interests/traits. Please be daring, caring, spontaneous (kid at heart)...as selective as I am. Note/recent photo essential. Will reciprocate. 6307 ☒

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White Christian Female—Seeks fascinating gent of the same. Note and photo. 6295 ☒

English Male—Seeks relationship with American lady, 30-40. Please send photo. POB 33610, London N16 6ZS, UK

New York Magazine Strictly Personals invites you to our fabulous

Valentine's Day Party

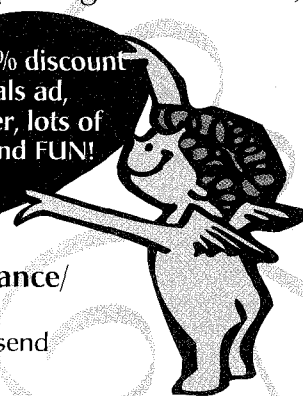
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For Information, call: 212-462-3371

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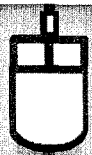
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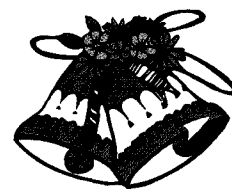
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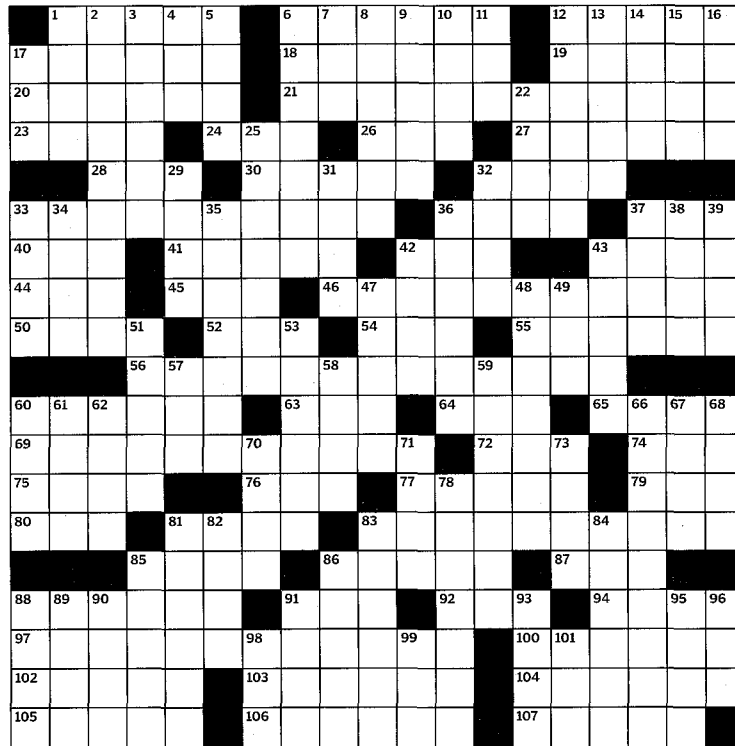
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'I Come From California'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Colorado ski resort
- 6 Ordered around
- 12 Piano adjuster
- 17 Thinly distributed
- 18 Uncut
- 19 Zsa Zsa's compatriot
- 20 Slanting
- 21 California-born general
- 23 Hound sound
- 24 Kennel resident
- 26 Zodiac constellation
- 27 Take into custody
- 28 Word with verily
- 30 Microsoft honcho
- 32 Coll. sports league
- 33 Judge from California
- 36 Warring factions
- 37 Fitness facility
- 40 Where: Lat.
- 41 More than chubby
- 42 Partner of wide
- 43 "Roots" author Haley
- 44 Blushing
- 45 Kauai keepsake
- 46 California-born ballplayer
- 50 Cassini of fashion
- 52 Recipe amt.
- 54 Chou En- —
- 55 Break in continuity
- 56 California-based horticulturist
- 60 Seraphic-sounding man's name
- 63 Caviar, essentially
- 64 Solar-system hub
- 65 Engrave on glass
- 69 California explorer
- 72 Letters on phone-button 6
- 74 Bridge whiz Culbertson
- 75 Start of Hamlet's "poor Yorick" speech
- 76 Crater edge
- 77 Wished for expectantly
- 79 Headlight setting
- 80 Squealer



- 81 Internet conversation site, with 58-Down
- 83 California-born novelist
- 85 Pub stock
- 86 Palace in Florence
- 87 Stephen of "The Crying Game"
- 88 Pre-1918 German ruler
- 91 — -Tiki
- 92 Grasshopper's acquaintance
- 94 Part of A.D.
- 97 California-born President
- 100 Wales's capital
- 102 Ancient Greek theater

- 103 Leave in the lurch
- 104 Warships' lowest decks
- 105 Supermarket wheels
- 106 Some Scandinavians
- 107 "Funny Girl" composer Jule

DOWN

- 1 Altar end of a church
- 2 California-born astronaut
- 3 Drive forward by force
- 4 Sixth sense: abbr.
- 5 Have to have
- 6 They can't be choosers, in a saying

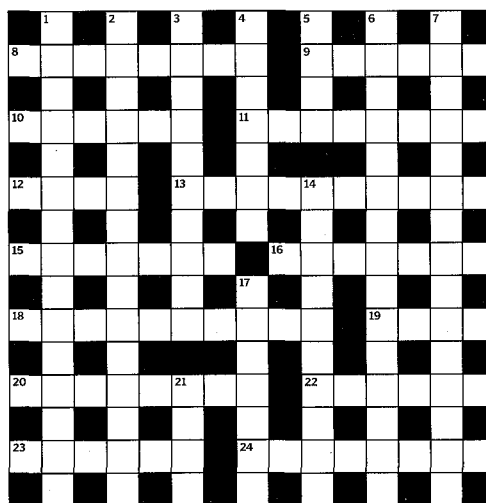
- 7 Any number divided by itself
- 8 Hot, to a hood
- 9 Successful studs
- 10 Therefore
- 11 Scottish river
- 12 Jeweled coronets
- 13 The "U" in UHF
- 14 Post-it item
- 15 Son of Seth
- 16 Rage verbally
- 17 "— it isn't so!"
- 22 Walk the waiting room
- 25 Like a Grimm monster

- 29 Over the hill, militarily
- 31 Come pouring down
- 32 Par
- 33 Common Market currency
- 34 Biblical fratricide victim
- 35 Henchman
- 36 Hindu mendicant magicians
- 37 Hemline opening
- 38 Pizarro's conquest
- 39 Tomahawks
- 42 Mannheim Mrs.
- 43 No longer napping
- 47 Harry's Veep
- 48 Couch potato's choice
- 49 Martini ingredient
- 51 Secluded valleys
- 53 License
- 57 Hockey star Nilsson
- 58 See 81-Across
- 59 Yokel
- 60 Not quite closed
- 61 Vincent Lopez's theme
- 62 Stairway to the Ganges
- 66 California-born actor
- 67 Best-commercial award
- 68 Choir song of praise
- 70 Paleozoic, Cenozoic, etc.
- 71 Kipling's "The Light — Failed"
- 73 Skunk's defense
- 78 Navigators' instruments
- 81 Sanitizes
- 82 Mannheim Mister
- 83 Put the whammy on
- 84 Almost
- 85 Give it — (make a try)
- 86 Charm-school subject
- 88 McDonald's founder
- 89 Verdi heroine
- 90 Champagne bucket
- 91 Had the facts
- 93 What Noah counted by
- 95 Neck area
- 96 Cries from the woodshed
- 98 A.D.A. member's degree
- 99 Assayer's specimen
- 101 Gallery display

ACROSS

- 8 State one's in, given choice of North or South? (8)
- 9 Big stars in 8 noticed high-flyer taking a dive. (6)
- 10 On back roads, trained learner driver. (6)
- 11 Source of treasure found around Eastern Caribbean is most hard to swallow. (8)
- 12 Person ineffectual with naughty child. (4)
- 13 See me and son returning with pride, showing awards? (10)
- 15 Notable examples of past angry debate. (7)
- 16 Fight with queue where documents are kept? (3,4)
- 18 Not the first antique sale arranged in succession. (10)
- 19 Fool rejecting love reciprocated? Par for the course! (4)
- 20 Feel the same as I refuse to accept incomplete argument. (8)
- 22 Process of choice—it usually makes one cross. (6)
- 23 Misbehaves, demanding drink after dramatic scenes? (4,2)

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Fawley



- 24 Vacuum I'll want repairing, not about to offer deposit. (8)

DOWN

- 1 Possible outcome of 22, after retirement, carrying conviction. (8,7)
- 2 One producing copy of society's agenda? (6,9)
- 3 Dolly's mini is outrageous—I'll look for the catch! (5,3-2)
- 4 Pub rules for 20ing stock? (3,4)
- 5 Woodcutter perhaps had noisy tots. (4)
- 6 One may have to carefully avoid such a solecism. (5,10)
- 7 Brief reference to someone previously cited—him or her? (8,7)
- 14 Hurry up with air not previously recorded, adding almost half of lyric. (4,6)
- 17 Line in play I'd changed that's floated across the pond. (4,3)
- 21 Like a little smoke? Don't start that—it's a kids' game! (1-3)

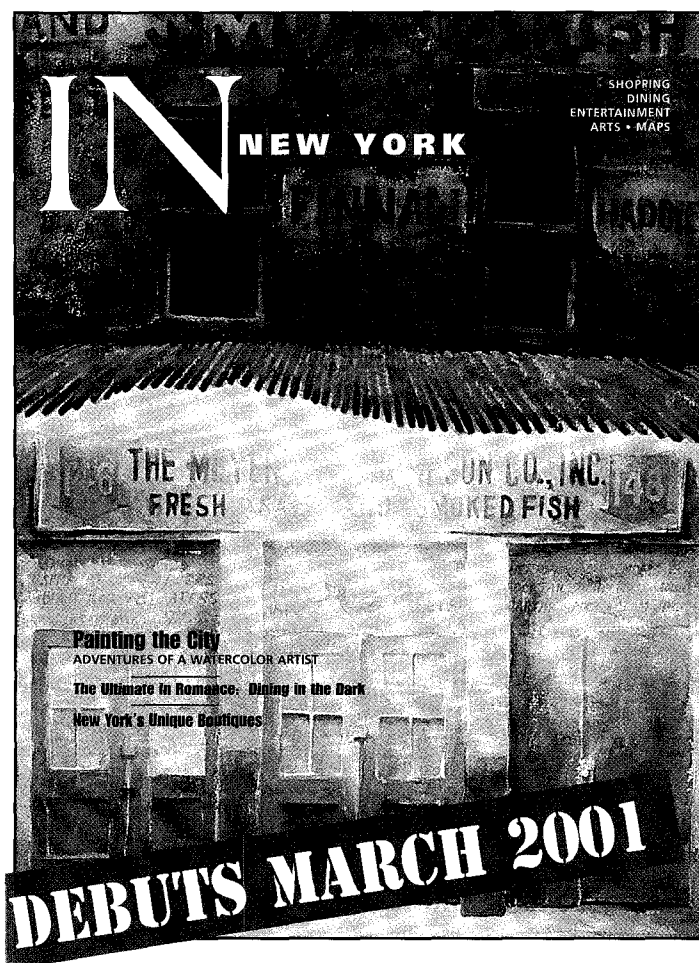
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